April 10, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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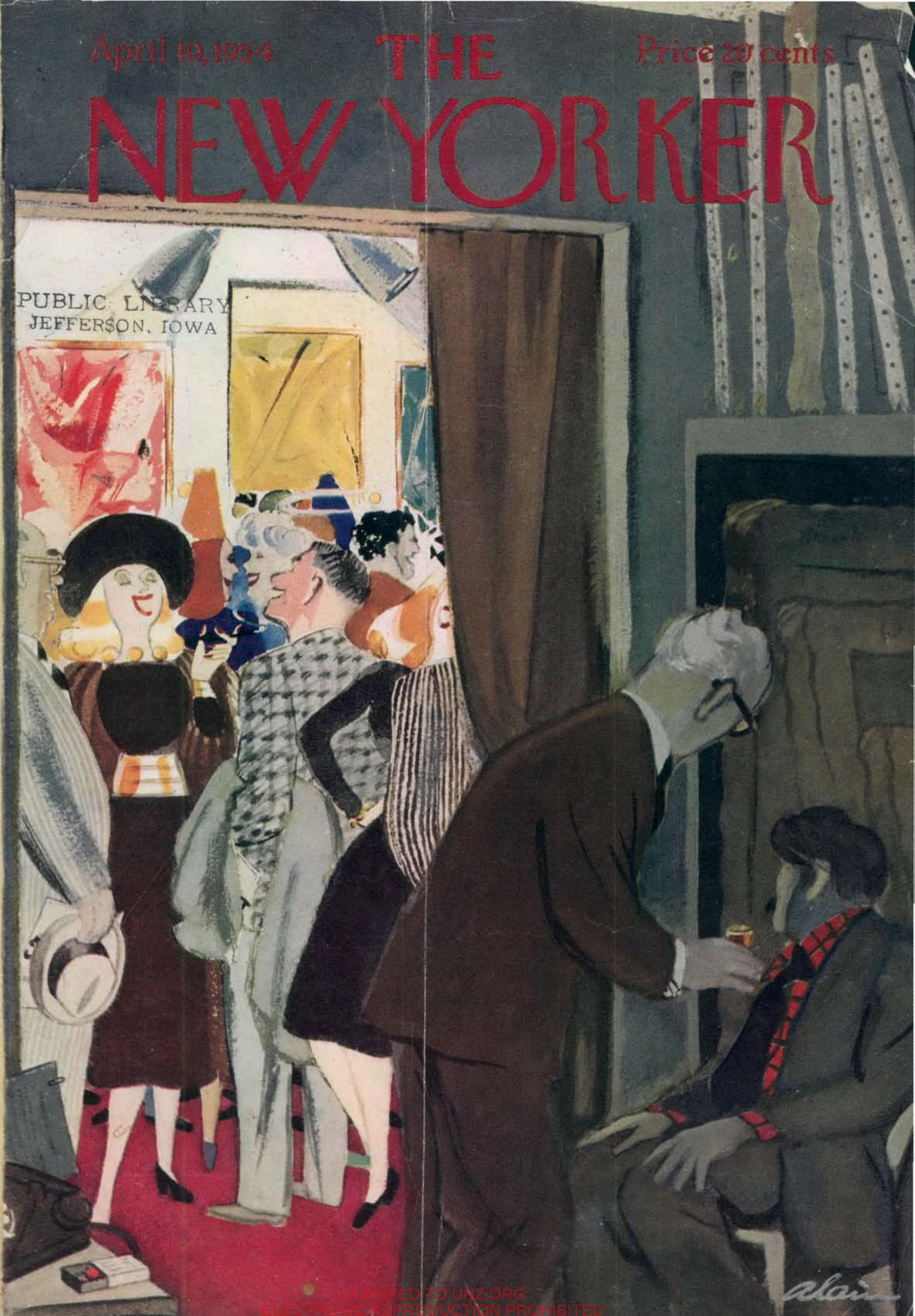
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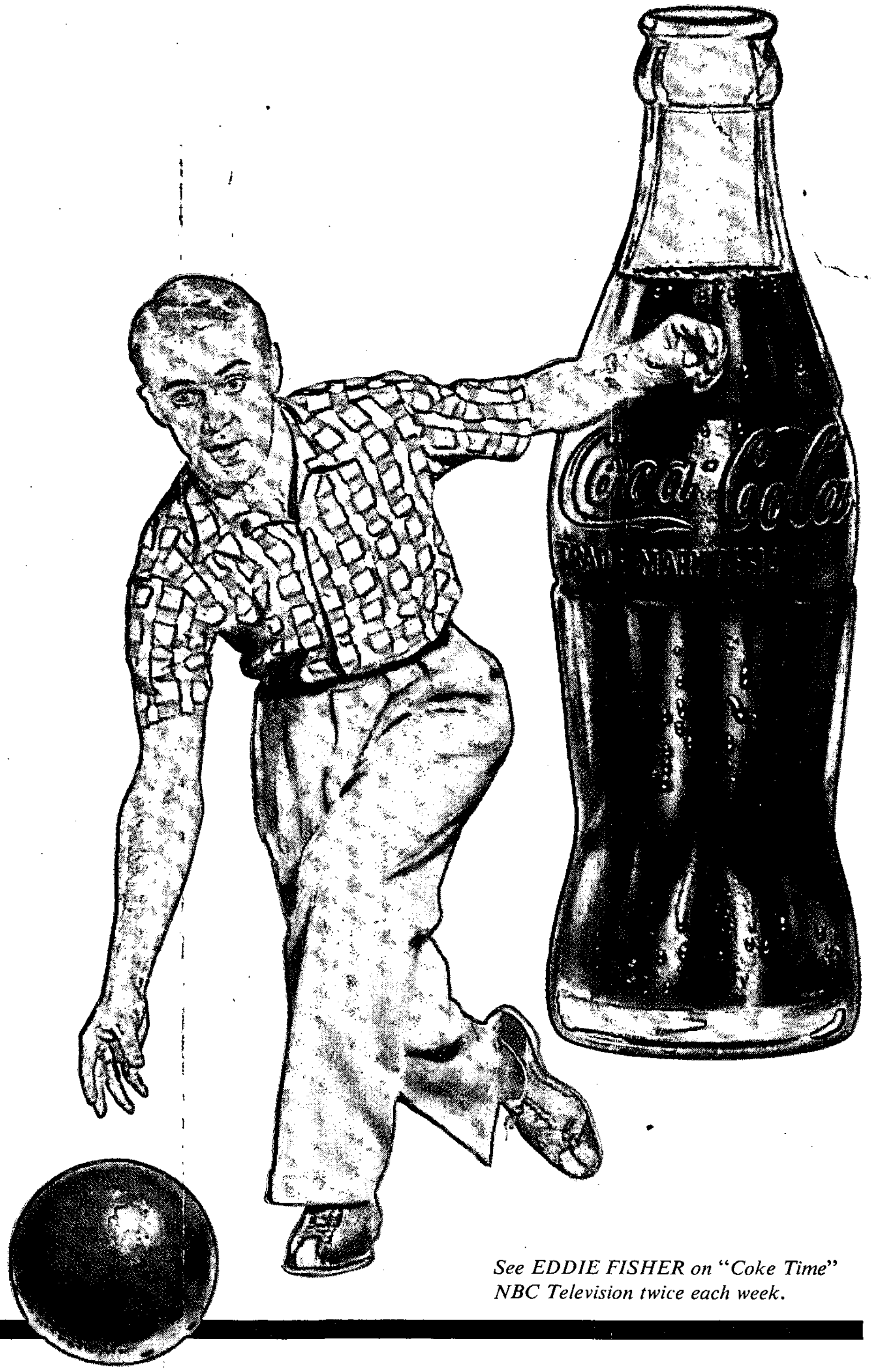

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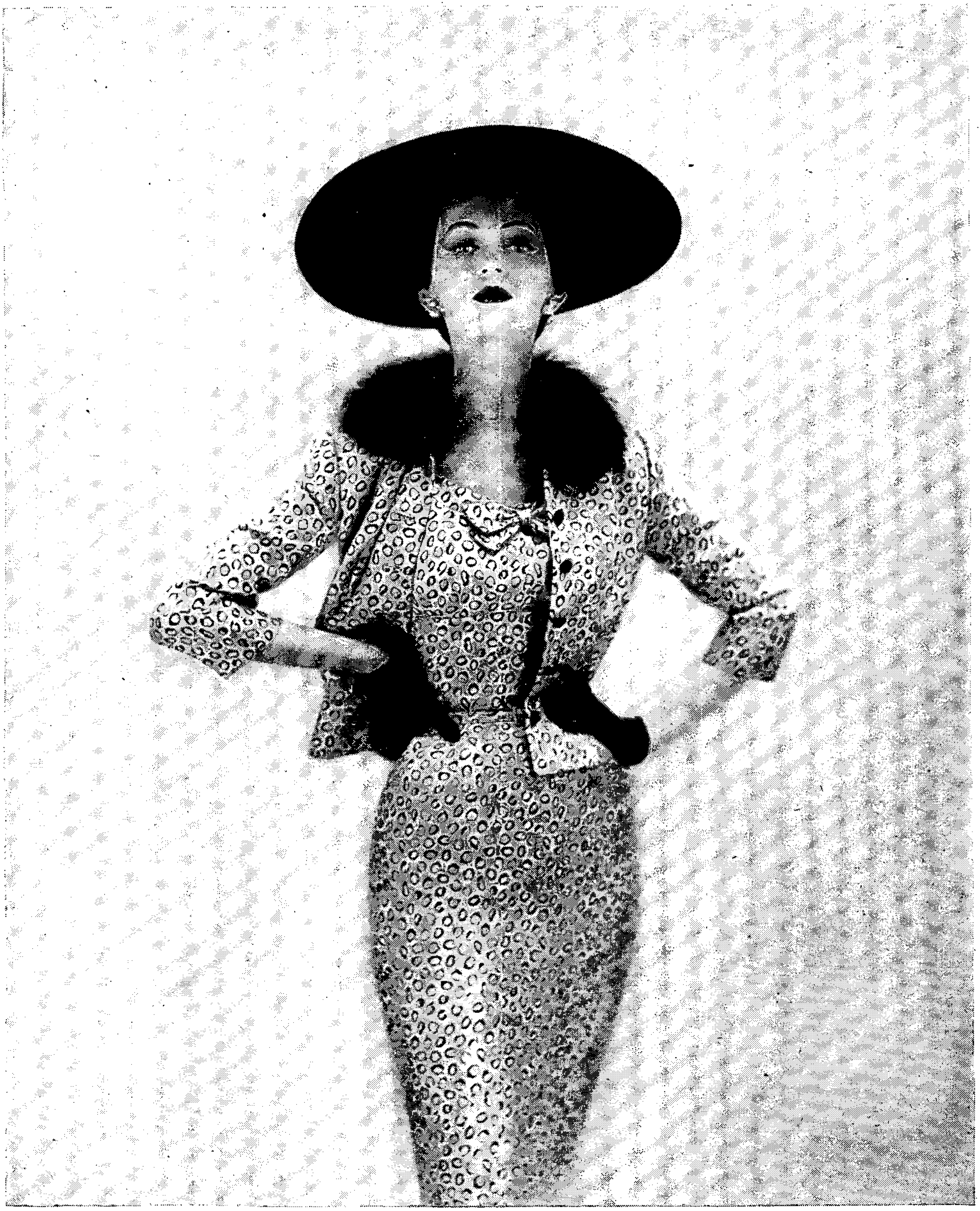

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak and Henry Fonda are both very good indeed as the defendant and his attorney in this exciting dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary company, which also includes Robert Gist, Ainslie Pryor, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, and Herbert Anderson. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Confidential Clerk—A superlative cast, headed by Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood, helps enormously, but T. S. Eliot's curious wedding of farce and poetry may be a disappointment to some of his admirers. E. Martin Browne is the director and Paul Morrison designed the imposing sets. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Girl on the Via Flaminia—This adaptation of Alfred Hayes' novel about an Italian girl who hates herself for loving one of her country's invaders, has some things to recommend it, but the central performance leaves a good deal to be desired. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Immoralist—Although Ruth and Augustus Goetz's adaptation of André Gide's novel dealing with the homosexual's dilemma in a normal society touches only the more obvious aspects of the case, it is not without its honest merit. Geraldine Page and Louis Jourdan are the couple whose tragic marriage is discussed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

King of Hearts—This Jean Kerr-Eleanor Brooke comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is highly successful. Walter F. Kerr has directed a cast that is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Edward Chodorov's funny account of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. Franchot Tone is the analyst, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly mixed up. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ondine—Audrey Hepburn's lovely and glowing performance often brings the necessary magic to Maurice Valency's adaptation of Giraudoux's cloudy romance about a sea nymph and a mortal man. Mel Ferrer is co-starred at the head of an able cast that includes John Alexander, Alan Hewitt, Marian Seldes, and Robert Middleton. Alfred Lunt is the director, and Virgil Thomson has contributed some suitable incidental music. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—A comedy by Liam O'Brien about a man who lives a terribly complicated double life. One of the season's most cheerful adornments. Burgess Meredith, Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager have leading roles. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Sabrina Fair—The ups and downs of a millionaire and a chauffeur's daughter who find themselves in love. Margaret Sullavan is quite pyrotechnic as the lass, and Joseph Cotten makes an attractive magnate. John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins lend them a helping hand. Samuel Taylor is the author. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull, who is probably everybody's best girl, in a very funny comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith is at the top of a fine supporting cast, and Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones are happily on view, too. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—This play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school has the advantage of compelling performances by John Kerr, who plays the youth in question, and Deborah Kerr, who plays a sympathetic older woman. However, the drama, which was written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan, is not too long on plausibility. Leif Erickson, Dick York, and John McGovern are among the others in the cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa is done with great skill and grace, and the production is admirable in every respect. David Wayne and John Forsythe are splendid as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are well seconded by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Long Runs—the fifth season: Menasha Skulnik is the mainstay of this comedy about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **picnic:** Sex in a small Kansas town. A play by William Inge, with a cast that includes Sandra Church, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 10.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell plays the hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Anniversary Waltz—A new comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, with Macdonald Carey and Kitty Carlisle. Produced by Joseph M. Hyman and Bernard Hart, and directed by Moss Hart. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

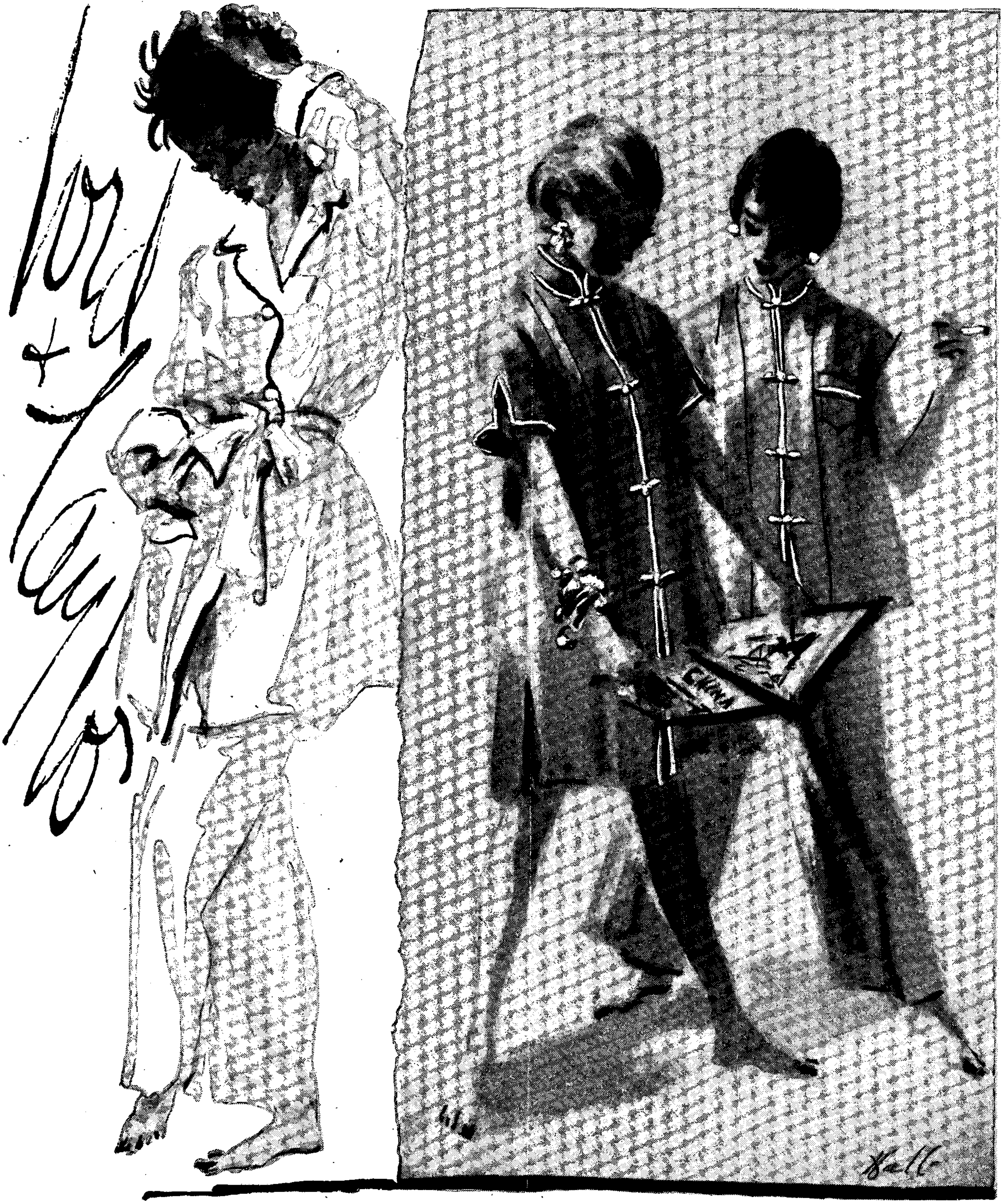
The Girl in Pink Tights—Jeanmaire, who dances beautifully and sings and acts entertainingly enough when she is obliged to, is practically all there is to this affair about a ballet troupe in Old New York. The score is by the late Sigmund Romberg, the lyrics by Leo Robin, the book by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, the choreography by Agnes de Mille. Charles Goldner is co-starred. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—This revue is about equally divided between the good, the indifferent, and the tedious. The best ingredients are the sketches that feature the comic talents of Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe, and there is also some agreeable singing and dancing by Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—A big, handsome show derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911. With music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin, dances arranged by Jack Cole, and sumptuous sets by Lemuel Ayers, the piece goes along with plenty of verve. Alfred Drake is fine as a vagabond poet, and Doretta Morrow is most appealing as his lovely daughter. They have the help of Joan Diener, Richard Oneto, Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin, among many others. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—can-can: A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wonderful town:** Carol Channing has taken over Rosalind Russell's role in this revival of

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 8, April 10, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



Hong Kong revisited—in cool Fuji rayon imported from the British Crown colony and made by refugees from Red China. Left: three-quarter coat, 32-38, 6.95; center: the sleep coat, s. m. l., 6.95; right: pajamas, 32-38, 7.95 All, in coral, turquoise or maize with white; natural with red. On the Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor—also at Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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"My Sister Eileen." Leonard Bernstein composed the music. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

By the Beautiful Sea—Shirley Booth and Wilbur Evans in a musical for which Herbert and Dorothy Fields wrote the book, Arthur Schwartz the score, and Miss Fields the lyrics. Produced by Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr, and staged by Marshall Jamison. Opens Thursday, April 8. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Magic and the Loss—Uta Hagen, Robert Preston, and Lee Bowman in a play by Julian Funt. Michael Gordon directed, and Alexander H. Cohen and Ralph Alswang are the producers. Opens Friday, April 9. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, April 18: "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Saturdays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—"A Sound of Hunting," by Harry Brown. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"The Golden Apple," a nineteenth-century American rearrangement of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," doesn't quite belong in the first rank, but it is attractive and cheerful. John Latouche wrote the book, Jerome Moross furnished the music, Hanya Holm staged the dances, and in the cast are Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Priscilla Gillette, Bibi Osterwald, and Stephen Douglass. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera" has an impressive score, but otherwise this version of Gay's classic of the London underworld is hardly likely to entertain you much. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—A sort of latter-day Noah's Ark, with space men. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées daily at 2:15. Through Sunday, May 9. . . . ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The American Savoyards, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler, in a ten-week repertory. Through Sunday, April 11: "Patience." Tuesday through Sunday, April 13-18: "The Gondoliers." (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, May 30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Sid Foster's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band play for dancing at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin accompanies the cocktail hour. Not a sound on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumental group is audible in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Palm trees that would puzzle the average botanist, and folkways that would astound the average anthropologist. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Weather upheavals cannot disturb the even surface of the ice floe in the Terrace Room, where a passel of skaters, many of them pretty and healthy girls, take part in a revue at dinner and supper. There's also dancing to Steve Kisley's orchestra. No show Sunday or Monday night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—June Havoc, an extremely handsome tomboy, is enmeshed in a one-girl extravaganza designed to prove her versatility. It turns out to be mostly much ado about nothing. Frakson, an old hand at amusing customers, sticks to his last—card tricks—and comes out ahead. They're in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band play for dancing. On Sundays there's only a dinner show, and on Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktails, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

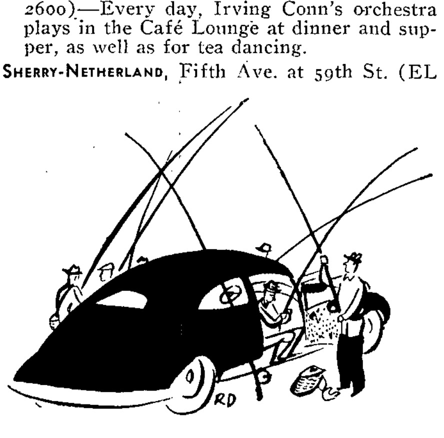
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Celeste Holm, a wise and witty woman of the world, is holding court in the Persian Room. Her playful musicale takes place at dinner and supper. Ted Straeter, the world's best-dressed pianist, sings, too, displaying a happy tenor as he conducts one of the world's best dance bands. Mark Monte's quintet fills in any chinks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra lopes along at a Sunday-driver pace. No music on the Sabbath.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a year-round resort with a most salubrious climate, is full of dressy folk who have come to take the waters and the waltzes. There are soft lights by the management, sweet music by Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bands, and (at dinner and supper) songs by a cheery young thing named Connie Towers. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, pretty as a picture and yet quietly elegant, offers music all evening long and some of the most expert amateur dancers in town. There's a dinner and supper song recital by Estelle Loring, a fairly impassioned soprano. Closed Sundays and Mondays.



Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Horace Heidt's orchestra *cum* floor show is winding up its noisy stint in the Café Rouge. On Friday, April 9, Ted Weems' orchestra, which also expands into a floor show if you press the right button, will move in. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Gilded youth meets girl, in real life as well as on television. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play the appropriate music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, a thriving, bumptious hellion, makes merry mincemeat out of the local George White musical comedy, whose plot isn't good for much else anyway. She is aided by her friends, such as Lou Nelson, Georgie Kaye, and Don Liberto, who are comical, too, and Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, who definitely improve the décor. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

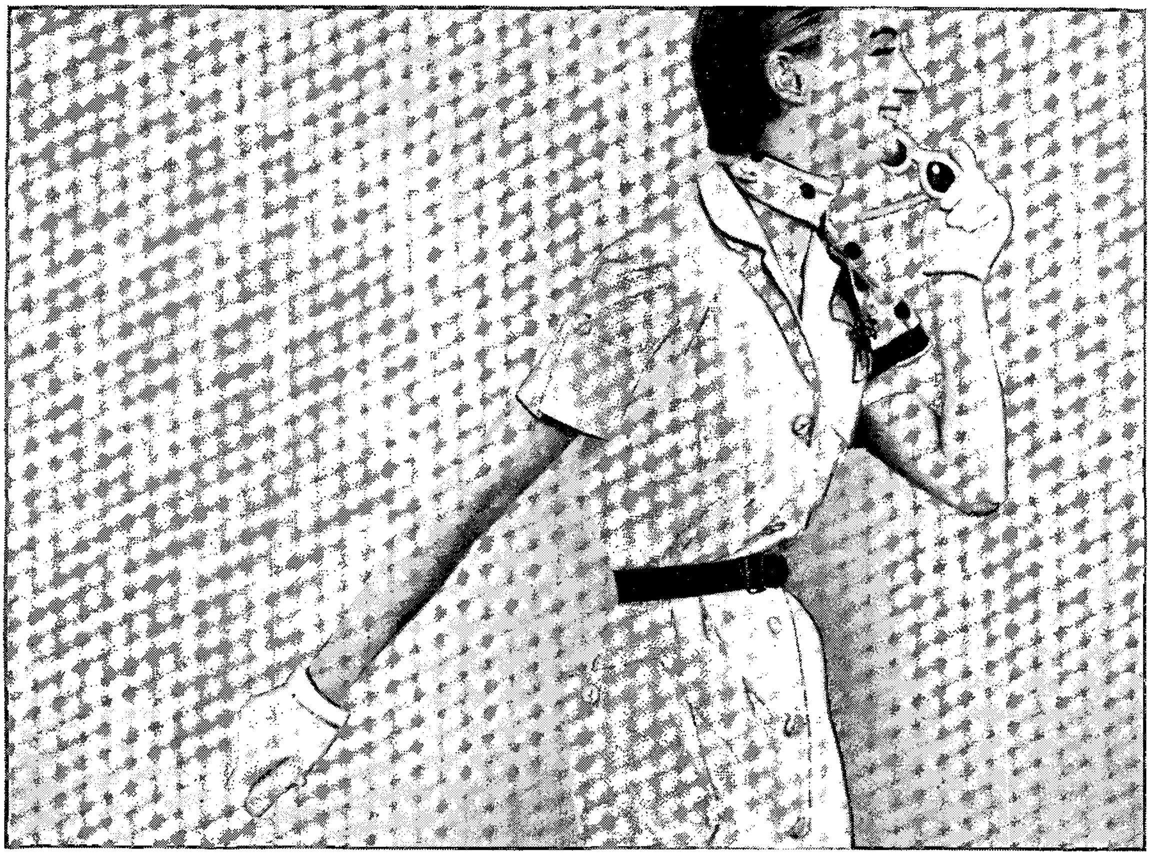
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Eddie Albert and Margo, who have led happy (though separate) lives on stage and screen, are now innocently braving life after dark hand in hand. They appear at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. Nat Brandwynne's big and sonorous band is around most of the evening, which is an excellent idea. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one room of the vast maze called Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty plays suave piano off and on from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dance music from eight-thirty to one every evening except Sunday, when another group sits in.

Note—The Rainbow Room, sixty-odd stories above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of the Edison power plants, the Chelsea docks, Welfare Island, Hoboken, and other natural wonders. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Soft music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the old music master himself, is still whipping out débutante-speed dance tunes here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Ralph Strain, who makes the pianoforte one of the foremost romance languages, is now on deck for both dinner and supper. At suppertime, there's also candlelight and swooning violin, just like the perfume ads. No music Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A polite, well-stocked butler's pantry where, from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, Cy Walter shows why he's the dean of the high-style offbeat pianists. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's a piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a freshet of conversation by old settlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, puts on as neat an exhibit of nostalgic piano-to-dream-to as you'll find in town. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse at cocktails and dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): All Latins appear to be lively lovers of music, which gushes forth without cease in this Spanish restaurant. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the outpourings of some fancy-free decorators, Herman Arminski plays Continental piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does a Manhattan counterpart at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when there's dancing to José



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Poniera's quintet from one in the afternoon until nine at night.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. .. **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Admirers of Norbert Faconi, a splendid specimen of the strolling violinist, will find him prowling this straight-and-narrow path at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sammy Davis, Jr., who works with the Will Mastin trio, is a lively song-and-dance cricket, and Mary Small is a gusty singer, but some customers are apt to be just as amused by the lissome and languid lilies of the Copa ballet as they drift through their no-one's-going-to-tell-me-what-to-do capers. Dancing.... **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): A perpetual Old Home Week, in which performers wander onstage in accordance with some secret Mayan calendar. The most important one is Harry Belafonté, a folk singer well worth waiting for, which you'll probably have to do anyway. The Mary Kaye trio and Buddy Hackett are involved in a more conventional song-and-humor turn. Occasionally there's dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

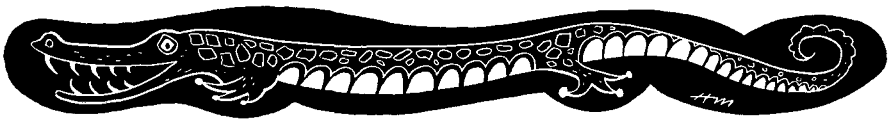
(No dancing, unless noted.)

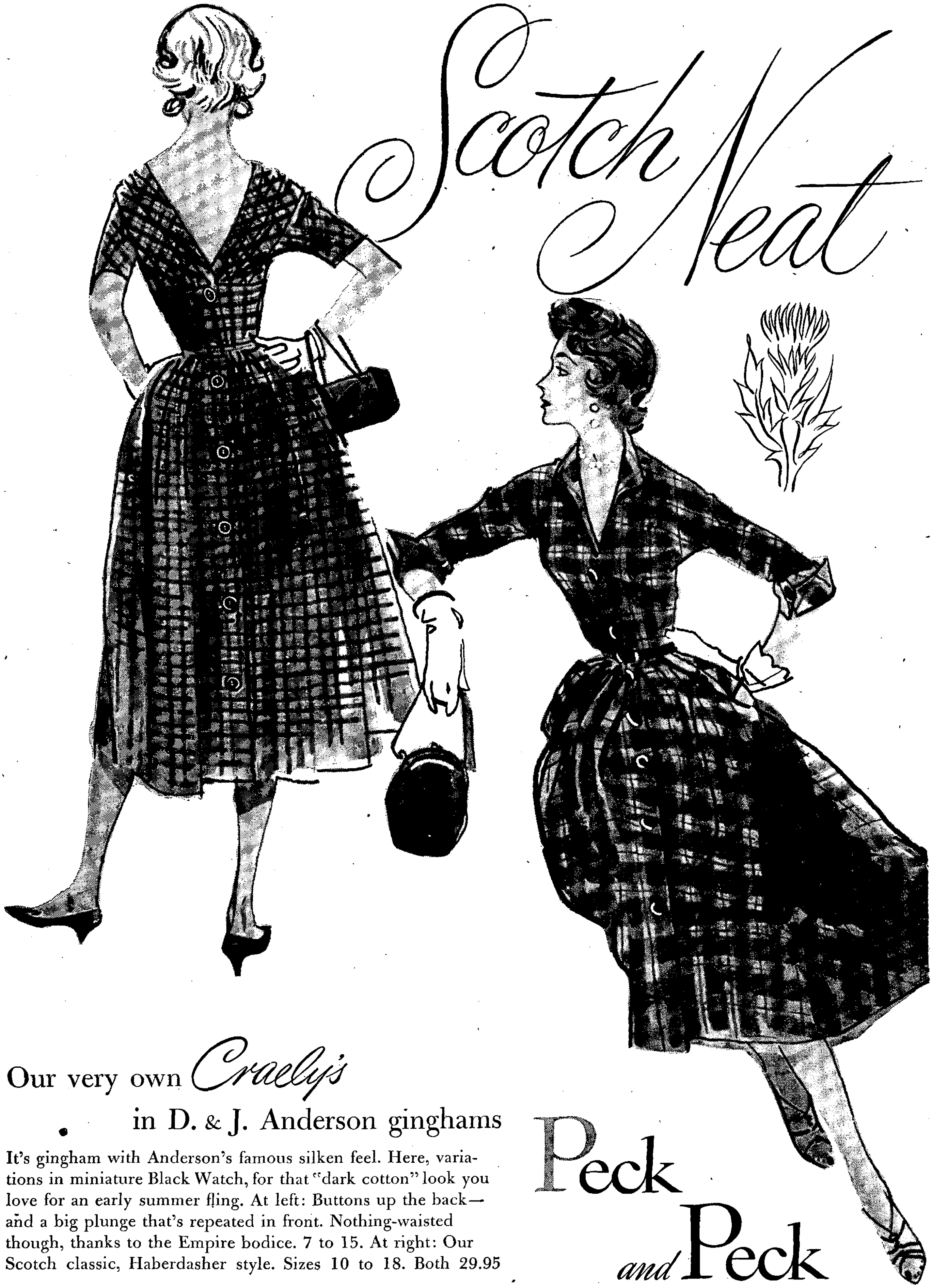
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Jonathan Winters is a wonderfully witty parodist of Western movies, war movies, and five or six hundred other topics. There are ladies present, too—Felicia Sanders, whose dramatic but lyric voice riffles through a top-grade songbook; Marjane, who is pretty, Parisian, and sweet-voiced; and Martha Davis, a jolly, hedonistic basso profundo, who collaborates with Calvin Ponder, her husband and accompanist, in a very lively potpourri. The backdrop is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio. On Thursday, April 15, Elsa Lanchester, an errant *diseuse*, and Jeannette Wonder, an import from the Folies-Bergère, will replace the Mlles. Sanders and Marjane.... ¶ In the lounge, from two to four every morning but Saturday, Miss D. and Mr. P. put on an instrumental breakfast-with-the-Davises (or Ponders).... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Trude Adams, an innocent abroad in night life with only a beautiful face, some beautiful songs, and a beautiful soprano to guide her, and Arte Johnson, a new and off-the-beaten-path comedian. There's also Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, for dancing, and the soft-voiced Liza Redfield at the piano, for singing. On Thursday, April 15, Miss Redfield and Mr. Johnson will be replaced by Marshall Izen's collection of wildly burlesqued operas. Closed Mondays.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St (PL 3-6426): A return of some favorite natives—Kirkwood and Goodman, who are offering a fine selection of hypertension comedy, and Dorothy Loudon, who brings to her songs a wild sense of humor, as well as out-and-out pathos. The incomparable Norman Paris trio and Julius Monk's piano supply their setting. The songs of Rita Dimitri, an added starter, are too arch for words. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Jimmy Komack, a sort of town crier and a pungent versifier, is a very funny young man. He's off Mondays. Mimi Kelly is an appealing wisp of a torch singer. She's off Sundays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies are added on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): A symposium on the care and feeding of contemporary love life, couched in the well-chosen words of such poets as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard and given wings by the sad, quiet voice of Mabel Mercer. The reliable Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is above the often clamorous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The biggest permanent floating pillow fight in town is on view here. The participants are Kaye Ballard, a comedienne who right now is hot as a pistol (pearl-handled, of course); Thelma Carpenter and her free-and-easy night-lark lyrics; Jimmie Daniels, singer of man-about-town romances; the Three Flames, whose jump tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; Oliver Wakefield, an after-dinner speaker to end all after-dinner speakers; Norene Tate, whose voice and piano are sweetly nostalgic; and Bruce Kirby, the room's comic utility outfielder. Closed every Monday for repairs.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet could easily pass for the Angel Gabriel's. His compeers are Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Don MacLean, Walter Page, and occasionally even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and table-side. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off real torrid piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A junior but reasonably luxurious Steinway Hall, affording the best available modern piano every weekday from nine to three. The kingpin is Erroll Garner, now at the peak of a splendid career, who heads up a trio. The Alex Kallao trio helps out. There's Sunday music, too; on April 11, the Tony Scott quartet will provide it. Next evening, George Shearing's quintet and Buck Clayton's quartet will be taking over the weekday assignment.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are as wide-awake as ever. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The Six (Bob Wilber, Johnny Glasel, Eddie Hubble, Tommy Goodman, Bob Petersen, and Eddie Phyfe) are making their young selves heard in here. Their music is traditional. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, April 14, Sarah Vaughan's fine voice, the band of Benny Green, and Johnny Smith's quartet should be in session. Next evening, Dinah Washington, Earl Hines orchestra, and Myles Davis and his All Stars will be coming aboard. Visiting technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Gene Krupa's trio is at work, along with Gerry Mulligan's quartet—the first opportunity we've had to hear the music of this young West Coast avant-gardist. The Space Cadets of Slim Gaillard, who can't stop talking Basic Bop, are also blowing their tops. All are off Mondays, when there are jam sessions. The noise starts at nine.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, April 11, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, the Janis boys will be putting their heads together with Joe Thomas and his All Stars. Dancing.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, except Mondays, Marian McPartland, a crisp and knowledgeable pianist, and her advanced trio are at work inside the circular bar.... **BONFIRE,** Lexington Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-2440): In the tiny and neatly done back room of this plain-spoken bar-and-grill, Sylvia Syms entertains the late





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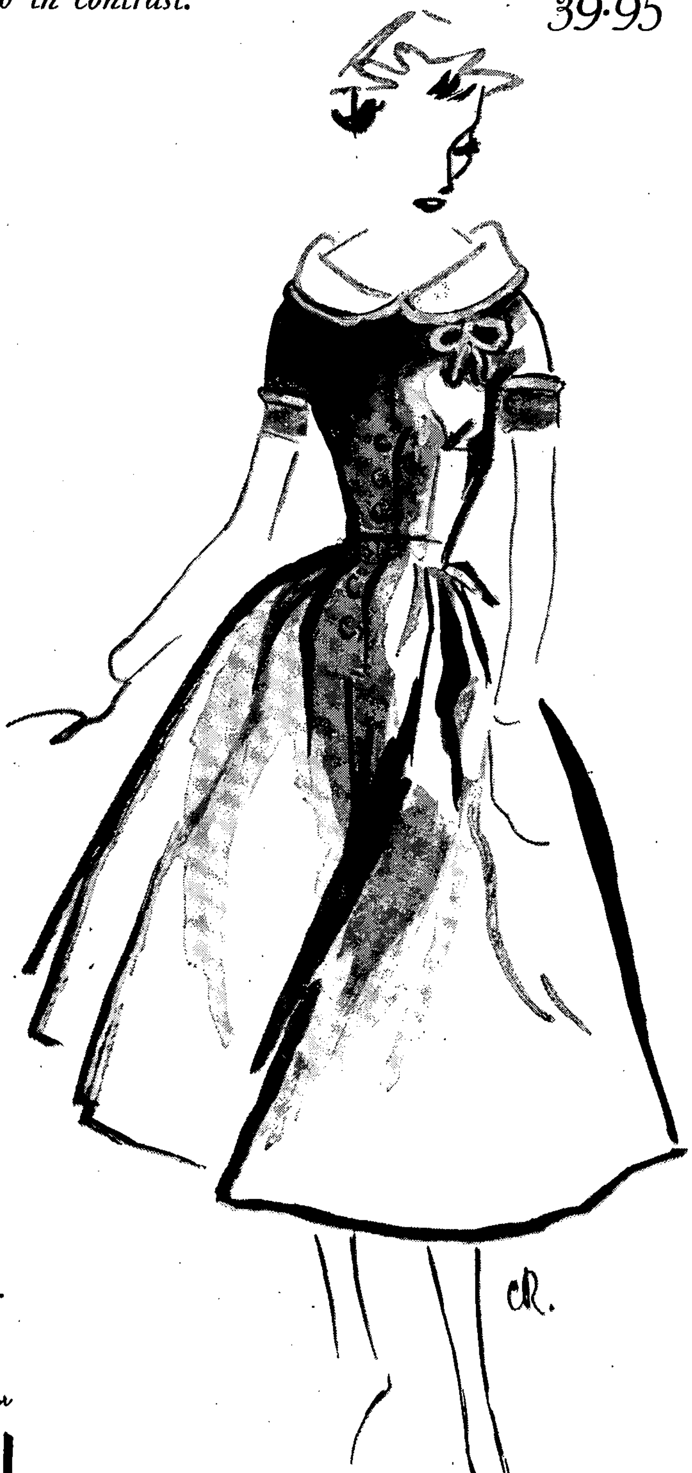

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

theatrical crowd with her robust blues and ballads. She's off Sundays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): A splinter group from the American Rocket Society meets here on Fridays and Saturdays. On April 9-10, the speakers will probably include Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Buck Clayton, Joe Sullivan, Cliff Jackson, Miff Mole, Lou McGarity, Pee Wee Russell, Cozy Cole, Pop Foster, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, it is promised, there will be a shooting war between Pee Wee Erwin's band, Charlie Shavers, Buster Bailey, Sonny Greer, Freddie Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, and Herb Fleming. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KENNETH ARMITAGE—Boldly conceived abstract bronzes, in a first showing in this country by one of the younger British sculptors; through Saturday, April 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

MILTON AVERY—New oils, done with the artist's sure feeling for broad, almost abstract patterns and for muted color; through Saturday, April 17. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Delicately handled, invariably thoughtful abstract paintings, composed in fine dottings of color that make them look somewhat like mosaics; through Saturday, April 17. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—New abstract paintings, many of them showing interesting stylistic variations, by an artist now in his eighty-fourth year; through April 24. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

KARL FORTESS—Landscapes and still-lifes, mostly small and rather sombre, but enlivened here and there by shrewd touches of bright color; through Saturday, April 17. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

FUTURISM—A carefully selected, handsomely arranged loan exhibition of works by the five Italian artists who founded the movement—Balla, Boccioni, Carrà, Russolo, and Severini; through May 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MORRIS GRAVES—Ducks and drakes and occasionally a gander, done in oils and in ink and wash, and discreetly Japanese in influence; through April 24. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

GERRIT HONDIUS—New paintings, chiefly of the circus, and showing a lot of understanding of their subject; through April 20. (Artisans, 32 W. 58th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

JONAH KINIGSTEIN—Oil paintings, which were inspired by Byzantine mosaics, Russian icons, and Romanesque primitives. The artist's first one-man show. Through Saturday, April 17. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

PAUL KLEE—A small retrospective of paintings and drawings that date from 1912 to his death in 1940; through April 26. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

PER KROHG—The first American showing of paintings, 1912 to the present, by one of the leaders of the Norwegian post-Impressionists; through April 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

MARJORIE LIEBMAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings, a bit listless in design but sensitively handled; through Saturday, April 17. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ALEX REDEIN—Interiors and city and sea scenes in oil, plus a group of gouaches; through Saturday, April 17. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

HANS RICHTER—A slightly scattered but absorbing retrospective, 1908-54, of paintings and other works by one of the chief figures of the early Dada movement; through April 24. (Fried, 6 E. 65th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

DAVID F. SAUER—His first one-man showing of oils, mostly still-lifes that are big, broadly brushed, and engagingly bright in color;

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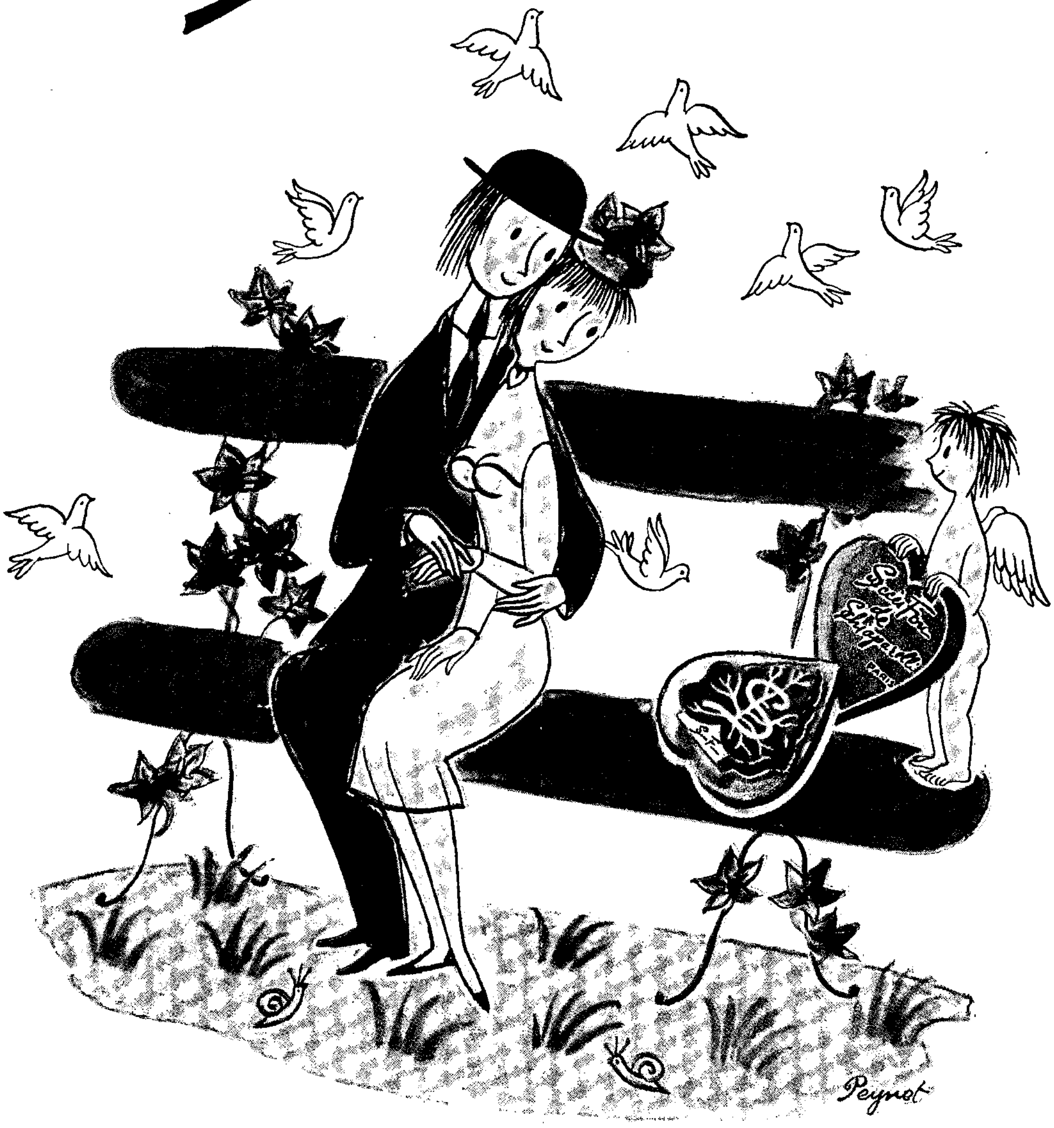
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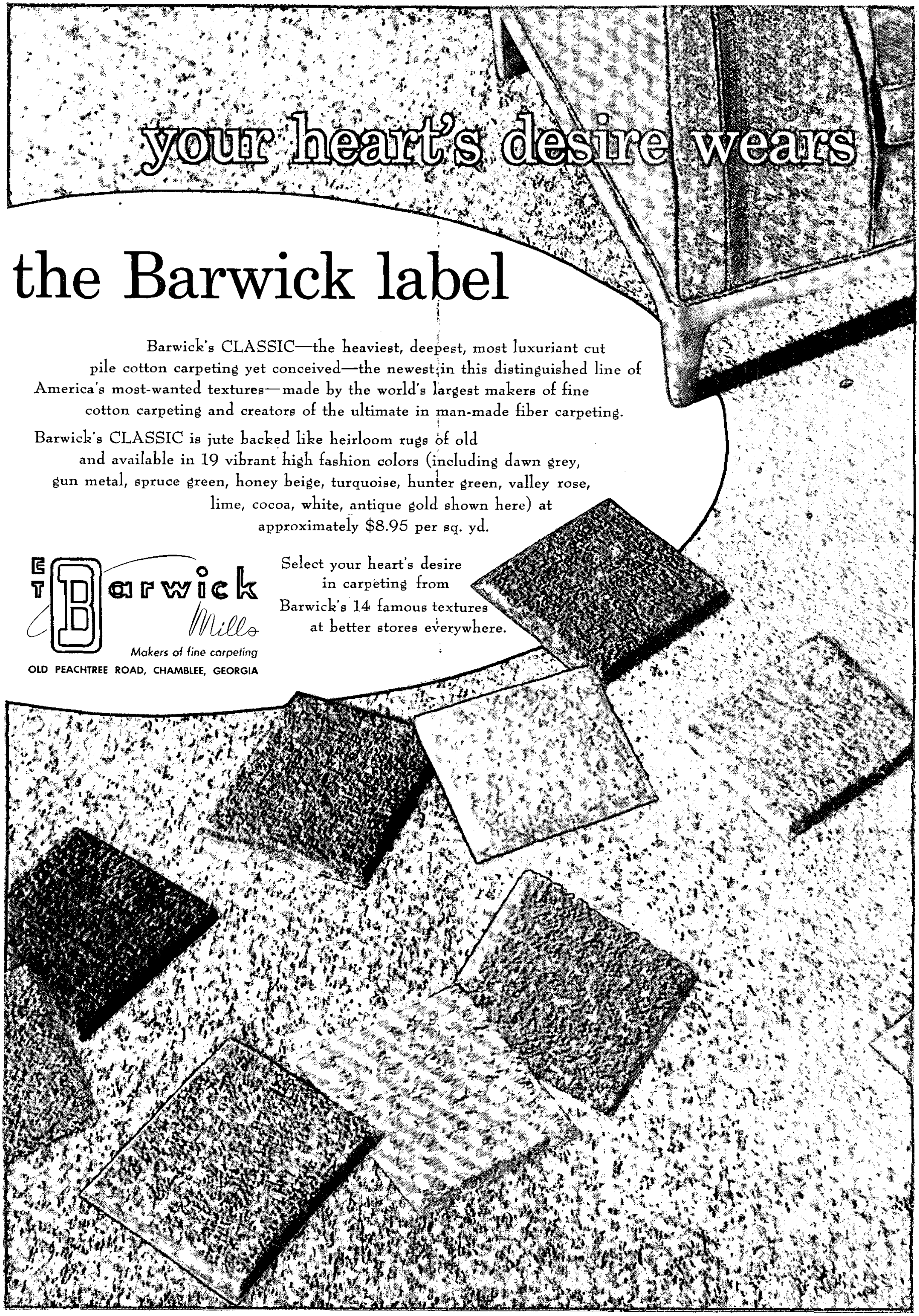

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, April 17. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

JACK TWORKOV—Abstract-Expressionist paintings, predominantly gray in tonality and tending a little toward the tenuous in composition; through Saturday, April 10. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: A big, intermittently interesting showing of oils, sculptures, and other works, in the Academy's hundred-and-twenty-ninth annual exhibition; through April 25. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **NEWTON**, 11 E. 57th St.: Ten canvases by ten old masters, including Van Dyke, Murillo, and Caravaggio; through Saturday, April 17. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: The first section of a two-part exhibit of paintings, never before shown in New York, by such modern French masters as Braque, Dufy, Chagall, and Picasso; through Saturday, April 10. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Plastic, bronze, stone, and steel are only a few of the mediums used by the twenty artists represented here; through Thursday, April 15. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Emerson Woelffer; through April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Charles Demuth and Arthur Dove; through April 24. . . . **HEWITT**, 18 E. 69th St.: Robert Davison; through April 24. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Adolph Gottlieb; through April 24. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Henry Koerner; through May 1. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: John Whorf; through April 24. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: J. M. Hanson; through April 24. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: James Rosati; through April 24. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: George Picken; through April 24. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Matisse; through May 1. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.; through April 30. **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.; through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over two hundred paintings by James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, and Mary Cassatt. Among them are the picture popularly called "Whistler's Mother," Sargent's portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Pulitzer, and Cassatt's familiar women and children. A loan show that has been supplemented by items from the Museum's collection; through May 23. . . . ¶ A loan exhibit from Bogotá, Colombia, comprising eighty objects of art by pre-Hispanic goldsmiths, including a complete set of adornments for a Calima chieftain, a life-size conch shell made from sheet gold, and Quimbaya cinerary urns; through Sunday, April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first large retrospective exhibit of the works of Edouard Vuillard in this country, with over a hundred oils and about thirty prints, selected mainly from his early works around the turn of the century and continuing until his death in 1940; through June 6. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibition; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The annual do of the Sculptors Guild, with close to sixty members represented; through April 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Calder mobiles, and a painting each by Cézanne, van Doesburg, and Larionov, which the Museum has recently acquired, plus a selection from the regular collection. Also a thoughtful, if rather spotty, survey of the younger European painters. Through April 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-five oils, temperas, and drawings based on religious motifs by Meyer F. Lieberman, a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thirty-year-old New York artist; through Thursday, April 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, drawings, and water colors, a little mixed in both quality and styles but, as usual, generally interesting; through April 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 8, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8: "Norma," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Gino Penno, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Patrice Munsel, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Victoria de los Angeles, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 12, at 8: "Aïda," with Herva Nelli, Blanche Thebom, Gino Penno, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 13, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Victoria de los Angeles, Cesare Valletti, Renato Capecchi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, Nadine Conner, Cesare Siepi, and George London. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: "Norma," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, Mack Harrell, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 1: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Set Svanholm, George London, and Hans Hotter. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8:30: "Il Trovatore," with Herva Nelli, Elena Nikolaidi, Gino Penno, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for Haarlem House; for tickets, call LE 4-3048.)

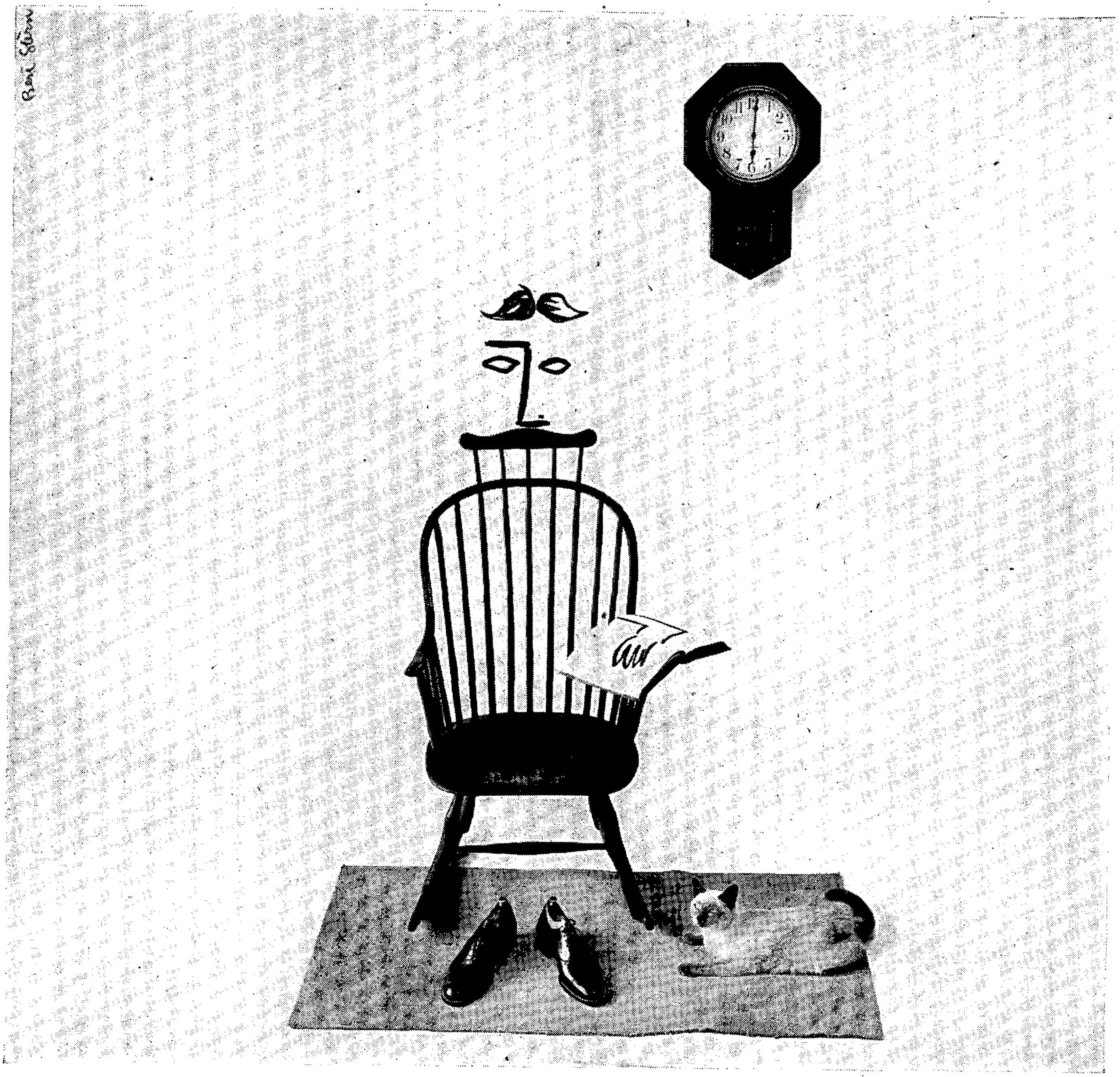
NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, April 8, at 8:15: The company's première of Kern and Hammerstein's "Show Boat." . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 11, at 2:30: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 11, at 8:45: "Salome." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8:15: The company's première of Verdi's "Falstaff," in a new English translation by Chester Kallman. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2:30: "Show Boat." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8:15: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, May 2.)

"CAPRICCIO"—The third of three initial American performances of Richard Strauss's last opera, in an English translation by Maria Massey. Produced by the Juilliard Opera Theatre, under the direction of Frederic Cohen, and with the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Frederic Waldman. For the benefit of the Juilliard School's Student Aid-Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 35. Thursday, April 8, at 8:30.)

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"—John Gay's opera is being presented, by the Columbia Theatre Associates, as the third in a series of four revivals from the New York theatre season of 1754. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Thursday and Friday, April 8-9, at 8:40; and Saturday, April 10, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—The orchestra is on tour now, but will return and continue the regular series of concerts at Carnegie Hall, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos,



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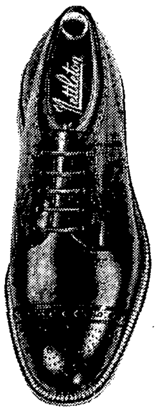

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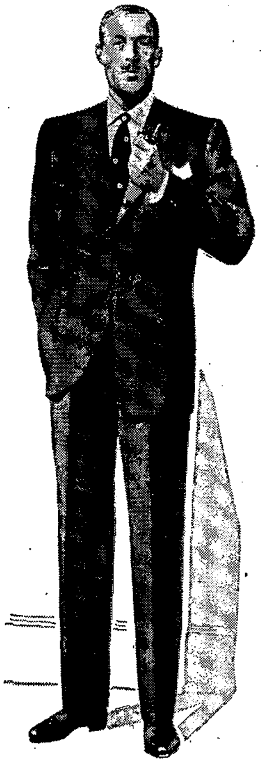

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on Thursday, April 15, at 8:45, and Friday, April 16, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, April 17, at 8:45 (with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin).

Boston Symphony—Charles Münch conducting the final performances of the season here. Doriot Anthony will be flute soloist at the Saturday concert. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 9, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 2:30.)

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra—Karl Muenchinger conducting. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 3.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8:30.)

The Concert Choir—Margaret Hillis directing the first New York performance of Rameau's opera "Hippolyte et Aricie," in concert form, with the Concert Choir Orchestra and vocal soloists; the last in a series of four programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 8:30.)

American Chamber Opera Society—Arnold U. Gamson directing Purcell's operas "Dido and Aeneas" and "The Witch of Endor," both in concert form, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Lucine Amara and Gloria Lane, sopranos; and other soloists. The last in a series of three programs. (Town Hall. Monday, April 12, at 8:45.)

RECITALS

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 10, at 8:30.)

Alice Howland and Leopold Mannes—Contralto and piano. The second in a series of three recitals for the scholarship fund of the Carl Friedberg Music Foundation. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 7-9005.)

Suzanne Bloch—Singing, and playing virginals, recorders, and a lute, in company with Paul Smith, recorder, and vocal soloists. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, April 11, at 8:40.)

Gordon Manley—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 13, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Artur Schnabel Memorial Concert—The third annual concert, this one with Myra Hess, piano, and the Juilliard String Quartet. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Yankees (exhibition game), Friday, April 9, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh (first official league game here), Thursday, April 15, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Saturday, April 17, at 1:30. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Dodgers (exhibition games), Saturday and Sunday, April 10-11, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia (first official league game here), Thursday, April 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Saturday, April 17, at 2. . . . **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Dodgers (first official league games), Tuesday, April 13, at 1:30, and Wednesday, April 14, at 8:15.

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 10.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 10.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 17.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 17.)

Indoor Polo—The first game in the National Senior Championship, and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, April 10, at 8:30.)

Racing—At **jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 24. The Experimental Free Handicap, Saturday, April 10, and the Gotham, Saturday, April 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)

. . . **LAUREL**, Laurel, Md.: Daily at 1:45; through Saturday, April 10. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 10. . . . **BOWIE**, Bowie, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:45, from Monday, April 12, through Thursday, May 6.

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—By the **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Snow White." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sunday, April 11, at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Robin Hood." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 10, at 3.) . . . **Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY:** "Freddie and His Fiddle." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, April 11, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Good Friday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (the most active group at present) and of various commissions and committees, as well as periodic meetings of the Security Council. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays, with the possible exception of Good Friday.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

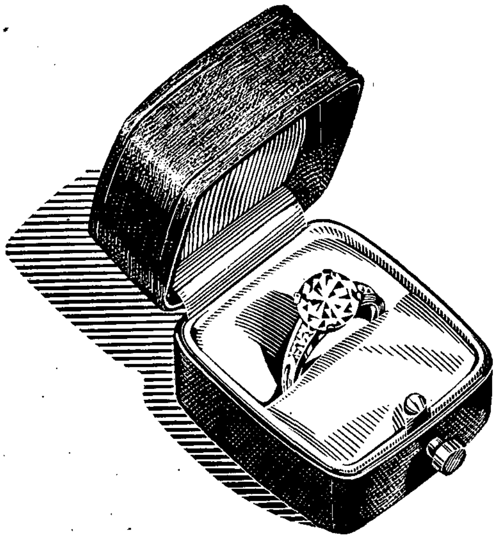
POETRY CENTER READINGS—Saturday, April 10, at 8: A reading of Shakespeare's "King John" by a company of actors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 8:40: Henri Peyre. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.)

COUNTRY ANTIQUES FAIR—A stroll through a big, well-dusted general store. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 8-9, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 10, from 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—An Easter display, comprising a small Dutch windmill, cottage, and church, facing a field of tulips, and approached by a path lined with thousands of other spring blooms. (Opening day, Friday, April 9, from 2 to 4:30, and daily thereafter, 10 to 4:30; through April 25.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Easter in the Heavens," ranges over the histories of Passover and Easter, shows spring skies, and even simulates an enormous Easter egg; through April 25. (Thursday and Friday, April 8-9, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, April 10, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, April 11, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday through Thursday, April 12-15, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 17, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 8, at 1:45: French provincial furniture, together with bronze Doré wall sconces, *vieux* Paris porcelains, candelabra, chandeliers, and other decorations; from the Gentilhommière de Villeneuve, in Avignon, and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, April 10, at 1:45: English and American eighteenth-century furniture; Staffordshire, Whieldon ware, and other china (all circa 1760-1850); porcelains, including Dresden, Berlin, and Copenhagen; as well as other objects of art. From the estates of Mrs. Ernest Iselin and David Franklin, and from other sources.



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FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22
PLAZA 5-8000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

MIDNIGHT SHOW

Beat the Devil—In this diverting farce, Humphrey Bogart is in the hire of a blundering group of rascals (Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard) who are out to grab a big uranium field in Africa. The scenery is largely Mediterranean, and it is enhanced by the presence of Jennifer Jones and Gina Lollobrigida. John Huston and Truman Capote wrote the script. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through April 13.)

The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness as a mariner deeply devoted to the two wives he bigamously maintains at each end of a Mediterranean shuttle run. As the wife ensconced in Gibraltar, Celia Johnson is an ideal homebody; as the one sequestered in Spanish Morocco, Yvonne De Carlo is highly explosive. Mr. Guinness is extremely comical in both ports of call. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Cease Fire!—A conception of what might have happened on the last day of hostilities in Korea. Filmed on the battlefront, the piece employs real troops as actors, and although it isn't strong on characterization, it does give a good idea of how an army operates in combat. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 8.)

From Here to Eternity—A rousing movie version of the James Jones novel about Army life in Hawaii before the Second World War. Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra play the soldiers who figure most prominently, and they all do a fine job. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; April 8.)

Genevieve—An engaging British film about a quartet of thoroughly amusing types who are in transit from London to Brighton on some sort of annual excursion involving ancient automobiles. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More are in it, and they're all good people. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—A description of the careers of the light-opera wizards that adds up to a very buoyant film. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans are admirable as G. and S., and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, complete with Martyn Green, admirably renders excerpts from the operettas. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through April 14.)

It Should Happen to You—Some sprightly satire on the mores of the television and advertising world, woven into a story about a young lady (Judy Holliday) who is determined to have her name emblazoned on billboards. Written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 13.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting April 14.)

Julius Caesar—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's interpretation of the Shakespearean drama. It has plenty of oral dignity but could do with a little more movement. Outstanding in the cast are John Gielgud, James Mason, and Edmond O'Brien. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Roman Holiday—Audrey Hepburn makes something quite wonderful out of a trite story about a royal princess who sneaks away from her entourage in Rome. Gregory Peck is on hand as an American newspaperman. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 11-12.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting April 12.)

REVIVALS

The Band Wagon (1953)—Singing and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 10.)

The Best Years of Our Lives (1947)—The postwar troubles of three veterans. With Fredric March. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 11-14.)

An Evening Alone (1938)—Robert Benchley, the master bumbler, in a one-reeler. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; April 8, tentative.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 14.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 10.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; starting April 10, tentative.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; April 8, tentative.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 10.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 11-12.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting April 12.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through April 10.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 13.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 9-10.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 11-14.)

The Tramp (1915)—A Chaplin one-reeler from the silent past. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; April 8, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—April 8, at 3: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1921), with Mary Pickford.... ¶ April 9, at 3 and 5:30: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1929), with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.... ¶ April 10, at 3 and 5:30: "Rain" (1932), with Joan Crawford and Walter Huston.... ¶ April 11, at 3 and 5:30: "The Story of G.I. Joe" (1945), with Burgess Meredith and Robert Mitchum.... ¶ April 12, at 3 and 5:30: "The Black Pirate" (1926), with Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Dove.... ¶ April 13, at 3 and 5:30: "The Gaucho" (1927), with Douglas Fairbanks, Eve Southern, and Lupe Velez.... ¶ April 14, at 3 and 5:30: "The Trespasser" (1929), with Gloria Swanson and Robert Ames. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through April 14: "Red Garters," Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson, Guy Mitchell.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, April 8, tentative.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through April 13: "The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson.
From *April 14*: "Knock on Wood," Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, revival.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Naked Jungle," Eleanor Parker, Charlton Heston.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Rose Marie" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Howard Keel, Fernando Lamas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
April 8: "Phantom of the Rue Morgue" (in 3-D), Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin.
From April 9: "Lucky Me" (in CinemaScope), Doris Day, Robert Cummings, Phil Silvers.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Prince Valiant" (in CinemaScope), James Mason, Janet Leigh.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Saskatchewan," Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Make Haste to Live," Dorothy McGuire, Stephen McNally.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"La Lupa" (in Italian), Kerima.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Spice of Life" (in French), Noël-Noël; and "The Horse's Mouth," Robert Beatty, Virginia McKenna.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through April 11: "His Majesty O'Keefe," Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice; and "Crime Wave," Phyllis Kirk, Gene Nelson.
From April 12: "Wicked Woman," Beverly Michaels, Richard Egan; and "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 13: **BEAT THE DEVIL.**
From April 14: **IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU.**

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through April 10: **SUSPICION**, revival; and "Saboteur," revival, Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings.
April 11-14: **BRIEF ENCOUNTER**, revival; and **THIS HAPPY BREED**, revival.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
April 8: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.**
April 9-13: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman; and "The Great Diamond Robbery," Red Skelton, Cara Williams.
From April 14: "Knights of the Round Table" (in CinemaScope), Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GENEVIEVE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 11: "His Majesty O'Keefe," Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice; and "Crime Wave," Phyllis Kirk, Gene Nelson.
From April 12: "Wicked Woman," Beverly Michaels, Richard Egan; and "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.

Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Beauties of the Night" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through April 9 (tentative): "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
From April 10 (tentative): **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"The Pickwick Papers," James Hayter, Nigel Patrick.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through April 9: "Hondo," John Wayne, Geraldine Page; and "Forbidden," Tony Curtis, Joanne Dru.
April 10: **THE BAND WAGON**, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.
April 11-12: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.
April 13-14: "Three Girls from Rome," Lucia Bose; and "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," Hans Albers.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 13: **BEAT THE DEVIL.**
From April 14: **IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 13: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival; and "As Young As You Feel," revival, Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter.
From April 14: To be announced.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
April 8: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.**
April 9-13: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman; and "The Great Diamond Robbery," Red Skelton, Cara Williams.
From April 14: "Abbott and Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;" and "Tumbleweed," Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
April 8 (tentative): **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; **AN EVENING ALONE**, revival; and **THE TRAMP** (silent), revival.
From April 9 (tentative): "The Lovers of Toledo," Valli, Pedro Armendariz.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
April 8: **CEASE FIRE!**; and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.
April 9-10: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival; and "The Star," revival, Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden.
April 11-12: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.
From April 13: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 11: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz.
From April 12: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**; and **SHANE**, revival.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 11: "His Majesty O'Keefe," Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice; and "Crime Wave," Phyllis Kirk, Gene Nelson.
From April 12: "Wicked Woman," Beverly Michaels, Richard Egan; and "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
April 8: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.**
April 9-13: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman; and "The Great Diamond Robbery," Red Skelton, Cara Williams.
From April 14: "Abbott and Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;" and "Tumbleweed," Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
April 8: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.
April 9-10: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," revival, Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe; and "The Street with No Name," revival, Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens.
April 11-13: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.
From April 14: "Miss Sadie Thompson," Rita Hayworth, José Ferrer; and "Cruisin' Down the River," Dick Haymes, Audrey Totter.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
BEAT THE DEVIL.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Diary of a Country Priest" (in French), Claude Laydu, Nicole Maurey.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
April 8: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.**
April 9-13: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman; and "The Great Diamond Robbery," Red Skelton, Cara Williams.
From April 14: "Knights of the Round Table" (in CinemaScope), Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 10: **HERE COMES MR. JORDAN**, revival; and "My Cousin Rachel," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Richard Burton.
April 11-13: "The Final Test," Robert Morley, Jack Warner; and "Trent's Last Case," Michael Wilding, Margaret Lockwood.
From April 14: **FANFAN THE TULIP** (in French), revival; and "Justice Is Done" (in French), revival, Claude Nollier.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through April 11: "His Majesty O'Keefe," Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice; and "Crime Wave," Phyllis Kirk, Gene Nelson.
From April 12: "Wicked Woman," Beverly Michaels, Richard Egan; and "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through April 10: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.
April 11-12: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**; and **SHANE**, revival.
From April 13: **IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU**; and "The Stranger Wore a Gun," revival, Randolph Scott, Claire Trevor.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 14: **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Lonely Night," a documentary film on psychotherapy; and "The Eternal Mask," revival, a documentary film.

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Pit of Loneliness" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
April 8: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.**
April 9-13: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman; and "The Great Diamond Robbery," Red Skelton, Cara Williams.
From April 14: "Knights of the Round Table" (in CinemaScope), Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 12: "The Little World of Don Camillo" (an Italian film with a fairly unsatisfactory English sound track), Fernandel, Gina Cervi; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival.
From April 13: "The Spice of Life" (in French), Noël-Noël; and "The Horse's Mouth," Robert Beatty, Virginia McKenna.

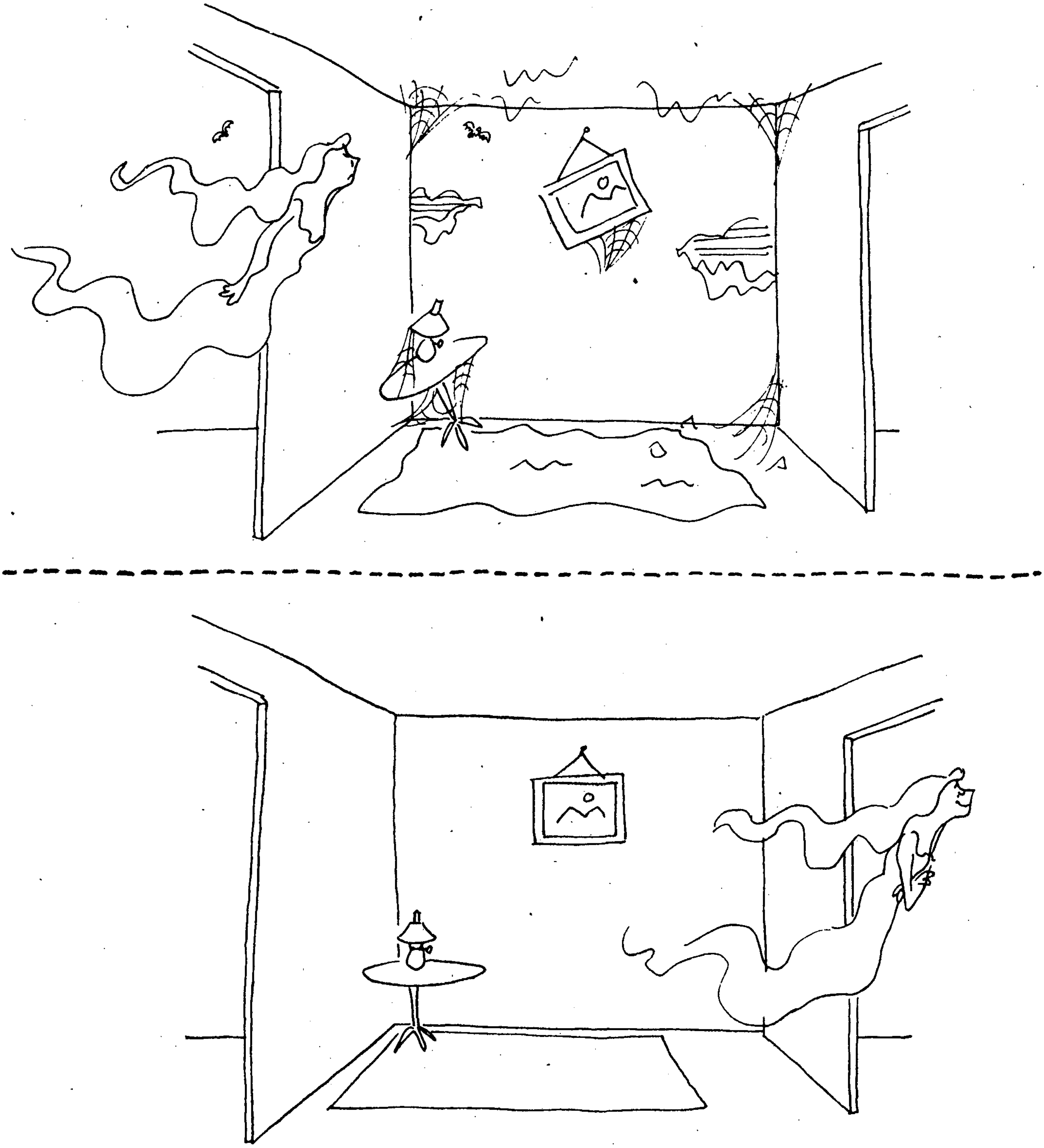
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through April 11: "Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.
From April 12: "Wicked Woman," Beverly Michaels, Richard Egan; and "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
April 8: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.**
April 9-13: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman; and "The Great Diamond Robbery," Red Skelton, Cara Williams.
From April 14: "Abbott and Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;" and "Tumbleweed," Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through April 11: "His Majesty O'Keefe," Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice; and "Crime Wave," Phyllis Kirk, Gene Nelson.
From April 12: "Wicked Woman," Beverly Michaels, Richard Egan; and "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through April 11: "His Majesty O'Keefe," Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice; and "Crime Wave," Phyllis Kirk, Gene Nelson.
From April 12: "Wicked Woman," Beverly Michaels, Richard Egan; and "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



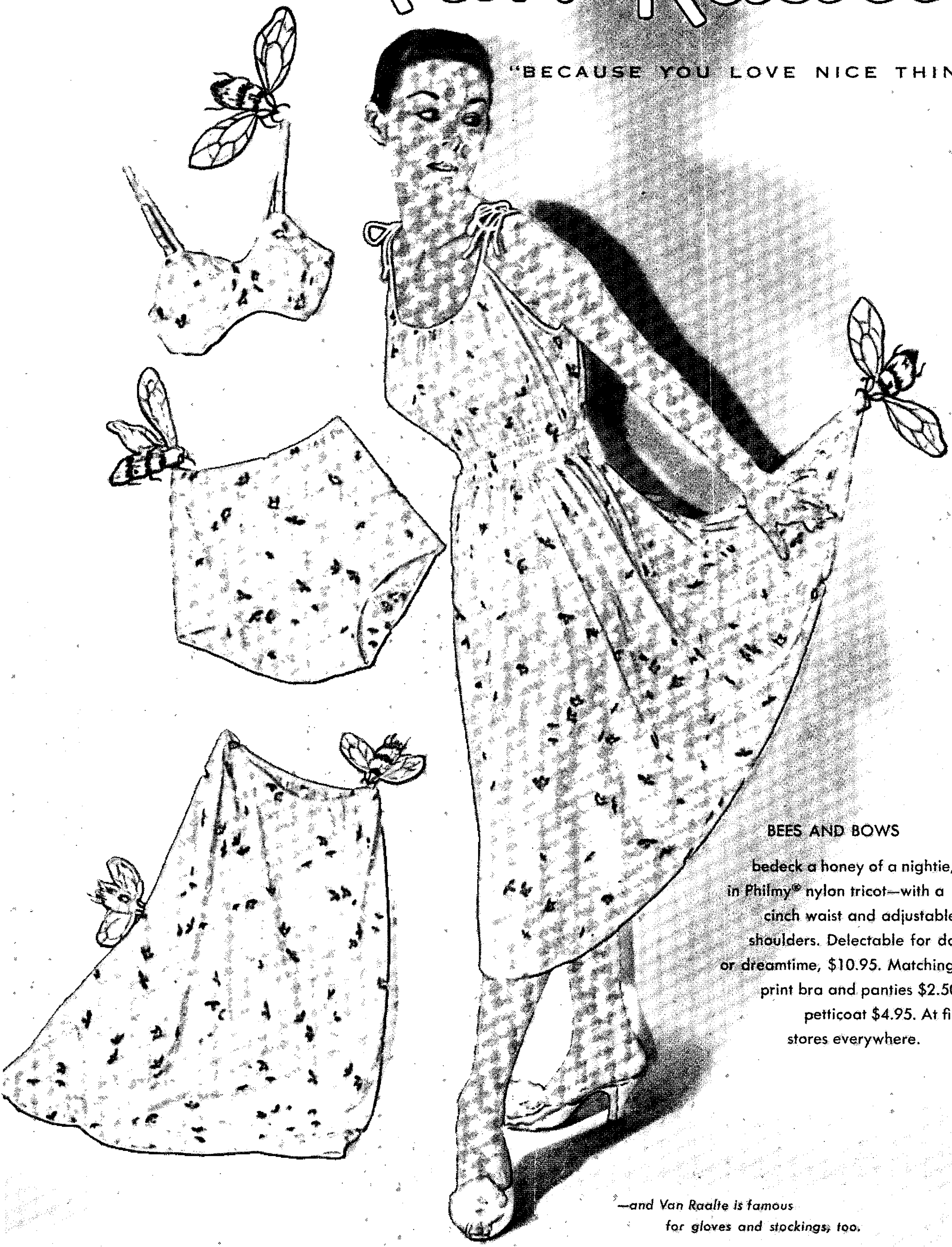
Nor the uncanny power of the magazine whose ideas—about homemaking and practically everything else on earth—are eagerly sought by more than 5 million women.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

A CURTIS PUBLICATION

Van Raalte

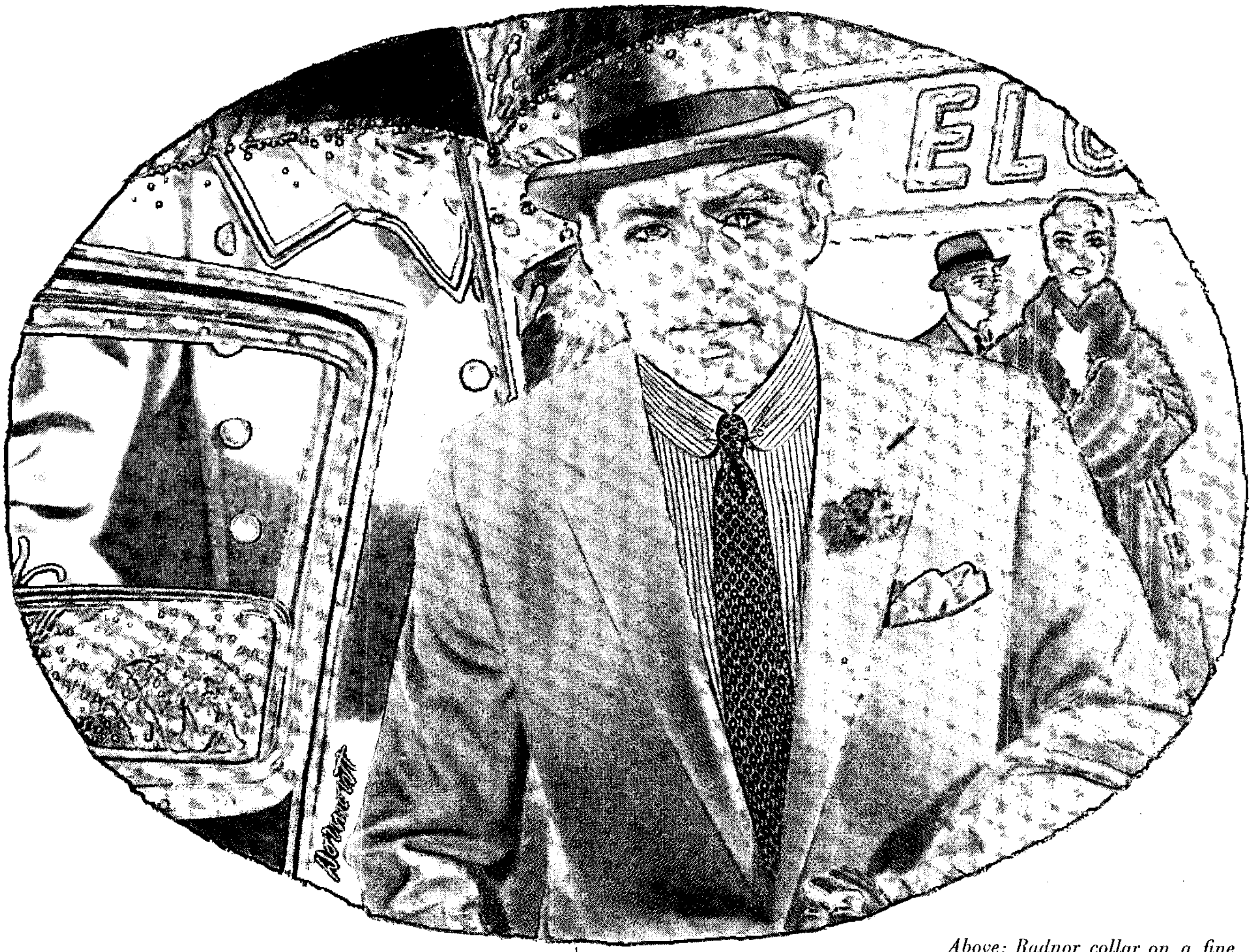
"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"



BEES AND BOWS

bedeck a honey of a nightie, in Philmy® nylon tricot—with a cinch waist and adjustable tie shoulders. Delectable for daytime or dreamtime, $10.95. Matching bee print bra and panties $2.50 each, petticoat $4.95. At fine stores everywhere.

—and Van Raalte is famous for gloves and stockings, too.

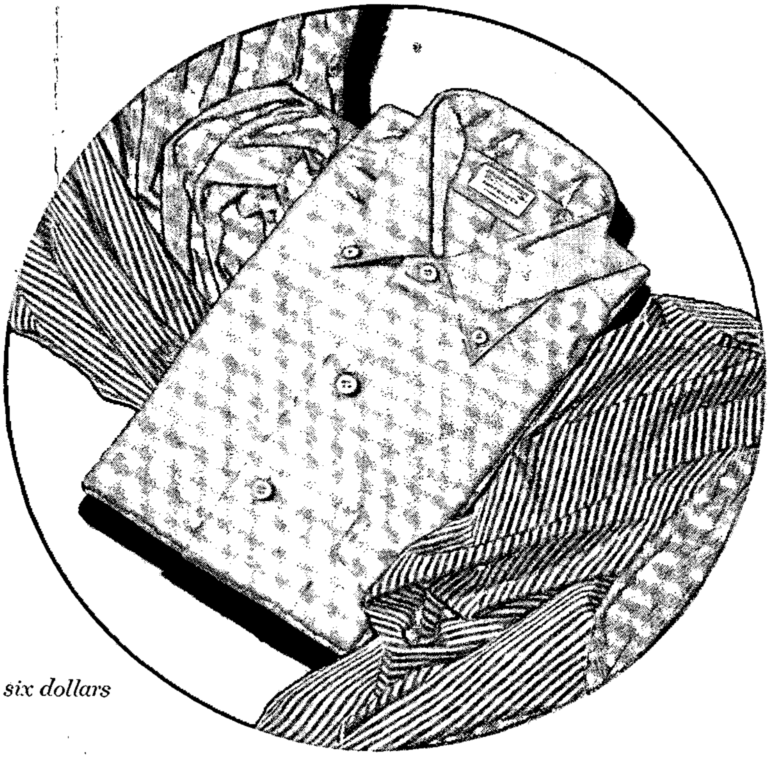


Above: Radnor collar on a fine striped broadcloth. Below: An imported oxford with Sussex button-down collar.

Unmistakable
superiority
in every detail of
shirtmaking...

GOLDEN ARROW...

America's most
distinguished shirt...
by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



Beginning at six dollars

RINGLING BROS AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS
CIRCUS
MADISON
KOONS

HAT BY TALBERT OF WASHINGTON, D. C., AND NEW YORK

clothes for modern living . . .

in country-wise, city-wise, travel-wise DACRON*

As gaily colorful as the big show—this casual young coat by Harry Frechtel, in a handsome tweedy blend of "Dacron", wool and silk! Light in weight, airy in design, lined in flaming red—it's a match for either balmy spring days or cool summer evenings. Rain or shine, "Dacron" polyester fiber helps retain its crisp silhouette, reduce wrinkles to a minimum . . . as "Dacron" is doing in so many of today's fashions. Navy, grey, tan. Sizes 8-16. About $100 at Lord & Taylor, all stores; Steiger's, Springfield; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Filene's, Boston.

Du Pont produces fibers only—not fabrics or garments

******Registered trade-mark for Du Pont's polyester fiber.*

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

if you can afford the best

NOSTALGIA PERFUME

made in France by

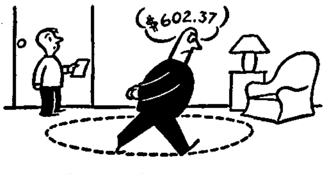
MONTEIL

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A SEASON or so back, we mentioned that the tendency of our present tax laws is to cause the simple-minded nineteenth-century notion of get-up-and-go to lie down and die. We cited in evidence the case of a Yale sophomore whose diligence nearly cost his father a precious six-hundred-dollar exemption on his income-tax return. Rather than loll about during the long summer vacation, the boy took a job in a factory, and by the middle of August he had earned so much that his father, discovering in a panic that Junior was on the ragged edge of becoming, in the eyes of the government, independent, had to summon him home from the factory and beg him to retire. The boy was reluctant to do so, but finally gave in and was placed on a substantial allowance. Now we've heard of a similar case—one in which the parental panic came even closer to being too late. Up in Scarsdale lives an ambitious throwback of thirteen who has a newspaper route and occasionally works as a delivery boy for a local drugstore. Year before last, he carelessly ran up an income of six hundred and two dollars and thirty-seven cents, and when he broke the bad news to his father, the latter was vexed indeed. Finally, a way out occurred to him. Hadn't the boy paid for certain repairs to his bicycle in the course of the year? The boy had. How much? Four dollars and fifty cents. Very well, then—why not disclose the total earnings and the expense item, and claim the boy's earnings for the year to have been only five hundred and ninety-seven dollars and eighty-seven cents? The father did so, then waited to see what would happen. If the Commissioner of Internal Revenue had chosen to construe the law strictly, the claim would, of course, have been disallowed, since the boy's dependency hinged on his gross income, not on his net. We're glad to say that the Commissioner, an old nineteenth-century boy himself, allowed the claim.



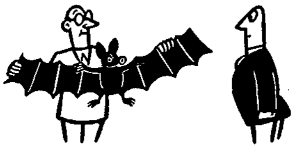
New Guinea Bag

WE recently spent an instructive hour at the Museum of Natural History in the living, breathing presence of Mr. Hobart M. Van Deusen, of the Department of Mammals, and in the posthumous presence of several fruit bats, giant tree rats, a feather-tailed possum, a long-snouted, heavily furred spiny anteater, and other chiropteran, rodentian, marsupial, and monotrematous attractions that Mr. Van Deusen and two colleagues of the Fourth Archbold Expedition to New Guinea trapped or shot in the course of seven and a half months in Papua and on Goodenough Island. "Rare in collections," he said, holding up the possum, whose five-and-a-half-inch tail was a trifle longer than its head and body. "This is the only one we bagged. Practically nothing is known of its life history." Mr. Van Deusen then pulled out a cabinet drawer and drew from it the spiny anteater. This creature, which is one of two housed in the Archbold Collection, is almost two feet long, with a birdlike snout and spines set under its fur. "Most of the specimens we got are arboreal and nocturnal," he said. "We had jack lights on our foreheads, leaving both hands free to use our shotguns. You walk down the trails slowly, and the animals' eyes shine in the light. You sometimes don't know what you're shooting. The giant tree rat refuses to look at the jack light. You spot him by the flash of his white underpart as he scrambles in the trees. I hate to shoot animals, but it's necessary for collecting. We collected mostly in mossy forests at an altitude of around seven thousand feet. They're called mossy forests because of the coating of moss—not to mention orchids and ferns—on the trees, which are often in the clouds. Look at this striped possum." He showed us a possum that had two long, thin claws, which had enabled it to pull grubs out of crevices.

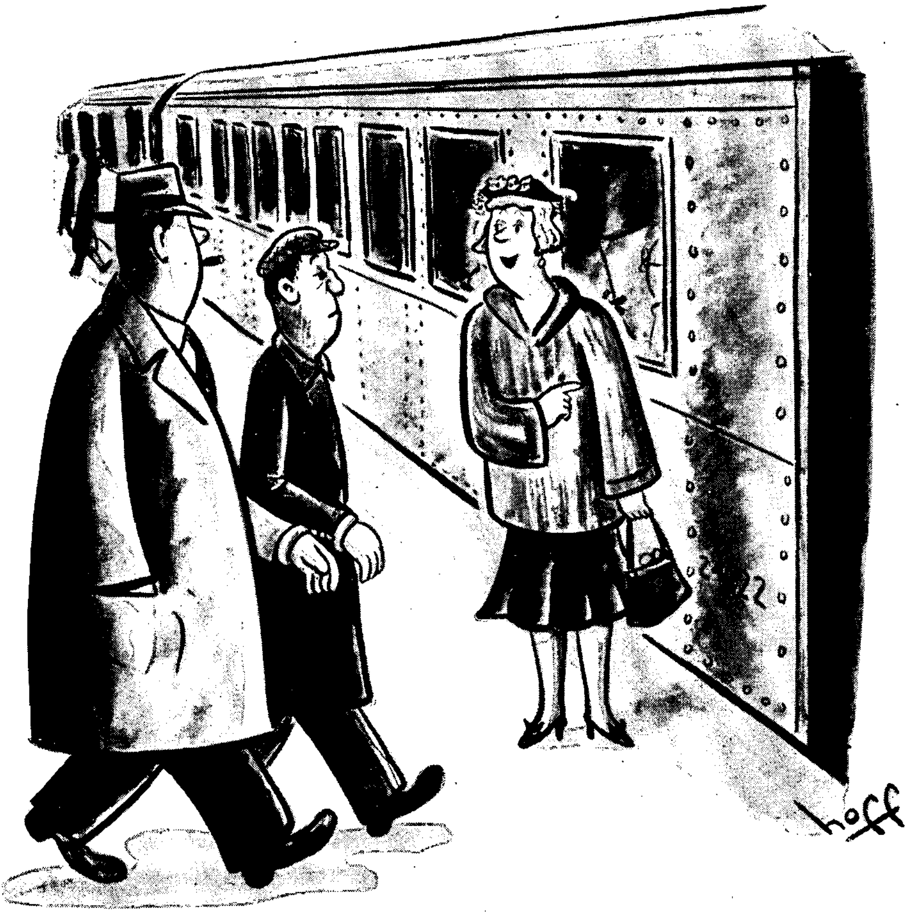
At that point, Mont Cazier, chairman of the Department of Insects and Spiders, came in and said, "Want some more headaches? There are about seven hundred and forty-two."

"That's the number of external parasites on the animals we brought back," Mr. Van Deusen explained to us. "Ticks, lice, and fleas, many of them specific to certain kinds of animals. We send them to the chief of entomology of the Army Medical Service, in Washington. Parasitologists study them there."

He showed us a black wallaby; a long-tongued blossom bat, which laps up flowers' nectar with its tongue; and a fruit bat with a five-and-a-half-foot wingspread. "Many of the bats have very interesting parasites," he said. "Flies that used to have wings, for example, but became so used to running around in the fur of a bat that they lost them. On the expedition, we worked seven days a week, fifteen or sixteen hours a day. You feel you don't want to miss one minute. I lost thirty-five pounds walking up and down the mountains. That was just the spadework. Now I'll spend a year or two studying the animals we got. That blossom bat and the black wallaby *may* be new species."



Mr. Van Deusen told us that he and



"Pardon me, but does this train stop at Ossining?"

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his companions—Leonard J. Brass, a botanist who manages the Archbold Biological Station at Lake Placid, Florida, and Geoffrey M. Tate, secretary of the Archbold Expedition's New York headquarters—lived very comfortably in Papua. "We had seventy-five native carriers and two cooks," he said. "Our Number One cook was a perfect genius at shepherd's pies and at disguising bully beef. The natives are paper-crazy. They'll give you any amount of food for a few copies of the *Times* and the *Tribune*, which they use for wrapping. They prefer the *Times* to dried banana leaves." We thanked him and prepared to leave. "And the *Tribune*, too," Mr. Van Deusen said.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A Chicago firm publishes "Religious Comics," which are all about Abraham, Moses, Ruth, and other such jokers.

Expressing the Id

THE country's, and possibly the world's, only establishment that specializes in dry-cleaning neckties is run by a local advertising man named Stuart Bart, himself the owner of over six hundred ties. Mr. Bart is vice-president of the Stuart Bart Advertising Agency, on East Thirty-second Street, and president of Tiecrafters, Inc., on East Fifty-seventh Street, which he founded in 1952, and which cleans ties at the rate of seventy-five hundred a month, at fifty cents a throw. When we called on him recently at his agency office, we found him to be a dark-haired, dark-mustached man wearing a gray gabardine suit and a blue-and-gold knitted tie. "I'm got up rather festively because I shot my first hole-in-one yesterday, at the Engineers Country Club, in Roslyn," he said. "Sarazen once took a ten on that hole. It's shaped like an ice-cream cone. If you hook, slice, pull, push, or overclub yourself, it's down the side again and you start over. The hole is blind, and after I shot, one of the foursome said, 'I think you were a little strong.' 'No,' I said, 'I think it's about right.' So then the caddie stuck his head over the ridge. 'It's O.K.,' he said. 'Where is it?' I asked him. 'In the hole,' he said. He was pretty phlegmatic about it. It's a par three. When I got home afterward, I put on a piqué tie with a swirl design. A tie represents not only your personality but your mood. What I call the Visible V—the triangular area between coat lapels—offers a modern businessman his only means of expressing his id sartorially. A waiter, for instance, knows that a man wearing an extremely gaudy tie is a poor tipper. I'm against hand-painted ties. Psychologists say they represent a post-bellum neurosis, an emotional release. The only hand-painted tie I have I bought at Finchley's. It has wet and dry flies on it—the Parmachenee beau, the Parmachenee belle, the female Beaverkill, the gray ghost. Whoever painted it really knew his wet and dry flies. Not a herl missing. My hobbies are golf and fishing. On that hole, which is a hundred and ten yards, I used a sand wedge."

With some difficulty, we got Mr. Bart around to talking about Tiecrafters. He told us he started it because he wasn't satisfied with the way most dry-cleaning establishments were doing the job. "It's a simple manifestation of Keynes' law," he pointed out. "They're not paid enough. They set ties on a press block and press them flat, which gives them a tired, unsophisticated look. They don't do spotting. They disregard the center point. They mishandle and sometimes shrink the inner linings. They don't adjust the neckband. They ignore knot wrinkles. So one day I sent three dozen ties and instructions on how to handle them to Alan Bennett, who had a dry-cleaning place near here. He was pleased with the result, and I was pleased, too. Then he suggested we form a firm and do everybody's ties that way, and as a lark I sent out letters to a thousand advertising executives to see how the wind blew. I got a six-per-cent return, which is phenomenal. Then I designed a coat of arms for the company; the charge is a tie rampant, in a heart, with two lions rampant supporting the escutcheon, which has a crown over it. It's regal as hell. Then Alan and I got some trick machines, such as a narrow, steam-fed mechanism that fluffs out the neckband and cleans it, a press that conforms to the shape of the tie and can roll the edges, irons on which the temperature can be set (acetate ties take a lower temperature than silk, of course), and special spray equipment. You mustn't get the inner lining wet. One man sent us a hundred and thirty-nine ties. Turned out he was going to be a tie philanthropist and give them away to his friends."

Mr. Bart, who keeps several ties in a desk drawer, in case his mood should change during the day, told us he founded his advertising agency in 1939, and has among his clients the Excelsior Machinery Company (dry-cleaning presses), Fumol (insecticides), and Century Oxford (eyeglass frames). Then he changed the subject again. "I'm full of tie lore," he informed us, leaning forward in his chair. "For instance, the average man gets four ties a year as gifts and buys three more. Twenty-two per cent wear bow ties, and forty-seven per cent of the ties worn by the twenty-two per cent are already made up. I have no opinion on the morals of this matter. A Windsor knot, I've discovered, is less wearing on a tie than a four-in-hand knot. Women buy eighty-five per cent of all men's ties, which is salutary, because men are very conservative about color and design. A psychologist would analyze it by saying they are either introverts or extroverts trying to look like introverts. You should place your tie under your collar *before* getting into your shirt. If you forgot to shave, wear a bright tie. Ex-King Farouk has more ties than I have. When I see a man come into my office with a slender silk tie of the foulard family, I figure that that man is well adjusted. Jimmy Demaret, the best-dressed golfer, is well adjusted." We slid one hand toward our throat, thanked Mr. Bart, and said good day.

Obliging

THIS *is* a friendly city. Look. Two men in a Broadway bar got into an argument about the color of Betsy von Furstenberg's hair. Bets were made, and one of them volunteered to call the Henry Miller Theatre, where Miss von Furstenberg is appearing in "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!," and put the question.

"Would you like me to make a guess?" a voice said in answer to his query.

"Why, don't you *know*?" the bettor said.

"No," said the voice, "but I plan to see the show soon, and I'll be glad to give you a report."

"What number is this?" asked the bettor.

It was a wrong one.

Pulsate!

NOW what? A Carssage—a pillow with little revolving parts inside it that give you a massage while you are driving an automobile or, if that makes you nervous, while you are sitting in the back seat. The machine and its name are the inventions of O. K. Murphy, president of the Niagara Manufacturing & Distributing Corporation, in Adamsville, Pennsylvania. Mr. Murphy, a sort of massage-machine king, has also invented a massage easy chair, a portable massage machine, the world's only coin-operated massage chair, a massage footstool, and a businesslike massage table for businessmen to use in their offices. The Carssage, which has a built-in massage motor, plugs into an automobile's cigarette-lighter slot. If an automobile has two cigarette lighters, two Carssages can be plugged in. The other afternoon, we took a ride in a big, black, chauffeur-operated Cadillac and had our back set a-tingling and a-prickling and, according to Niagara's claims, our lymph set a-flowing by a Carssage. We were accompanied on the trip by Peggy Foldes and Robert McLaren, two representatives of Max Rogel, Inc., a local pro-massage firm. The moment we stuck foot inside the rear area of the Cadillac, we learned that the front cigarette-lighter slot was working but the back one was not, and therefore only one Carssage could be used. Accepting this circumstance, we noted that a green pad, about a foot wide and two feet long, lay on the back seat between Mr. McLaren and Miss Foldes and that it was connected to the front cigarette-lighter slot by a long black wire, which was draped over the glass partition separating the front area of the Cadillac from the rear area.

Mr. McLaren, a blue-eyed man with a striking resemblance to Mel Tormé, asked if we were drunk.

We said we were not.

"That's a crying shame," he declared. "Because if you were drunk, the Carssage would sober you up. The circulatory action in the Carssage rotates your blood, so if there's alcohol in it, it works up an appetite and consumes all the sugar. Q.E.D., you sober up."

"Too bad the other slot doesn't work," said Miss Foldes. "Then we could pulsate two at a time."

"Pulsate!" cried Mr. McLaren. "That's the distinction we want to make! All other massage machines *vibrate*. This one, like all of Mr. O. K. Murphy's, pulsates. It's a three-way synchronized action. The Air Force is testing it in Japan to see if it will help keep jet pilots awake."

The chauffeur, a dignified gray-haired man, turned around. "Where to?" he asked.

"Through the Park," said Mr. McLaren.

As the car started off, Mr. McLaren stuck the Carssage behind our back. The chauffeur flipped a switch, and our back began to tingle. "With all due respect," said Mr. McLaren, "this is

NIGHT
DEPOSITORY

the only massage machine that gives you a massage with your clothes on. Perfect for the truck driver's and the salesman's muscles. Inside, it has patented motors, motor mounts, and floating panels. Outside, it's breathable Naugahyde, a brand-new fabric put out by the U.S. Rubber Company. No thudding, no pounding, like a vibrating massage machine. Mr. O. K. Murphy incorporates the three-way principle—horizontal, vertical, and circular movement—in all his massage machines.”

We asked where Mr. Murphy was.

“In Florida,” said Miss Foldes.

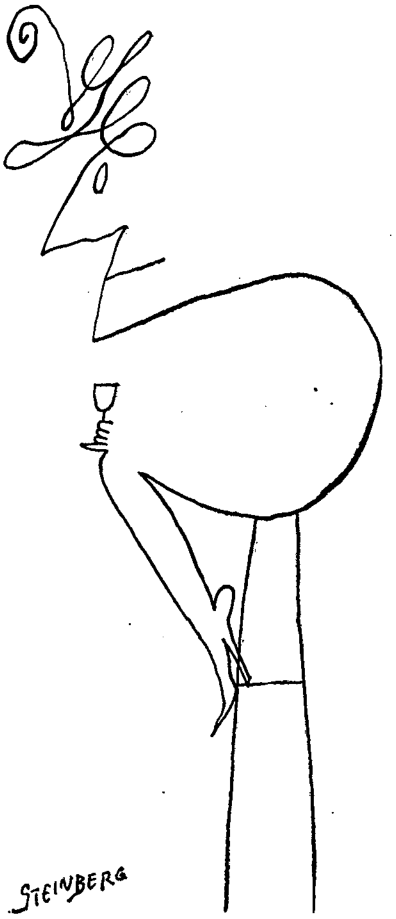
As the car headed up Fifth Avenue, Mr. McLaren deftly snatched the Carssage from behind our back and put it on the seat. He handed us a red, white, and blue pencil with a clip fastener and, attached to the top, a transparent vial, which, he explained, was filled with black and yellow birdseed. “Mr. O. K. Murphy has given away half a million of these,” he said. Pulling out another one, he laid it on the Carssage. The seeds inside the vial started pushing their way past one another, bumping and lurching. “This demonstrates the three-way movement,” Mr. McLaren said triumphantly, and pocketed the pencil. We pocketed ours. “Roy Campanella, Monte Irvin, Ralph Kiner, Mickey Mantle, and Sugar Ray Robinson use Niagara massage machines,” he said. “Noble Sissle swears by his. Prince Sulaiman Al-Hamad Al-Sulaiman, of Saudi Arabia, ordered six massage chairs. At first, truck drivers took a dim view of the Carssage, but when they found that the machines didn't vibrate but *pulsated*, they were converts to a man. Q.E.D., no knotted *latissimus dorsi*. The Institute of Traffic Engineers is interested in it, because it eliminates driver fatigue. Mr. O. K. Murphy envisions a time when every public place, every department store will be full of coin-operated massage chairs and every driver will have at least one Carssage in his car. You can't stop progress.”

Well Lined

INDUSTRIAL production is ten per cent below its July, 1953, peak, and the steel mills are operating at only sixty-eight per cent of their capacity, but all's well in the ladies' annex of the Harvard Club, or was the other afternoon, when we overheard this reassuring bit, *one lady to another*: “Well, my dear, what *do* you give a twenty-one-year-old girl? I finally settled on a housecoat, but it didn't seem quite enough, so I put three shares of Con Ed in each pocket.”

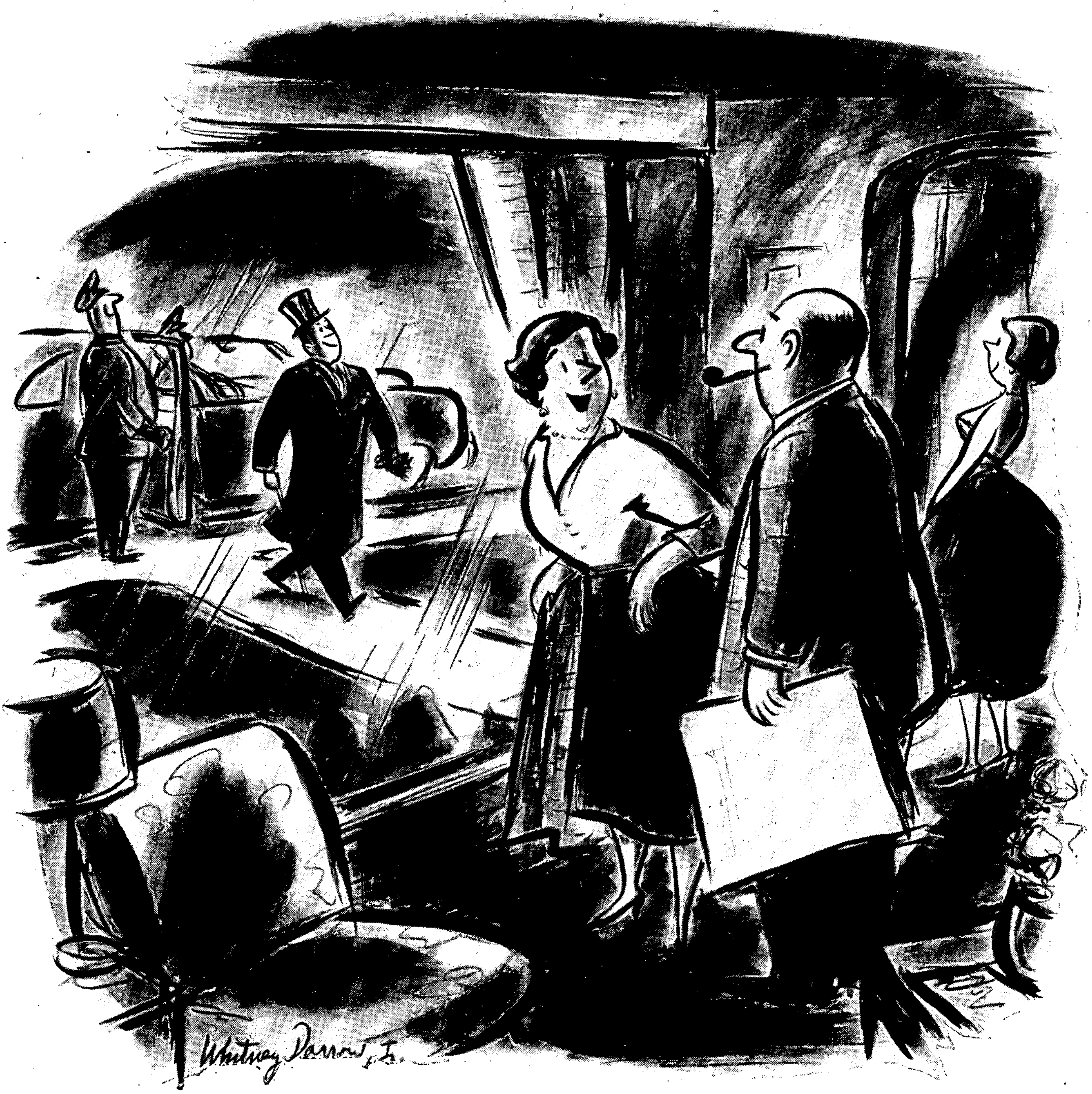
Dear Bus

WE have fallen in love with a small, elderly, and indefatigable Spanish lady named María Luisa Caturla. Señora Caturla, who sailed for home last week after a three-month stay in this country, is one of the greatest living authorities on Spanish art. Her specialty is the seventeenth-century painter Francisco de Zurbarán, about whom her word, no matter how softly uttered, is law. Señora Caturla came here at the invitation of the Metropolitan Museum, to attend the International Congress on Art History and Museology, which the Museum held in January; since then, she has been giving the Mathews Lectures at Columbia, as well as lecturing in or paying visits to museums and universities in a dozen other places—San Diego, St. Louis, Denver, Washington, Kansas City, and way stations. The fact is that Señora Caturla, who is a grandmother twice over and looks too fragile and unworldly to be allowed to cross a busy street unaided, has been tearing around the country on her own, by train, plane, and bus, at a rate that would bring even a seasoned campaigner like John Mason Brown to his knees, yet when we met her, between academic forays, in the apartment of friends, high above Park Avenue, she seemed not in the least winded. Her cheeks were pink, her black eyes shining. She sat in the depths of a great couch, the feet that had just taken the measure of a continent not quite touching the floor, and informed us that her stay here had been all joy. “So many pleasant surprises!” she said in perfect, careful English. “One is supposed to perceive that the characteristic American thing is the automobile, but it is not so. The characteristic American thing is the young housewife. How much she does, and wholly without servants—her house so clean, her children so well cared for, her meals so quickly and skillfully prepared, and herself so charming! Wherever I went, one moment I would be talking at ease with my hostess and the next she would be setting a plate of delicious food before me. And only she had been in the kitchen! How is it contrived? In Europe, they would say it was thanks to American machinery, but I think otherwise. I think the American housewife has done more than master machines; after all, even with those dishwashing whirligigs, is it not true that one must go scrub-scrub first? I think she has mastered time.”



One of Señora Caturla's finest adventures was an eleven-day excursion by chartered bus, which she and some forty other delegates to the congress made under the auspices of the Metropolitan. “First, we journeyed north, to New Haven, Providence, Boston, Worcester, Hartford,” she told us. “We left New York in a snowstorm, and in Boston some of my colleagues, for all their age and dignity, could not resist a snowball fight. Some of them had never, you see, touched snow. Besides, it was a very *little* fight. Then the bus took us south, to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington, Washington. Hour by hour, day after day, we rode, stopped, marched through museums, met kind people, rode on, stopped, marched . . . That dear bus became like home to us. It was very sad to leave it. We cheered as hard as we could for farewell when it rolled away.”

Señora Caturla was married at eighteen, had four children, and took up in earnest her career as an art historian only ten or twelve years ago. Her interest in Zurbarán has led her to discover many hitherto uncatalogued works by him. Once, in a church in Zafra, in the Spanish province of Badajoz, she found ten unknown Zurbaráns at a sin-



“I never dreamed he was that eligible.”

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gle clip. “He is a much underestimated painter,” she said. “Soon he may become fashionable. I would rather that he became popular. At any rate, he is a good painter for these uncertain times. He is both monumental and simple. He is also tender. When he paints an infant Jesus, it is above all an infant.” Señora Caturla is working on a book about Zurbarán, but she has no idea how long it will be before she finishes it. “For years, I was afraid to write,” she said. “Now I must write it once and for all, and I am afraid of leaving anything out. It was Ortega y Gasset who encouraged me to write. He is a very old friend. What he says in passing is often as beautiful as what other men have taken all their lives to say. Thirty or forty years ago, I was the first woman in Madrid to wear a pleated skirt. Ortega noticed the pleats and said at once, quietly, like a poem, ‘The things that could be more and are contented to be less!’ ”

Short Sentence

JUDGE ANNA KROSS, Mayor Wagner’s new Commissioner of Correction, was being watched on television for the first time one evening recently by her four-year-old granddaughter, held on her mother’s lap. When the Judge appeared, the child got very excited. “Grandmummy!” she demanded. “Come out of that box and play with me.” The mother explained that Grandmummy couldn’t but would visit them, as usual, the next week. The following morning, the mother heard the child boasting to a small neighbor that her grandmother was in their television set. The friend expressed alarm. “Oh, that’s all right,” her informant explained airily. “She’ll be out next week.”

THE FIVE-FORTY-EIGHT

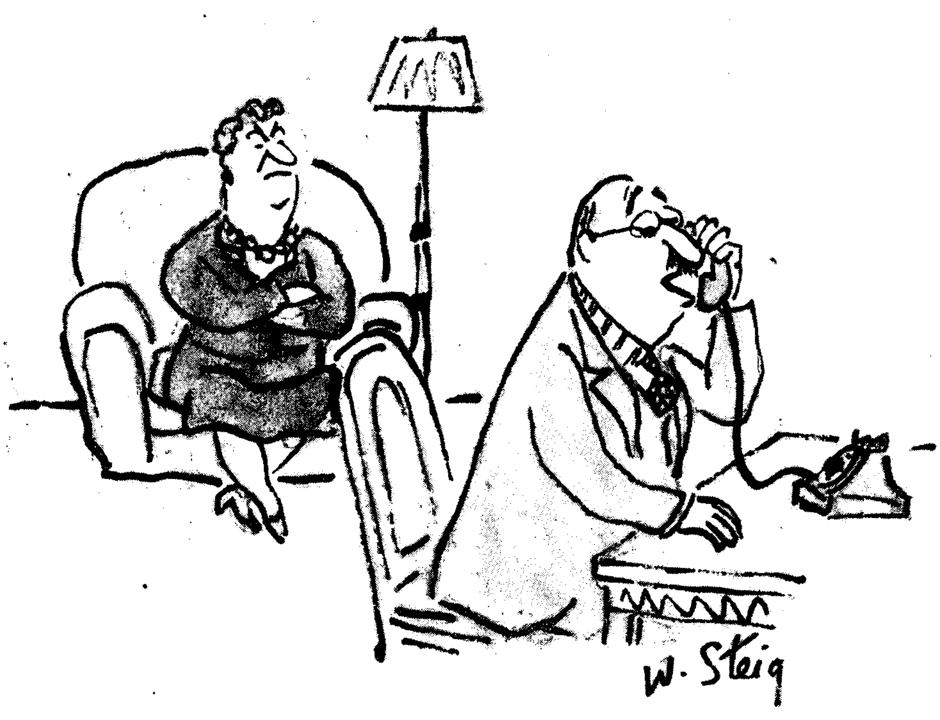
WHEN Blake stepped out of the elevator, he saw her. A few people, mostly men waiting for girls, stood in the lobby watching the elevator doors. She was among them. As he saw her, her face took on a look of such loathing and purpose that he realized she had been waiting for him. He did not approach her. She had no legitimate business with him. They had nothing to say. He turned and walked toward the glass doors at the end of the lobby, feeling that faint guilt and bewilderment we experience when we bypass some old friend or classmate who seems threadbare, or sick, or miserable in some other way. It was five-eighteen by the clock in the Western Union office. He could catch the express. As he waited his turn at the revolving doors, he saw that it was still raining. It had been raining all day, and he noticed now how much louder the rain made the noises of the street. Outside, he started walking briskly east toward Madison Avenue. Traffic was tied up, and horns were blowing urgently on a crosstown street in the distance. The sidewalk was crowded. He wondered what she had hoped to gain by a glimpse of him coming out of the office building at the end of the day. Then he wondered if she was following him.

Walking in the city, we seldom turn and look back. The habit restrained Blake. He listened for a minute—foolishly—as he walked, as if he could distinguish her footsteps from the worlds of sound in the city at the end of a rainy day. Then he noticed, ahead of him on the other side of the street, a break in the wall of buildings. Something had been torn down; something was being put up, but the steel structure had only just risen above the sidewalk fence and daylight poured through the gap. Blake stopped opposite here and looked into a store window. It was a decorator's or an auctioneer's. The window was arranged like a room in which people live and entertain their friends. There were cups on the coffee table, magazines to read, and flowers in the vases, but the flowers were dead and the cups were empty and the guests had not come. In the plate glass, Blake saw a clear reflection of himself and the crowds that were passing, like shadows, at his back. Then he saw her image—so close to him that it shocked him. She was standing only a foot or two behind him. He could have turned then and asked her what she wanted, but instead of recognizing her, he shied away abruptly from the reflection of her contorted face and went along the street. She might be meaning to do him harm—she might be meaning to kill him.

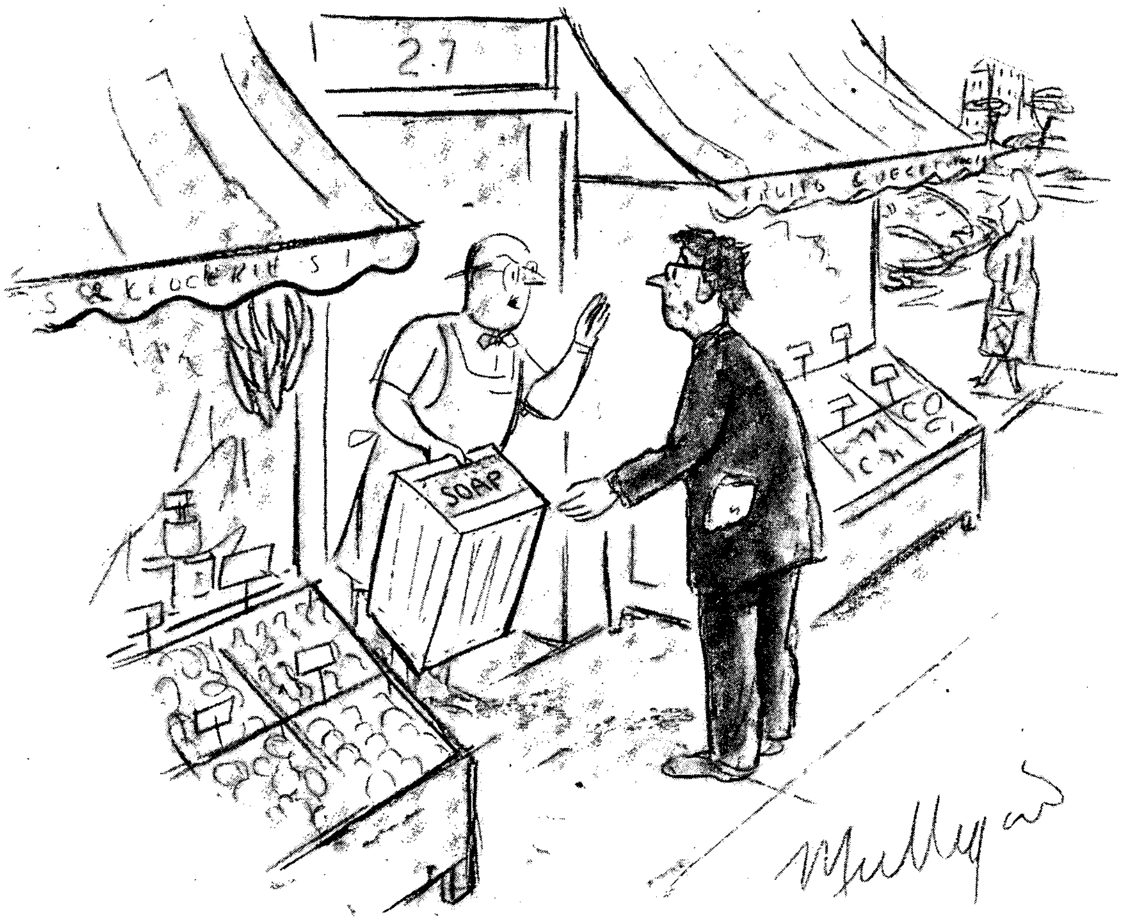
The suddenness with which he moved when he saw the reflection of her face tipped the water out of his hatbrim in such a way that some of it ran down his neck. It felt unpleasantly like the sweat of fear. Then the cold water falling into his face and onto his bare hands, the rancid smell of the wet gutters and pavings, the knowledge that his feet were beginning to get wet and that he might catch cold—all the common discomforts of walking in the rain—seemed to heighten the menace of his pursuer and to give him a morbid consciousness of his own physicalness and of the ease with which he could be hurt. He could see ahead of him the corner of Madison Avenue, where the lights were brighter. He felt that if he could get to Madison Avenue he would be all right. At the corner, there was a bakery shop with two entrances, and he went in by the door on the crosstown street, bought a coffee ring, like any other commuter, and went out the Madison Avenue door. As he started down Madison Avenue, he saw her waiting for him by a hut where newspapers were sold.

She was not clever. She would be easy to shake. He could get into a taxi by one door and leave by the other. He could speak to a policeman. He could run—although he was afraid that if he did run, it might precipitate the violence he now felt sure she had planned. He was approaching a part of the city that he knew well and where the maze of street-level and underground passages, elevator banks, and crowded lobbies made it easy for a man to lose a pursuer. The thought of this, and a whiff of sugary warmth from the coffee ring, cheered him. It was absurd to imagine being harmed on a crowded street. She was foolish, misled, lonely perhaps—that was all it could amount to. He was an insignificant man, and there was no point in anyone's following him from his office to the station. He knew no secrets of any consequence. The reports in his briefcase had no bearing on war, peace, the dope traffic, the hydrogen bomb, or any of the other international skulduggeries that he associated with pursuers, men in trench coats, and wet sidewalks. Then he saw ahead of him the door of a men's bar. Oh, it was so simple!

He ordered a Gibson and shouldered his way in between two other men at the bar, so that if she should be watching from the window she would lose sight of him. The place was crowded with commuters putting down a drink before the ride home. They had brought in on their clothes—on their shoes and umbrellas—the rancid smell of the wet dusk outside, but Blake began to relax as soon as he tasted his Gibson and



"My wife sends her best regards."



"Now, just one second. Exactly what are you going to use this for?"

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looked around at the common, mostly not-young faces that surrounded him and that were worried, if they were worried at all, about tax rates and who would be put in charge of merchandising. He tried to remember her name—Miss Dent, Miss Bent, Miss Lent—and he was surprised to find that he could not remember it, although he was proud of the retentiveness and reach of his memory and it had only been six months ago.

Personnel had sent her up one afternoon—he was looking for a secretary. He saw a dark woman—in her twenties, perhaps—who was slender and shy. Her dress was simple, her figure was not much, one of her stockings was crooked, but her voice was soft and he had been willing to try her out. After she had been working for him a few days, she told him that she had been in the hospital for eight months and that it had been hard after this for her to find work, and she wanted to thank him for giving her a chance. Her hair was dark, her eyes were dark; she left with him a pleasant impression of darkness. As he got to know her better, he felt that she was oversensitive and, as a consequence, lonely. Once, when she was speaking to him of what she imagined his life to be—full of friendships, money, and a large and loving family—he had thought he recognized a peculiar feeling of deprivation. She seemed to imagine the lives of the rest of the world to be more brilliant than they were. Once, she had put a rose on his desk, and he had dropped it into the wastebasket. "I don't like roses," he told her.

She had been competent, punctual, and a good typist, and he had found only one thing in her that he could object to—her handwriting. He could not associate the crudeness of her handwriting with her appearance. He would have expected her to write a rounded backhand, and in her writing there were intermittent traces of this, mixed with clumsy printing. Her writing gave him the feeling that she had been the victim of some inner—some emotional—conflict that had in its violence broken the continuity of the lines she was able to make on paper. When she had been working for him three weeks—no longer—they stayed late one night and he offered, after work, to buy her a drink. "If you really want a drink," she said, "I have some whiskey at my place."

She lived in a room that seemed to him like a closet. There were suit boxes and hatboxes piled in a corner, and although the room seemed hardly big enough to hold the bed, the dresser, and the chair he sat in, there was an upright piano against one wall, with a book of Beethoven sonatas on the rack. She gave him a drink and said that she was going to put on something more comfortable. He urged her to; that was, after all, what he had come for. If he had had any qualms, they would have been practical. Her diffidence, the feeling of deprivation in her point of view, promised to protect him from any consequences. Most of the many women he had known had been picked for their lack of self-esteem.

When he put on his clothes again, an hour or so later, she was weeping. He felt too contented and warm and sleepy to worry much about her tears. As he was dressing, he noticed on the dresser a note she had written to a cleaning woman. The only light came from the bathroom—the door was ajar—and in this half light the hideously scrawled letters again seemed entirely wrong for her, and as if they must be the handwriting of some other and very gross woman. The next day, he did what he felt was the only sensible thing. When she was out for lunch, he called personnel and asked them to fire her. Then he took the afternoon off. A few days later, she came to the office, asking to see him. He told the switchboard girl not to let her in. He had not seen her again until this evening.

BLAKE drank a second Gibson and saw by the clock that he had missed the express. He would get the local—the five-forty-eight. When he left the bar the sky was still light; it was still raining. He looked carefully up and down the street and saw that the poor woman had gone. Once or twice, he looked over his shoulder, walking to the station, but he seemed to be safe. He was still not quite himself, he realized, because he had left his coffee ring at the bar, and he was not a man who forgot things. This lapse of memory pained him.

He bought a paper. The local was only half full when he boarded it, and he got a seat on the river side and took off his raincoat. He was a slender man with brown hair—undistinguished in every way, unless you could have divined in his pallor or his gray eyes his unpleasant tastes. He dressed—like the rest of us—as if he admitted the existence of sumptuary laws. His raincoat was the pale, buff color of a mushroom. His hat was dark brown; so was his suit. Except for the few bright threads in his necktie, there was a scrupulous lack of color in his clothing that seemed protective.

He looked around the car for neighbors. Mrs. Compton was several seats in front of him, to the right. She smiled, but her smile was fleeting. It died swiftly and horribly. Mr. Watkins was directly in front of Blake. Mr. Watkins needed a haircut, and he had broken the sumptuary laws; he was wearing a corduroy jacket. He and Blake had quarrelled, so they did not speak.

The swift death of Mrs. Compton's smile did not affect Blake at all. The Comptons lived in the house next to the Blakes, and Mrs. Compton had never understood the importance of minding her own business. Louise Blake took her troubles to Mrs. Compton, Blake knew, and instead of discouraging her crying jags, Mrs. Compton had come to imagine herself a sort of confessor and had developed a lively curiosity about the Blakes' intimate affairs. She had probably been given an account of their most recent quarrel. Blake had come home one night, overworked and tired, and had found that Louise had done nothing about getting supper. The gin bottle was half emptied, and the first three glasses he took from the bar were smeared with lipstick grease. He had gone into the kitchen, followed by Louise, and he had pointed out to her that the date was the fifth. He had drawn a circle around the date on the kitchen calendar. "One week is the twelfth," he had said. "Two weeks will be the nineteenth." He drew a circle around the nineteenth. "I'm not going to speak to you for two weeks," he had said. "That will be the nineteenth." She had wept, she had protested, but it had been eight or ten years since she had been able to touch him with her entreaties. Louise had got old. Now the lines in her face were ineradicable, and when she clapped her glasses onto her nose to read the evening paper she looked to him like an unpleasant stranger. The physical charms that had been her only attraction were gone. It had been nine years since Blake had built a bookshelf in the doorway that connected their rooms and had fitted into the bookshelf wooden doors that could be locked, since he did not want the children to see his books. But their prolonged estrangement didn't seem remarkable to Blake. He had quarrelled with his wife, but so did every other man born of woman. It was human nature. In any place where you can hear their voices—a hotel courtyard, an air shaft, a street on a summer evening—you will hear harsh words.

The hard feeling between Blake and Mr. Watkins also had to do with Blake's family, but it was not as serious or as troublesome as what lay behind Mrs. Compton's fleeting smile. The Watkinses rented. Mr. Watkins broke the sumptuary laws day after day—he once went to the eight-fourteen in a pair of sandals—and he made his living as a commercial artist. Blake's oldest son—Charlie was fourteen—had made friends with the Watkins boy. He had spent a lot of time in the sloppy rented house where the Watkinses lived. The friendship had affected his manners and his neatness. Then he had begun to take some meals with the Watkinses, and to spend Saturday nights there. When he had moved most of his possessions over to the Watkinses' and had begun to spend more than half his nights there, Blake had been forced to act. He had spoken not to Charlie but to Mr. Watkins, and had, of necessity, said a number of things that must have sounded critical. Mr. Watkins' long and dirty hair and his corduroy jacket reassured Blake that he had been in the right.

But Mrs. Compton's dying smile and Mr. Watkins' dirty hair did not lessen the pleasure Blake took in settling himself in an uncomfortable seat on the five-forty-eight deep underground. The coach was old and smelled oddly like a bomb shelter in which whole families had spent the night. The light that spread from the ceiling down onto their heads and shoulders was dim. The filth on the window glass was streaked with rain from some other journey, and clouds of rank pipe and cigarette smoke had begun to rise from behind each newspaper, but it was a scene that meant to Blake that he was on a safe path, and after his brush with danger he even felt a little warmth toward Mrs. Compton and Mr. Watkins.

The train travelled up from underground into the weak daylight, and the slums and the city reminded Blake vaguely of the woman who had followed him. To avoid speculation or remorse about her, he turned his atten-

BIRTH OF A GREAT MAN

Eighth child of an eighth child, your wilful advent
Means, as they say, more water in the stew.
Tell us: Why did you choose this year and month
And house to be born into?

Were you not scared by Malthusian arguments,
Proving it folly at least, almost a sin,
Even to poke your nose around the door—
Much more, come strutting in?

Yet take this battered coral in proof of welcome.
We offer (and this is surely what you expect)
Few toys, few treats, your own stool by the fire,
Salutary neglect.

Watch the pot boil, invent a new steam engine;
Daub every wall with inspirational paint;
Cut a reed pipe, blow difficult music through it;
Or become an infant saint.

We shall be too shorthanded for interference
While you keep calm and tidy and never brag.
But evade the sesquipedalian school inspector
With his muzzle and his bag!

—Robert Graves

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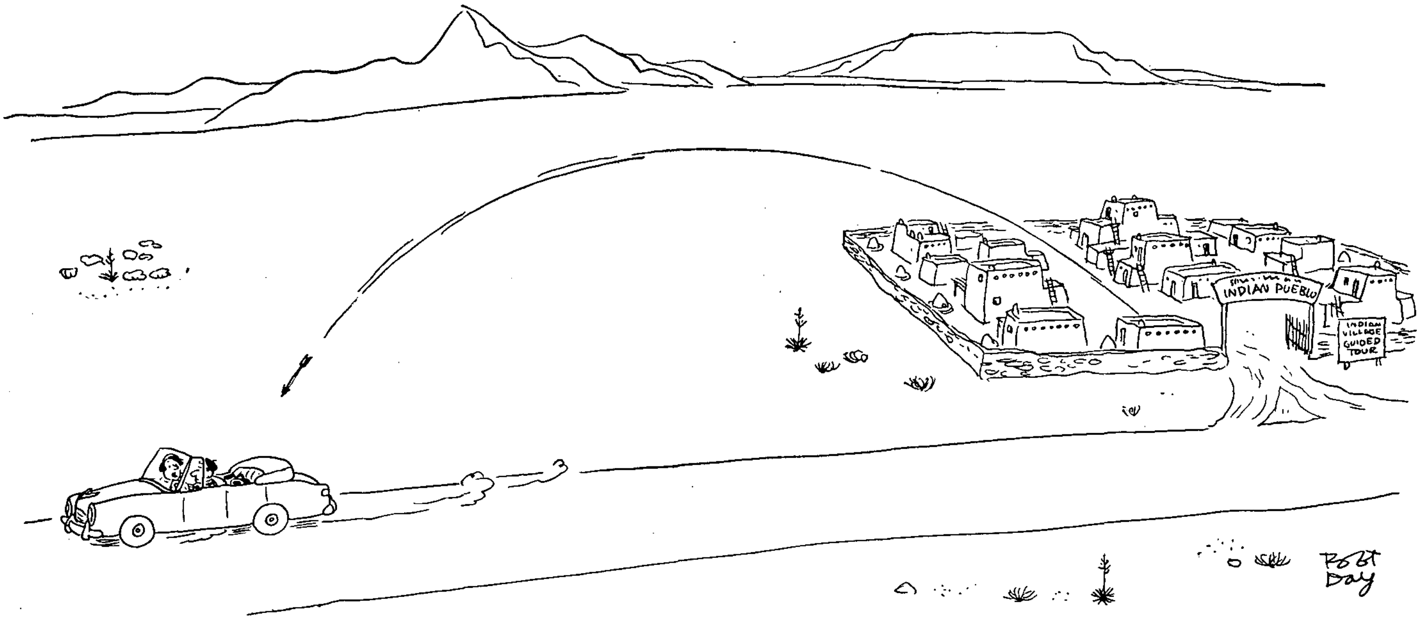

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about it. I don't think those guides expect tips."

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tion to the evening paper. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the landscape. It was industrial and, at that hour, sad. There were machine sheds and warehouses, and above these he saw a break in the clouds—a piece of yellow light. "Mr. Blake," someone said. He looked up. It was she. She was standing there holding one hand on the back of the seat to steady herself in the swaying coach. He remembered her name then—Miss Dent. "Hello, Miss Dent," he said.

"Do you mind if I sit here?"

"I guess not."

"Thank you. It's very kind of you. I don't like to inconvenience you like this. I don't want to . . ." He had been frightened when he looked up and saw her, but her timid voice rapidly reassured him. He shifted his hams—that futile and reflexive gesture of hospitality—and she sat down. She sighed. He smelled her wet clothing. She wore a formless black hat with a cheap crest stitched onto it. Her coat was thin cloth, he saw, and she wore gloves and carried a large pocketbook.

"Are you living out in this direction now, Miss Dent?"

"No."

She opened her purse and reached for her handkerchief. She had begun to cry. He turned his head to see if anyone in the car was looking, but no one was. He had sat beside a thousand passengers on the evening train. He had noticed their clothes, the holes in their gloves; and if they fell asleep and mumbled he had wondered what their worries were. He had classified almost all of them briefly before he buried his nose in the paper. He had marked them as rich, poor, brilliant or dull, neighbors or strangers, but no one of the thousands had ever wept. When she opened her purse, he remembered her perfume. It had clung to his skin the night he went to her place for a drink.

"I've been very sick," she said. "This is the first time I've been out of bed in two weeks. I've been terribly sick."

"I'm sorry that you've been sick, Miss Dent," he said in a voice loud enough to be heard by Mr. Watkins and Mrs. Compton. "Where are you working now?"

"What?"

"Where are you working now?"

"Oh don't make me laugh," she said softly.

"I don't understand."

"You poisoned their minds."

He straightened his back and braced his shoulders. These wrenching movements expressed a brief—and hopeless—longing to be in some other place. She meant trouble. He took a breath. He looked with deep feeling at the half-filled, half-lighted coach to affirm his sense of actuality, of a world in which there was not very much bad trouble after all. He was conscious of her heavy breathing and the smell of her rain-soaked coat. The train stopped. A nun and a man in overalls got off. When it started again, Blake put on his hat and reached for his raincoat.

"Where are you going?" she said.

"I'm going up to the next car."

"Oh, no," she said. "No, no, no." She put her white face so close to his ear that he could feel her warm breath on his cheek. "Don't do that," she whispered. "Don't try and escape me. I have a pistol and I'll have to kill you and I don't want to. All I want to do is to talk with you. Don't move or I'll kill you. Don't, don't, don't!"

Blake sat back abruptly in his seat. If he had wanted to stand and shout for help, he would not have been able to. His tongue had swelled to twice its size, and when he tried to move it, it stuck horribly to the roof of his mouth. His legs were limp. All he could think of to do then was to wait for his heart to stop its hysterical beating, so that he could judge the extent of his danger. She was sitting a little sidewise, and in her pocketbook was the pistol, aimed at his belly.

"You understand me now, don't you?" she said. "You understand that I'm serious?" He tried to speak but he was still mute. He nodded his head. "Now we'll sit quietly for a little while," she said. "I got so excited that my thoughts are all confused. We'll sit quietly for a little while, until I can get my thoughts in order again."

Help would come, Blake thought. It was only a question of minutes. Someone, noticing the look on his face or her peculiar posture, would stop and interfere, and it would all be over. All he had to do was to wait until someone noticed his predicament. Out of the window he saw the river and the sky. The rain clouds were rolling down like

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a shutter, and while he watched, a streak of orange light on the horizon became brilliant. Its brilliance spread—he could see it move—across the waves until it raked the banks of the river with a dim firelight. Then it was put out. Help would come in a minute, he thought. Help would come before they stopped again; but the train stopped, there were some comings and goings, and Blake still lived on, at the mercy of the woman beside him. The possibility that help might not come was one that he could not face. The possibility that his predicament was not noticeable, that Mrs. Compton would guess that he was taking a poor relation out to dinner at Shady Hill, was something he would think about later. Then the saliva came back into his mouth and he was able to speak.

"Miss Dent?"

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk with you."

"You can come to my office."

"Oh, no. I went there every day for two weeks."

"You could make an appointment."

"No," she said. "I think we can talk here. I wrote you a letter but I've been too sick to go out and mail it. I've put down all my thoughts. I like to travel. I like trains. One of my troubles has always been that I could never afford to travel. I suppose you see this scenery every night and don't notice it any more, but it's nice for someone who's been in bed a long time. They say that He's not in the river and the hills but I think He is. 'Where shall wisdom be found,' it says. 'Where is the place of understanding? The depth saith it is not in me; the sea saith it is not with me. Destruction and death say we have heard the force with our ears.'

"Oh, I know what you're thinking," she said. "You're thinking that I'm crazy, and I have been very sick again but I'm going to be better. It's going to make me better to talk with you. I was in the hospital all the time before I came to work for you but they never tried to cure me, they only wanted to take away my self-respect. I haven't had any work now for three months. Even if I did have to kill you, they wouldn't be able to do anything to me except put me back in the hospital, so you see I'm not afraid. But let's sit quietly for a little while longer. I have to be calm."

The train continued its halting progress up the bank of the river, and Blake tried to force himself to make some plans for escape, but the immediate threat to his life made this difficult, and instead of planning sensibly, he thought of the many ways in which he could have avoided her in the first place. As soon as he had felt these regrets, he realized their futility. It was like regretting his lack of suspicion when she first mentioned her months in the hospital. It was like regretting his failure to have been warned by her shyness, her diffidence, and the handwriting that looked like the marks of a claw. There was no way now of rectifying his mistakes, and he felt—for perhaps the first time in his mature life—the full force of regret. Out of the window, he saw some men fishing on the nearly dark river, and then a ramshackle boat club that seemed to have been nailed together out of scraps of wood that had been washed up on the shore.

Mr. Watkins had fallen asleep. He was snoring. Mrs. Compton read her paper. The train creaked, slowed, and halted infirmly at another station. Blake could see the southbound platform, where a few passengers were waiting to go into the city. There was a workman with a lunch pail, a dressed-up woman, and a man with a suitcase. They stood apart from one another. Some advertisements were posted on the wall behind them. There was a picture of a couple drinking a toast in wine, a picture of a Cat's Paw rubber heel, and a picture of a Hawaiian dancer. Their cheerful intent seemed to go no farther than the puddles of water on the platform and to expire there. The platform and the people on it looked lonely. The train drew away from the station into the scattered lights of a slum and then into the darkness of the country and the river.

"I want you to read my letter before we get to Shady Hill," she said. "It's on the seat. Pick it up. I would have mailed it to you, but I've been too sick to go out. I haven't gone out for two weeks. I haven't had any work for three months. I haven't spoken to anybody but the landlady. Please read my letter."

He picked up the letter from the seat where she had put it. The cheap paper felt abhorrent and filthy to his fingers. It was folded and refolded. "Dear Husband," she had written, in that crazy, wandering hand, "they say that human love leads us to divine love, but is this true? I dream about you every night. I have such terrible desires. I have always had a gift for dreams. I dreamed on Tuesday of a volcano erupting with blood. When I was in the hospital they said they wanted to cure me but they only wanted to take away my self-respect. They only

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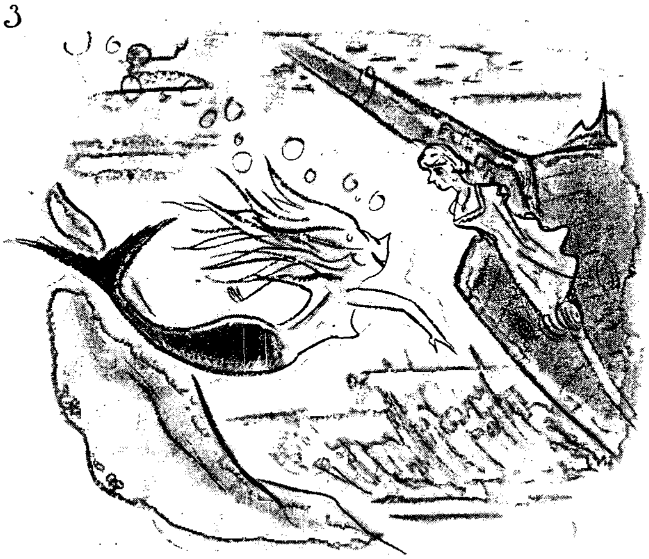

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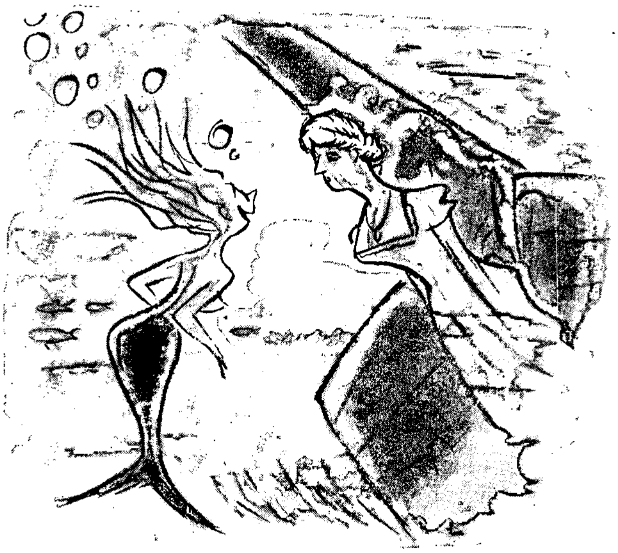

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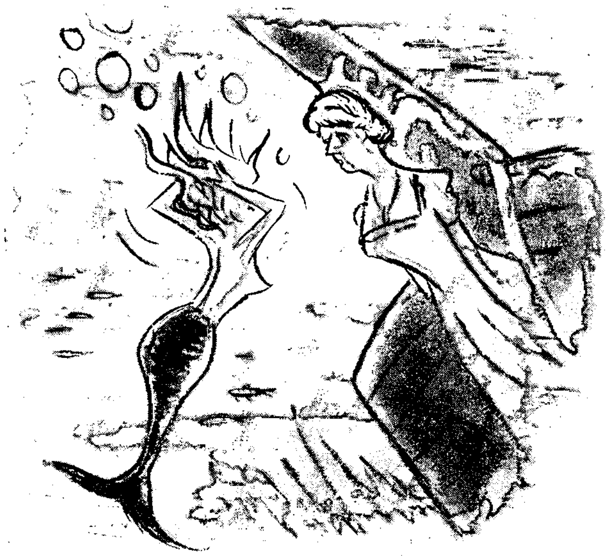

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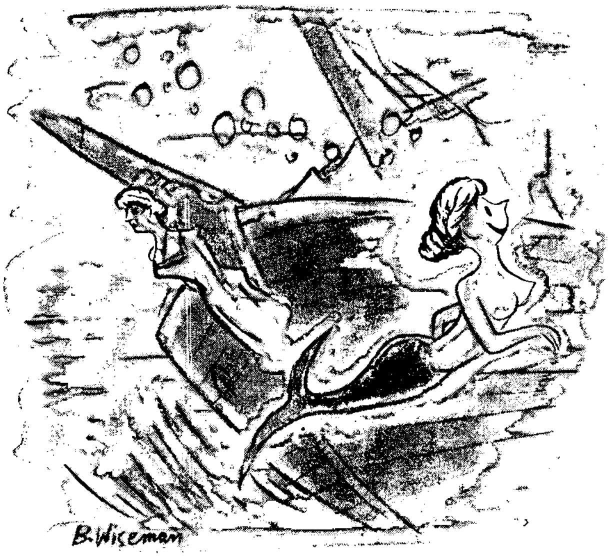


wanted me to dream about sewing and basketwork but I protected my gift for dreams. I'm clairvoyant. I can tell when the telephone is going to ring. I've never had a true friend in my whole life. . . ."

The train stopped again. There was another platform, another picture of the couple drinking a toast, the rubber heel, and the Hawaiian dancer. Suddenly she pressed her face close to Blake's again and whispered in his ear. "I know what you're thinking. I can see it in your face. You're thinking you can get away from me in Shady Hill, aren't you? Oh, I've been planning this for weeks. It's all I've had to think about. I won't harm you if you'll let me talk. I've been thinking about devils. I mean if there are devils in the world, if there are people in the world who represent evil, is it our duty to exterminate them? I know that you always prey on weak people. I can tell. Oh, sometimes I think that I ought to kill you. Sometimes I think you're the only obstacle between me and my happiness. Sometimes . . ."

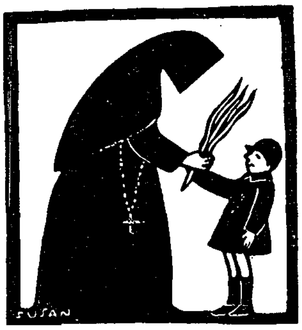
She touched Blake with the pistol. He felt the muzzle against his belly. The bullet, at that distance, would make a small hole where it entered, but it would rip out of his back a place as big as a soccer ball. He remembered the unburied dead he had seen in the war. The memory came in a rush: entrails, eyes, shattered bone, ordure, and other filth.

"All I've ever wanted in life is a little love," she said. She lightened the pressure of the gun. Mr. Watkins still slept. Mrs. Compton was sitting calmly with her hands folded in her lap. The coach rocked gently, and the coats and mushroom-colored raincoats that hung between the windows swayed a little as the car moved. Blake's elbow was on the window sill and his left shoe was on the guard above the steampipe. The car smelled like some dismal classroom. The passengers seemed asleep and apart, and Blake felt that he might never escape the smell of heat and wet clothing and the dimness of the light. He tried to summon the calculated self-deceptions with which he sometimes cheered himself, but he was left without any energy for hope or self-deception.

The conductor put his head in the door and said "Shady Hill, next, Shady Hill."

"Now," she said. "Now you get out ahead of me."

Mr. Watkins waked suddenly, put on his coat and hat, and smiled at Mrs. Compton, who was gathering her parcels to her in a series of maternal gestures. They went to the door. Blake joined them, but neither of them spoke to him or seemed to notice the woman at his back. The conductor threw open the door, and Blake saw on the platform of the next car a few other neighbors who had missed the express, waiting patiently and tiredly in the wan light for their trip to end. He raised his head to see through the open door the abandoned mansion outside of town, a no-trespassing sign nailed to a tree, and then the oil tanks. The concrete abutments of the bridge passed, so close to the open door that he could have touched them. Then he saw the first of the lampposts on the northbound platform, the sign "SHADY HILL" in black and gold, and the little lawn and flower bed kept up by the Improvement Association, and then the cab stand and a corner of the old-fashioned depot. It was raining again; it was pouring. He could hear the splash of water and see the lights reflected in puddles and in the shining pavement, and the idle sound of splashing and dripping formed in his mind a conception of shelter, so light and strange that it seemed to belong to a time of his life that he could not remember.



He went down the steps with her at his back. A dozen or so cars were waiting by the station with their motors running. A few people got off from each of the other coaches; he recognized most of them, but none of them offered to give him a ride. They walked separately or in pairs—purposefully out of the rain to the shelter of the platform, where the car horns called to them. It was time to go home, time for a drink, time for love, time for supper, and he could see the lights on the hill—lights by which children were being bathed, meat cooked, dishes washed—shining in the rain. One by one, the cars picked up the heads of families, until there were only four left. Two of the stranded passengers drove off in the only taxi the village had. "I'm sorry, darling," a woman said tenderly to her husband when she drove up a few minutes later. "All our clocks are slow." The last man looked at his watch, looked at the rain, and then walked off into it, and Blake saw him go as if they had some reason to say goodbye—not as we say goodbye to friends after a party but as we say goodbye when we are faced with an inexorable and unwanted parting of the spirit and the heart. The man's footsteps sounded as he crossed the parking lot to the sidewalk, and then they were lost. In the station, a telephone began to ring. The ringing was loud, plaintive, evenly spaced, and unanswered. Someone wanted to know about the next train to Albany, but Mr. Flannagan, the stationmaster, had gone home an hour ago. He had turned on all his lights before he went away. They burned in the empty waiting room. They burned, tin-shaded, at intervals up and down the platform and with the peculiar sadness of dim and purposeless light. They lighted the Hawaiian dancer, the couple drinking a toast, the rubber heel.

"I've never been here before," she said. "I thought it would look different. I didn't think it would look so shabby. Let's get out of the light. Go over there."

His legs felt sore. All his strength was gone. "Go on," she said.

North of the station there was a freight house and a coalyard and an inlet where the butcher and the baker and the man who ran the service station moored the dinghies from which they fished on Sundays, sunk now to the gunwales with the rain. As he walked toward the freight house, he saw a movement on the ground and heard a scraping sound, and then he saw a rat take its head out of a paper bag and regard him. The rat seized the bag in its teeth and dragged it into a culvert.

"Stop," she said. "Turn around. Oh, I ought to feel sorry for you. Look at your poor face. But you don't know what I've been through. I'm afraid to go out in the daylight. I'm afraid the blue sky will fall down on me. I'm like poor Chicken-Licken. I only feel like myself when it begins to get dark. But still and all I'm better than you. I still have good dreams sometimes. I dream about picnics and Heaven and the brotherhood of man, and about castles in the moonlight and a river with willow trees all along the edge of it and foreign cities, and after all I know more about love than you."

He heard from off the dark river the drone of an outboard motor, a sound that drew slowly behind it across the dark water such a burden of clear, sweet memories of gone summers and gone pleasures that it made his flesh crawl, and he thought of dark in the mountains and the children singing. "They never wanted to cure me," she said. "They . . ." The noise of a train coming down from the north drowned out her voice, but she went on talking. The noise filled his ears, and the windows where people ate, drank, slept, and read flew past. When the train had passed beyond the bridge, the noise grew distant, and he heard her screaming at him, "*Kneel down!* Kneel down! Do what I say. *Kneel down!*"

He got to his knees. He bent his head. "There," she said. "You see, if you do what I say, I won't harm you, because I really don't want to harm you, I want to help you, but when I see your face it sometimes seems to me that I can't help you. Sometimes it seems to me that if I were good and loving and sane—oh, much better than I am—sometimes it seems to me that if I were all these things and young and beautiful, too, and if I called to show you the right way, you wouldn't heed me. Oh, I'm better than you, I'm better than you, and I shouldn't waste my time or spoil my life like this. Put your face in the dirt. *Put your face in the dirt!* Do what I say. Put your face in the dirt."

He fell forward in the filth. The coal skinned his face. He stretched out on the ground, weeping. "Now I feel better," she said. "Now I can wash my hands of you, I can wash my hands of all this, because you see there is some kindness, some saneness in me that I can find again and use. I can wash my hands." Then he heard her footsteps go away from him, over the rubble. He heard the clearer and more distant sound they made on the hard surface of the platform. He heard them diminish. He raised his head. He saw her climb the stairs of the wooden footbridge and cross it and go down to the other platform, where her figure in the dim light looked small, common, and harmless. He raised himself out of the dust—warily at first, until he saw by her attitude, her looks, that she had forgotten him; that she had completed what she had wanted to do, and that he was safe. He got to his feet and picked up his hat from the ground where it had fallen and walked home.

—John Cheever

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In Denver, Democratic National Chairman Stephen A. Mitchell asked, "If things are so fine, why are President Eisenhower, the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago and House Speaker Joe Martin talking about recession and readjustment?"

The Remple Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.—*Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph.*

Oh, come, now!

THE EMPRESS'S RING

I WORRY about it still, even today, thirty-odd years later. I close my eyes to go to sleep at night, sometimes, and I am back at the old, disintegrated sand pile where I lost it, digging in the dirt-mixed sand with my fingernails to find my little ring.

It was tiny, a little girl's ring that was said to have belonged to the Empress of Austria. I suppose that would have been Elisabeth, the beautiful one who climbed mountains. It was given to me, I think on my eighth birthday, by a family friend whom I called Aunt and who was herself so erect, so blond, so high-voiced that I thought of her privately as a princess. I was told that she had bought the ring in an auction room in Vienna and brought it home—all for me.

The ring was gold, with a curly banner across the top which was set with five little turquoises. The gold setting of the stones was etched or engraved; it gave a delicate and lacy effect. I thought it was the most beautiful ring, the most royal ring.

"Far too good for a child to wear," my nurse said firmly. I can see her entwining her fat red fingers as she said it. "You won't be wearing it out to play, that's one thing."

But the thing was that I did. I was compelled to after her saying that. For nobody—certainly not she—could understand the love I had for that ring, and the absolute impossibility of my ever losing anything so precious. I wore it when I went out to play in the shed that adjoined the old barn and connected it with the abandoned milkhouse that was now called my playhouse.

Getting a playhouse, even a makeshift one, had been a sort of victory a little while back. Our only neighbors, the Wilkinsons, had a daughter named Mimi, who had a real playhouse, one built for the purpose: a tiny model of a cottage, with little green shutters at the windows, a shingled roof, a door with a shiny brass knocker engraved "Mimi," and, inside, miniature chairs and a table upon which Mimi, a girl with natural ringlets, set out tea parties with real Dresden china made for children's use, china with pink rosebuds which were unendurably thrilling—pink rosebuds and gold rims.

Ours was not the place for that kind of thing at all. We had nothing that was modern, nothing that was fascinating like rosebuds on little new china teacups. Our big white house seemed to settle down deeper into the ground with every spring freshet. The barn was red. The place had once been a working farm, but all that was left of that now was the stanchions in the lower barn; the horse stalls in the upper barn, where one could stand and look out of the little horse windows over the swamp at the melancholy woods beyond and imagine that one was a horse; the market garden of rhubarb that came up doggedly year after year, no matter how many boxes of furnace ashes were dumped upon it (the rhubarb ended by coming up out of the ground at least six feet higher than the original garden had been); and the little house at the end of the woodshed, which had once been used to prepare the milk for marketing. There was a sort of slot at the front of this milkhouse, and the cans had been shoved out through it into a big box with a lid, where they could be picked up by the men who took them away. But of this I had only been told. Now there was no activity on our place. The pines in front of the house sighed and whistled in winter, the dandelions came up like little suns all over the lawns in springtime, the swamp turned from gold to crimson to purple as the summer passed sadly by, and in autumn the pumpkins lay rotting on the ground down below the lower barn.

I had to have a playhouse. I wept. And so the abandoned milkhouse was swept out, some of my nursery furniture was moved into it, and an ornate Victorian knocker was screwed on to the weathered board door that would not quite close, and it was officially referred to as my playhouse.

What was it that was wrong? It was not really a playhouse, to begin with—but I had imagined far wilder excursions than this required. I made the effort; I imagined that the too high shelves inside, where cans had been stacked, were really shelves for my own needs, to put

Dana Fradon

"You're darn right I never see things the way you do!"

books and toys and tea-party china on. I imagined that the bulkhead which contained the slot for pushing out the cans was really a window seat.

My mother gave me some china to use for my own efforts at tea parties. Rosebuds were what I yearned for, rosebuds were what I dreamed about at night. Small, neat rosebuds on a field of glistening milk-white china—*little* china, made for children. What I got was probably much nicer. It was the odds and ends of an old broken-up adult tea set—orange-and-white china with gold arabesques. I set it on the too high shelves—the plates on edge against the wall, the teacups in a row, the saucers in a pile, the teapot turned so that the broken spout did not show. It was probably very beautiful. But there was nothing, there could have been nothing, that would take the place of pink rosebuds.

Then I was given my little blue ring. It was a ring meant for a little girl to wear. It was real gold, and real turquoises. It was beautiful, and it had belonged to an empress.

It belonged to my hand. It was just the right size. In the morning sun, when I went out to play, its five turquoises shone in a curly row. Even all these years later, I can remember looking at it and feeling satisfied, complete, and happy.

It was probably not the first day I wore it that I lost it, but I did not have it very long. I went to play in the old sand pile that moldered away in the inner corner of the shed nearest to the barn. The sand pile was the remains of several cartloads of sand that had been dumped there, but since there was no frame to hold the sand (such as Mimi's sand pile had) it had sifted, filtered away, become mixed with the dirt of the woodshed, disintegrated, spread out; it was another of the things I had that had something the matter with them.

I don't know why I went to play in the sand pile at all. I was too old, and this was my playhouse stage. But sometimes I did go and play in it, in the scattered remains of my babyhood, just as sometimes I went and slid into the hole under the foundations of the barn that I had discovered when I was four—not to hide any more, not for any game, just to be in there and feel it around me again.

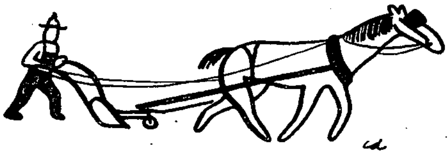
I went to the sand pile again, at the wrong age, and, whether the first time or a later one, I lost my little ring playing in it. The loss did not strike me all at once.

I came in to lunch, and my nurse said, "There. Will you look? You've lost your beautiful gold ring with the stones in it, just as I told you you would."

I said nothing. I looked at my horribly bare hand and looked back at her, not showing anything. I didn't want her to see anything. Because I was convinced that it was because she had told me that I would lose my precious possession if I wore it out to play that I had lost it. I didn't want her to know this.

"I know *exactly* where it is," I said. "It's not lost at all."

And in a way I did know exactly where it was. It was in the sand pile somewhere, and the sand pile was not more than ten feet wide, even in its disintegrated condition. It had to be there. I looked and looked—that day and other days, too—with a hollow, painful feeling inside me because I had lost my precious possession. At some point, I must have given up.



But I never completely gave up, because years later, in my teens, I would suddenly remember my ring, the one I had lost, and would go out to the sand pile, by now almost obliterated but still a definite area to me, and dig and dig. It had to be there. I never found it, but it was there just the same, somewhere in the mingled sand and dirt, within a definite space about ten feet square.

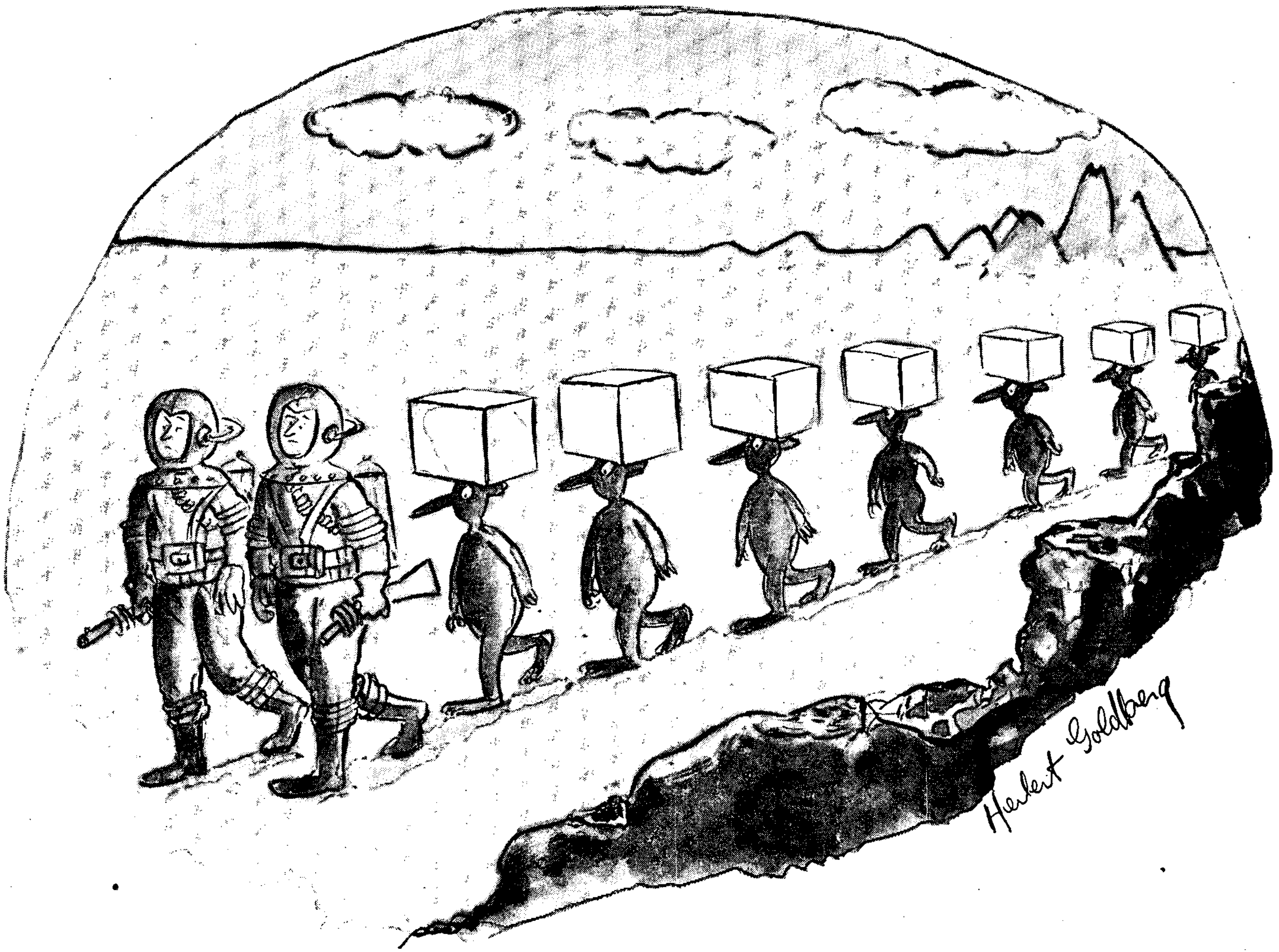
Once, I dreamed that I had found it. It was when I was a young girl going to dances, and the dream was about the most irrelevant to my life that could be

IN THE SUBURBS: EARLY APRIL

Now, in these fickle springs, there are Monday times
when all the women, their winter thoughts
unfrocked in all the suburbs,
run from their sunlit doors
in bright morning kimonos
over the patio stones in their southern gardens,
over the rain-washed grass,
to toss their pastel laundry under the sky
like floating clouds in freshening winds
up from the tropic gulfs.
Behind the green-gold filigree of hedges
and silvery webs of light,
their moon faces, circled with blowing hair
and milk-white pantomimes of winter arms,
are ivory stamens in their flowered robes.
Greeting the handsome south,
these women bloom in northern latitudes
when only surfaces are warm
and ocean chills that summer never subdues
are suddenly forgotten.
Poised with laundry wickers by garden trellises,
dancing their plastic bodies over the earth,
the women greet the sun.
Oh, how they love these passionate new visits,
arousing them out of their hibernations!
See! Though spring is burning with fits and starts,
and icy tongues of North Atlantic wind
lurk in the polar corners of their yards,
they throw their houses open;
the subtler penetrations of the sun
have driven them out of their heated rooms
into a sweet possession in the garden.
They fling their milk-white arms
and spin in their rainbow robes,
tossing their unpinned hair.

Men going to work
in dark-gray overcoats and heavy denims
(Such singing window sills and chattering doors!)
obliquely watch the momentary women
blossoming under the sun. —JOSEPH LANGLAND

● ●



imagined. But when I woke, with the clear memory of finding the ring and seeing it lie in my palm with its banner of five little blue stones, my excitement and the verisimilitude were so great that I went out to the woodshed—in a beige crêpe-de-Chine dress, I remember, that reached my knees; high heels, and my hair shingled—and began to dig once again. Then the telephone rang for me, or someone drove up in a car. But after the dream it was not finding it that seemed unbelievable.

EVEN now, in another part of the country, I sometimes remember my ring and wonder why I could never find it. Today, for example, I took a walk in this Southern springtime, filled with the sound of the persistent mourning dove and the occasional trill of the wood thrush. I passed the brook, which is called a run, and the thicket of bamboos that grows beside it, and mounted the gentle rise that leads on past the Lambeths' house. The Lambeths have a lovely house—old, built of pink brick, but all made fresh, all charming and inviting; inside, their floors gleam, their chintzes are trimly fitted to the chairs, and they drink their whiskey out of silver tumblers with gadroon edges. I would love tumblers like that, but they must cost a fortune. As I rounded the curve just before the entrance to the Lambeths' house, I thought I would stop and pay them a call. It would be fun to sit before their crackling fire and drink their whiskey from one of those enchanting tumblers, and perhaps come to know them better. But as I came abreast of the drive, I saw that two cars were parked near the door. The Lambeths already had callers. I felt a little hollow, and passed on.

When I made the circuit that brought me home, I felt thirsty and got myself a drink of water. My glasses are a sorry collection, the odds and ends of a number of broken sets. I went upstairs then and into my room, where I tidied up a little before lying down to take a nap. I don't know why it is that Mrs. Hildreth, who makes my slipcovers, can never make the arms fit properly; the cording lies unevenly upon the frame of the chair and gives a sloppy appearance.

I lay down, and as soon as I closed my eyes, there I was again, years and years later, back in the old woodshed of the place where I grew up, scratching and clawing at the sand pile, trying to find my little blue ring. I'm sure there is not as much sand, nearly, left there any more as I see when I close my eyes. There may not be any sand at all; the place is sold, and the new owners may have fixed everything up, torn down the shed, perhaps even put up a new, properly fenced-in sand pile somewhere for their growing children. I don't know.

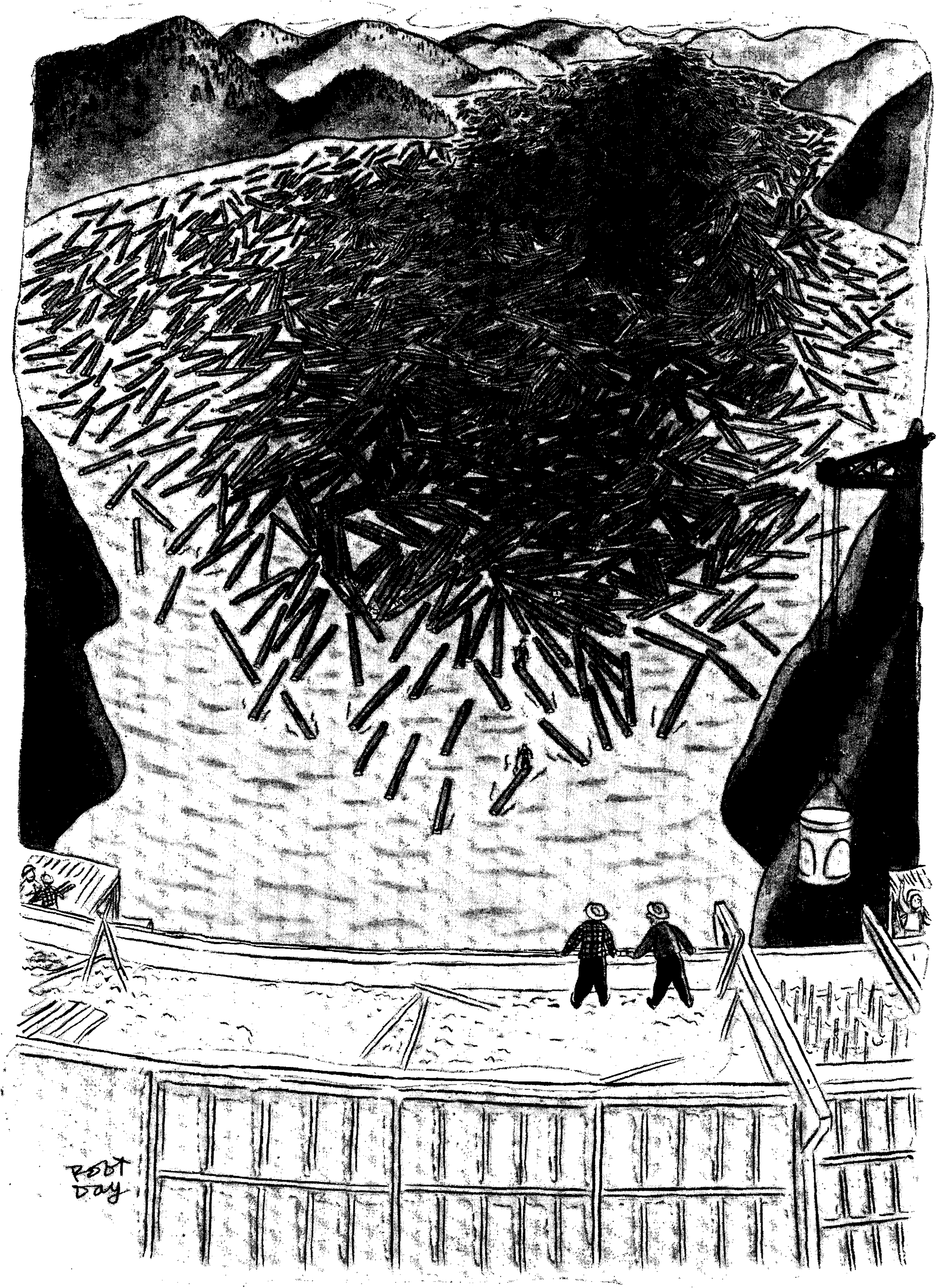
Perhaps if the old sand pile *is* still there, one of the new owner's children will one day really find my ring, for it is there somewhere. Perhaps the child—a little girl—will be poking about with a tin shovel and will turn up that scrap of gold with its five little blue stones. I wonder what she will make of it.

—NANCY HALE

◆

Apartment 5K belonged to a young labor leader named Thomas Lewis, a burly but soft-spoken man of 35 with light, prematurely balding hair.—*Life.*

And a thinning head?



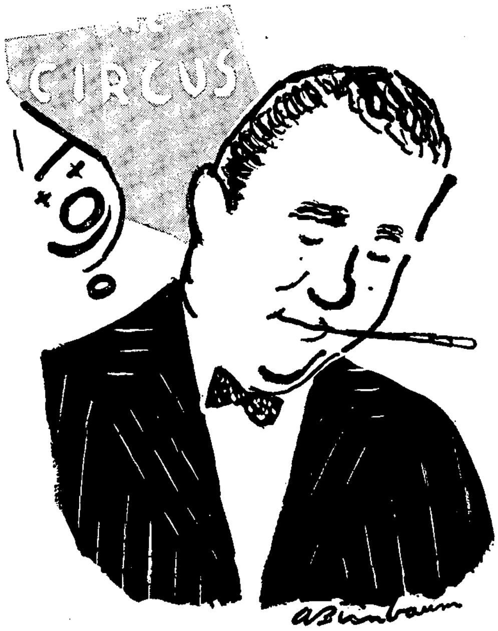
"My God! Didn't anybody tell them?"

PROFILES

THE TRIUMPH OF HOOPLA—I

John Ringling North, the president and majority stockholder of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, believes in the essential magnificence of ownership. He and his younger brother Henry, the vice-president of the organization, have reëstablished circus management on a level of splendor that would have delighted their late uncle, John Ringling, who guided the Big Show to its unique place in the sun. Ringling once assembled a Venetian palace, shipping in the parts from Italy, and equipped it with a cathedral-size pipe organ that played from rolls, like a pianola. His wife brought over a gondola and tied it up in the bay outside the terrace of the immigrant residence, which rose to view in Sarasota, Florida. On warm evenings, she liked to sit in the boat while her husband pushed the buttons that loosed Italian tunes on the semitropical breeze. John and Henry North, sons of Ringling's sister Ida and Henry Whitestone North, a railroad engineer, who died when they were children, are carrying on in the ornate family tradition. At Sarasota, where the circus maintains winter quarters, John lives in a private railway car, attended by a French chef, a butler, a maid, and a valet, while Henry, as a minority stockholder, uses a suite in his mother's crumbling mansion there, which has fallen into disrepair since her death in 1950.

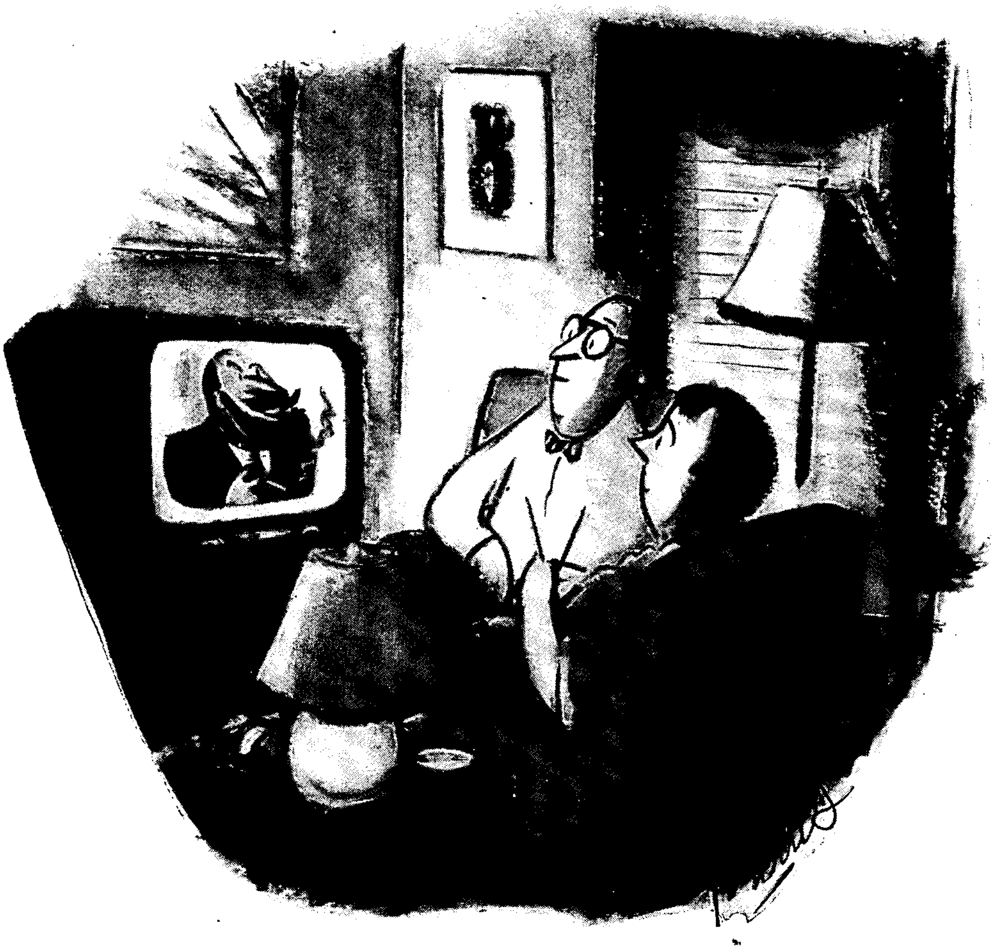
The brothers are vividly dissimilar and complement one another with remarkable success. John, now fifty, is a burly, black-haired man of middle height and pugnacious look; Henry, at forty-four, is tall and slender, with a gentle, languorous nature that inclines toward a career of scholarly contemplation. His brooding mien somehow suggests that he would like to leave the circus and move to Rome, which is indeed the case. He keeps an apartment there and lives in it whenever he can. Unfortunately, this is rather seldom; John, a benevolent dictator, controls the family purse and prefers that his brother stay in America and help keep the show on the road. Owing to John's peculiar habits, somebody is needed on the day shift. John sleeps all day and devotes the night to an admirable blend of business and celebration. His routine is, in fact, so strenuous and hair-raising that it has attracted favorable comment among scientists. His medical history is on file at the Mayo Clinic as a direct refutation of all the known health theories, and it continues to grow in interest each year. The circus president visits the clinic every winter and, in his own phrase, "goes the route." He is X-rayed, probed, injected, weighed, measured, tested, and generally inquired into, and then released with puzzled reluctance. "I passed everything," he said after returning to Sarasota from his most recent trip to the clinic. "The official reaction was 'incredible.' "



John Ringling North

Ordinarily, John has dinner at 8:30 A.M., a gargantuan meal of beefsteak plus fine wines and an assortment of imported delicacies (he has a gourmet's tastes and buys nothing but the best); then he turns in for an air-conditioned snooze of eight hours. The car and the circus grounds in its vicinity are kept deathly quiet while he recuperates from the ravelling cares of the night just past. "I sometimes get a mild hangover if I don't put in my full eight hours," he once stated, explaining his rigid prohibitions. Notwithstanding, he is apt to interrupt his slumber two or three times to get up and play the saxophone. North is a songwriter of standing—a member of A.S.C.A.P.—and circus tunes often occur to him during dreams. Like his Uncle John, he has a pipe organ—a small one, manually operated—in his domicile, and he composes either on this or on the saxophone, at which he has been proficient since his early youth. Once the tune is captured, he tumbles back into bed. His regular hour for rising is five in the afternoon—a felicitous time, he feels, because it dovetails with the conventional cocktail hour. Not long ago, he leaped out of bed greatly refreshed, dressed, and sat down to a meagre repast that led off with a dram of ancient Scotch whiskey. "Ah, the breakfast of champions!" he exclaimed, and followed through with a small jigger of tomato juice. Afterward, he left the car for a thirty-minute canter over the circus grounds on his five-thousand-dollar stallion, Flaming Genius.

North's tolerance for alcohol is a tribute to one of the great constitutions of this age. He is totally unaffected no matter what he drinks, and he will drink, in a social way, any combination of strong waters that man can devise. A writer, studying him, once deposed that in the course of a night he was likely to "run through the bartender's manual, from Alexander to Zombie." As North progresses into the evening, hardened carousers fall by the wayside. His brother Henry, who has a limited appetite for stimulants, gives up no later than midnight. The center of frivolity in Sarasota is the John Ringling Hotel, in which the North brothers own a majority interest, and it is there, in the M'Toto Room, or night club, that John takes up his nocturnal watch. A strategic table is reserved in perpetuity for him and his party, which usually includes friends, circus officials, and pretty girls. To the president's table, as to Mecca, pilgrims beat their way through the swirling smoke of the long, riotous night. Circus employees with problems, costume designers unable to reach him during the day, promotion men with big ideas—persons of nearly every sort who might have dealings with the circus—approach North for a conference. He bears it all with lordly calm, sometimes leaving for conversations in secluded corners, often reaching decisions without looking up from his glass, ignoring tirades from drunks with long-standing grievances against the Ringlings, who were a powerful clan and made enemies. The M'Toto Room offers entertainment by circus people—trapeze, teeterboard, and iron-jaw artists, perhaps—and at some point during the show a clamor goes up for North himself. Never coy, he rises and begins an astonishing rou-



"I have been a steady smoker of Ambassadors for twenty years, and believe me, friends, they have never once set my beard on fire."

• •

tine. George Murphy, the actor, gives North credit for teaching him how to tap dance, and musicians have acknowledged that North could make a living with the saxophone. He demonstrates in both these fields and may then wind up by juggling. Hopeful strangers, in Sarasota on possible circus business, sit by with visions of easy conquest.

NORTH's commercial strength lies in the fact that strangers take him for a fool. He is readily dismissed as a playboy. It would be difficult to imagine a more dangerous attitude for one of his negotiants to fall into. "With John, you're apt to begin a night owning fifty-one per cent of something and come to in the morning with forty-nine," says a financier who once had dreams of outmaneuvering him. North is, in truth, one of the most astute traders on the current American scene, a man who has managed, while creating a diversion with the saxophone, to gain control of properties worth several million dollars. His rise from the comparative obscurity of cadet relation of the Ringlings to a position of national importance makes a chronicle for ambitious young men to study. It is, in a sense, a triumph of hoopla over decorum.

Both John and Henry grew up in Baraboo, Wisconsin, where Uncle John Ringling used to take his Big Show into winter quarters. Uncle John and his six brothers and one sister—Al, Gus, Otto, Alf, Charles, Henry, and Ida—were the offspring of an immigrant German harness maker named August Rüngeling, who, after several moves around the country, settled in Baraboo. The family got into the circus business through its musical ability. Nearly all of August's children were gifted. John, for instance, played the alto horn, Ida played the flute and the banjo, Al played the bass drum, and Charles whistled while balancing a plowshare on his chin. The young Ringlings entertained around Baraboo and then formed a professional company. When, in 1885, they pooled their savings and bought a second-hand hyena, they made the switch from stock group to circus. Of the family, Ida was the only one who declined the big top as a career. She met North, a dreamy Irishman who had poled logs on the Mississippi before taking up railroad work, at one of the local parties in Baraboo. They married and had two sons, John and Henry, and a daughter, Mary, who is now married to a Kentucky watchmaker and has no particular interest in the circus. The boys were raised on the fringe of winter quarters. Uncle John Ringling, the dominant member of the clan, allowed them occasional free passes, but he never believed in overdoing it. Quite often the two brothers sneaked in under the side walls with neighborhood companions, and they were ejected without favoritism. Even before the death of their father, both John and Henry looked to Ringling for guidance, touching him for small loans and access to the show. He turned them down with easy grace. Once, asked by Henry for a bagful of coins to jingle, he replied, "Now, my boy, we didn't know about such things when I was your age." "Ah, but you didn't have a rich uncle," replied Henry, establishing a family mot.

The North boys, future owners of the biggest circus in the world, followed different pursuits during their childhood in Baraboo. Henry spent all his spare time in the Baraboo pool hall, and John took saxophone lessons. It is significant that the minute John mastered the instrument, he hung out his shingle as a teacher. From an early age, he showed genius as a money-maker. Henry clung to his amateur standing; years later, as a result of his poolroom training, he won the amateur billiard championship of New Haven. The boys went to the Baraboo public schools and later to public and private schools in Sarasota, where the family spent the winter for several years even before Ringling began putting his show into winter quarters there. Some people now living in Sarasota recall the Norths as among the young city's principal scourges. Mrs. Tod Swalm, who is the wife of the manager of the Chamber of Commerce and conducts a radio show for literary women, had the misfortune to sit in front of John at Miss Pierce's Private School. His tireless work with her braids was so ingenious and diabolic that she instinctively ducks him on the street today.

The rewards of living in a circus family were varied and plentiful. In one burst of generosity, Uncle John gave each of the boys a mustang. Henry, who loves animals and is usually to be seen with at least two dogs, expressed himself as delighted with such a utilitarian pet; John offered to trade his horse in on a rhinoceros, with some idea of taking out a show of his own and setting up in

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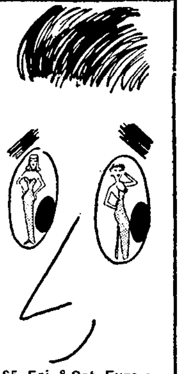
competition. This sort of zeal led Uncle John Ringling to realize, as his nephews neared their teens, that they could be used to excellent advantage as employees. Accordingly, at the end of the school year in 1919, he gave each of them a uniform and put them on the show as "front-door men," or ticket takers. The uniforms were too large, causing the brothers to look tiny and pinched, and people going into the circus often uttered such sentiments as "Oh, the poor little waifs!," "How shocking to exploit children so!," and "They're probably penniless orphans." Besides dreaming about the day when he might eventually own the show, John was doing a pretty thriving business hawking stale candy during the performance, and he had, moreover, lined up five attractive prospects for saxophone lessons—a clown, two roustabouts, a rigger, and a female member of a Japanese risly act.

In this period, John Ringling was approaching the heyday of his affluence and power. The circus that John and Henry joined was the combined show, Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey—the end product of Ringling's systematic absorption of rival outfits. The Ringlings had begun in a small way, with one hyena and a diversity of family talent, and expanded with breathtaking rapidity. By 1890, they had bought the Van Amburgh show and were travelling in eighteen railroad cars—a sizable circus train in those days. The brothers modestly advertised their group as "The World's Greatest," a title that seemed to conflict with the claims of Barnum & Bailey, who had launched "The Greatest Show on Earth." The latter honorific had always acted as a lively irritant on John Ringling; the phrase had everything, he felt. It was a source of immense satisfaction to him to buy it, together with the show itself, upon the death of James A. Bailey in 1906. The Ringlings now found themselves in the odd position of operating both "The World's Greatest" circus and "The Greatest Show on Earth." The artistic strain was so intense that in 1919, having retired some smaller units they had acquired, such as Forepaugh-Sells, they merged the two Big Shows. The result, known since then as Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, The Greatest Show on Earth, towers like a colossus over the world circus scene. Today its title alone is probably worth millions, the North brothers believe. They were able to command a gigantic figure, even by Hollywood standards, when, in 1949,



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they permitted Cecil B. DeMille to use its slogan for his circus movie, "The Greatest Show on Earth." Its allure may be measured in part by the fact that DeMille's film has thus far grossed over twelve million dollars—more than any other picture ever grossed except "Gone with the Wind" and "The Robe."

The North boys, as children on the newly combined show, were outraged when, at the resumption of school, they were summarily removed from the canvas and put back at their desks. A theoretical source of increased income had been cut off. Uncle John had started them at practically nothing and promised them small raises that never materialized. Furthermore, they had just begun to explore the gilded byways of intra-circus commerce. Salaries on circuses have always been low; the employees find supplementary revenues. The giants sell giant rings and bracelets, the equestrians give riding lessons, the ticket sellers, for years, stole merrily from the receipts—it was the circus custom. John and Henry, in learning the folkways of the profession, gained valuable experience for the jobs that they hold down today. Continuing to work on the show in the summers, they attended school in the winters. In 1921, when John finished high school, his mother installed him as a liberal-arts student at the University of Wisconsin. It was there, amidst the speakeasy antics of Big Ten university life, that his reputation as a *bon vivant* got its start. He played the saxophone at dances and bought a convertible; his appearance in classrooms was an occasion so notable that the professor usually tendered him an ironic little bow. A year of this was quite sufficient for Mrs. North. The next autumn, she transferred him to Yale, on the theory that the classic old academy would infuse him with its vibrations of high learning.

The impact of Yale on both individuals and groups has been described in treatises. North's reaction to the institution diverged widely from the norm. Among his first complaints, via a letter to Henry, was one to the effect that the authorities had refused to let him acquire a Rolls-Royce and a mistress. The narrowness of this official viewpoint angered him, but he had other beefs. In general, he found the atmosphere of Yale, after Wisconsin, to be subcollegiate in the social, or rah-rah, sense. The truth is that North, at nineteen, had outgrown Yale, and other colleges as well. He was a casehardened circus man, privy to the tricks and chances of life under canvas, and the

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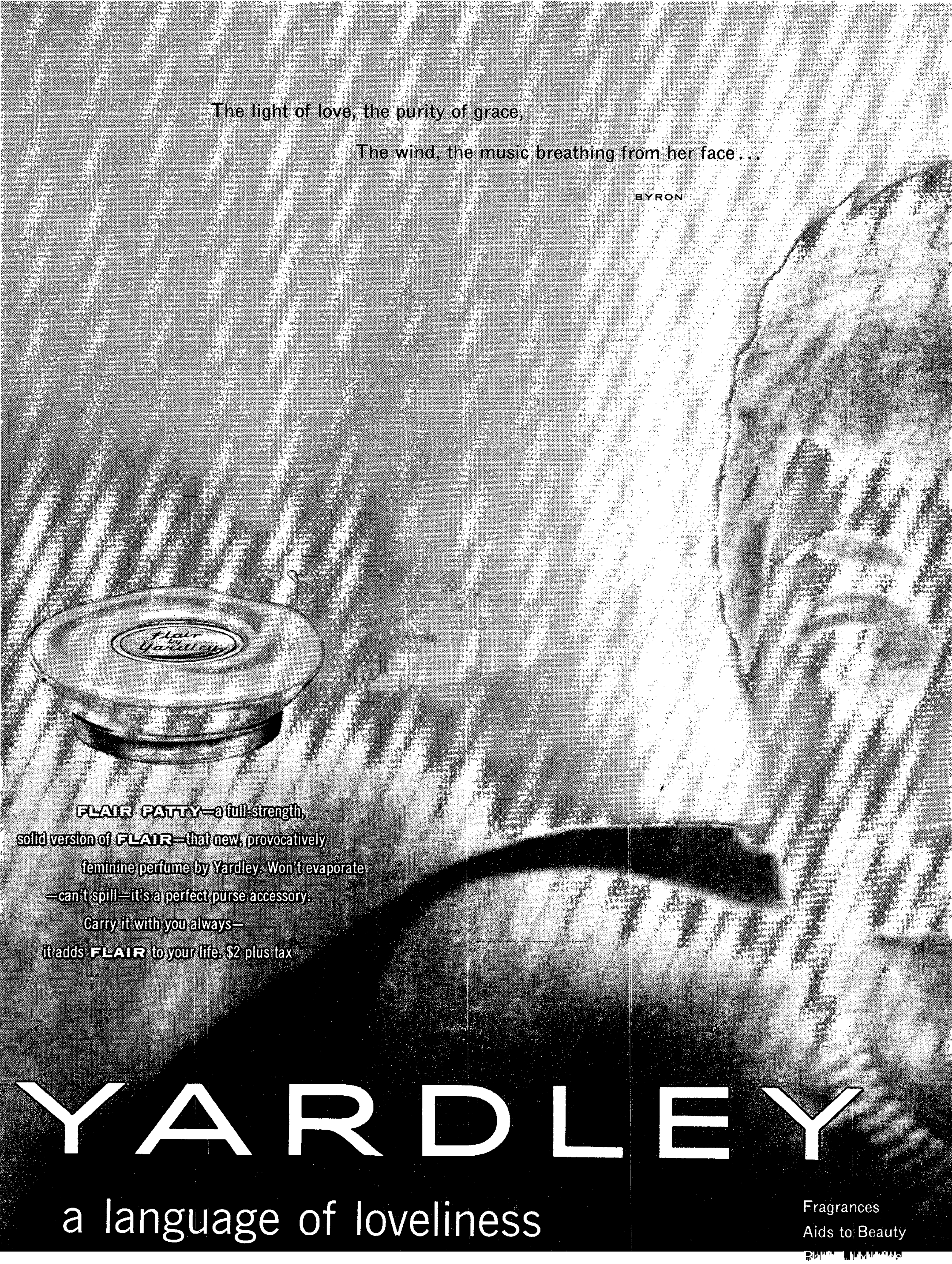

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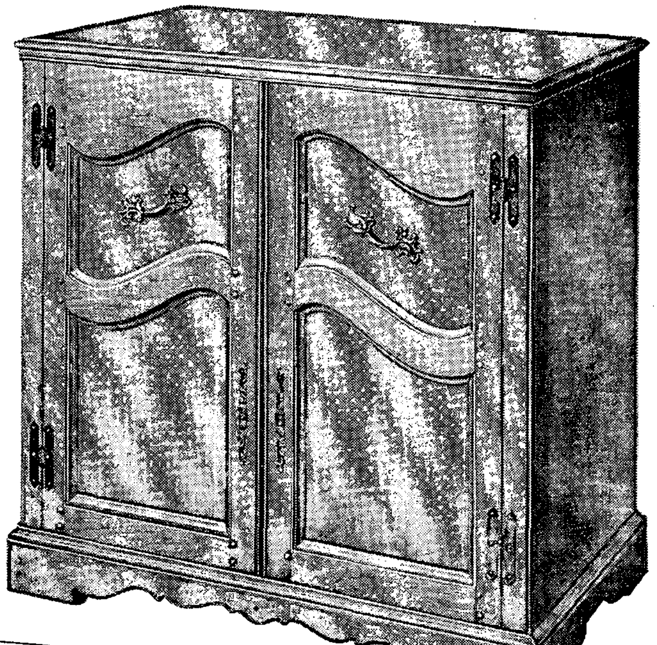

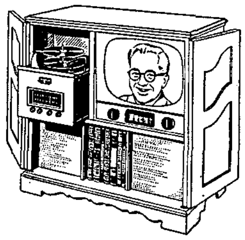

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melancholy attention of grown boys to the pipings of non-circus types like Milton and Chaucer struck him as absurd. He was delighted, after suffering New Haven for two years, to turn in his gown, so to speak, and marry Miss Jane Donnelley, of Connellsville, Pennsylvania. Today, in retrospect, North speaks affectionately of Yale; he has reshaped his identity as a student there. Moreover, like other successful alumni, he makes certain donations to his alma mater. So far these have consisted of dead animals to cut up or stuff. His most memorable grant, made a few years ago, was the carcass of the gorilla Gargantua.

MARRIED, reprieved from Yale, feeling more than a match for the robber barons, North prepared to enter the world of frenzied finance. He spent several warmup months in a Wall Street brokerage office, and then looked around for larger game. He was twenty-one, the year was 1924, the great Florida land boom was just gathering delirium in the region of Sarasota. North's model on his quick flight to wealth was to be his Uncle John Ringling, whose manipulations had now stretched far beyond the circus and were reaching into almost every branch of American commercial life. He had recently been described as "the tenth-richest man in the United States." At his zenith, he owned circuses, theatres, hotels, railroads, oil wells, vast real-estate holdings—including, briefly, Madison Square Garden—and a variety of lesser properties. Ringling was a business genius, and he smiled with tolerance when his nephew arrived in Sarasota, accompanied by a bride, and announced himself as ready to begin making big money. "Well, my boy, we'll start you selling real estate and then we'll try something else," North remembers his uncle saying. What happened immediately thereafter came as a stunning surprise not only to Ringling but to everybody else in the family. Taking a satchelful of deeds, North went out and peddled nearly everything in the area that wasn't under water, and quite a few lots that were. With his flair for all-night frolic, he was a natural-born salesman. Right from the outset, he was making ten thousand dollars a month in commissions. This seemed to him a fair return for a Yale nongraduate, and, after a few weeks of it, he was not able to resist observing to Ringling, "Who says you have to start at the bottom?"

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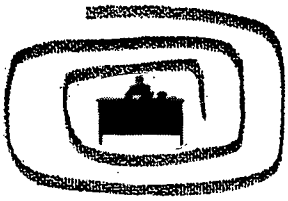

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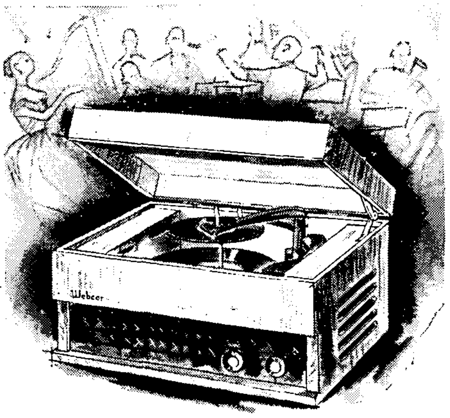
burst, and North was back on the circus making fifty dollars a week. Thinking it over today, he can't remember exactly how he managed to emerge from his real-estate debauch without saving a dime, but he performed this difficult feat and has never regretted it. Part of the explanation may be that during the period he fell into the habit of buying Pierce-Arrows, and pursued the omnibus high life with reckless joy. An added factor was that he never collected all his pay. At the moment of collapse, Uncle John owed him several thousand dollars—a debt that he finally settled, somewhat grudgingly, at the rate of about eighteen cents on the dollar. Considering North's brief but giddy prosperity, it was with remarkable good cheer that he resumed his starvation post with the circus; his wife stayed behind, for the most part, in a house they had rented in Sarasota. Roland Butler, the circus publicity director, recalls that North first reported to the "bill," or advertising, car. "He had some Mark Cross luggage and a saxophone," Butler says. "I took the gear around outside and tossed it in the possum belly with the paper rolls and paste pots. Then I told him he could bunk with Jimmy Mulvaney, one of the billers. At that time, Mulvaney was the windiest snorer on the circus—we had him sealed off in a compartment to himself, like a water pump. Well, the following morning Johnny came in with a faked telegram from his Uncle Charles; it said, 'Rush home immediately. Your great-aunt Harriet on deathbed and asking for you.' The next week, I noticed he was back, in a different situation. He'd had his fill of the bill car. I figured then that the boy would go far." North's duties, after his return, expanded; he officiated at the "red wagon," or box office, toting up the day's receipts, paying the bills on the road, and looking after the circus's finances generally. He worked hard at these tasks, mainly because Uncle John had promised him a retroactive twenty-five-dollar-a-week raise after a year if he made good. When the year was up, Uncle John expressed himself as misunderstood. He was in a *position* to offer a retroactive raise, but he hadn't meant he would necessarily go so far as to actually cough up.

Slightly disillusioned, even after all his previous mournful financial dealings with his relative, North hung on awhile and then returned to Wall Street. He and the former Miss Donnelley had drifted apart. (They were divorced in 1930.) Their trouble rested in what North considered an eccentricity of his



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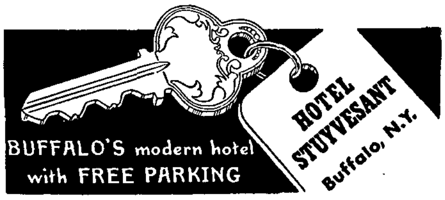

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bride's character: she preferred not to live in the upper berth of a railroad car dominated by lion tamers, bareback riders, and clowns; moreover, she indicated, it was pleasant to rise each morning in substantially the same surroundings, rather than go to bed in Arkansas and wake up in Texas. North joined the investment firm of J. R. Schmeltzer, arriving just in time for the crash. He began selling various stocks short. He made twenty thousand dollars in two days. This, the easy, foreseeable world of stocks going up and stocks going down, was at last what he had been groping for. He leased a whopping apartment on East Sixty-fourth Street and summoned Macy's department of interior decoration. Owing to the size of his order, the decorators came right over. They did up a bedroom in beautiful style; then, during a slight rally of the market, North lost his twenty thousand dollars. For two years, he lived in a cavernous suite that had one splendid bedroom and nothing in the living room except his luggage and his saxophone. Nevertheless, he prospered in a modest way. People who knew him then say that as a customer's man he was ideal. His appetite for entertainment was so brisk that many a client, desperate, signed orders for securities simply to be able to leave whatever night club they were in and get some sleep.

IN 1932, North began spending less and less time in Wall Street, so that he could give Uncle John Ringling a hand. It seems reasonable to say that nobody ever needed one more. Ringling's affairs, after the Florida collapse, the market crash, and a sprinkling of other cave-ins, were in such a snarl that even his lawyers couldn't run down all the skeins. He had brought on the most pressing of his problems singlehanded. During the 1928 season, the American Circus Corporation, which owned Sells-Floto, had been making gestures toward stealing away some of Ringling's acts. To Ringling, impertinence of this kind was answerable in only one way. He borrowed nearly two million dollars from a loan company on his personal note and bought the American Circus Corporation outright. Then the crash, freezing the assets of many theoretical millionaires, left him without the means to meet interest payments. With joyous cries, the loan company charged in and seized the circus. Samuel Gumpertz, a former carnival man, was installed as general manager; Ringling, though he was kept on, with the nominal title of president, at a salary of fifty thousand

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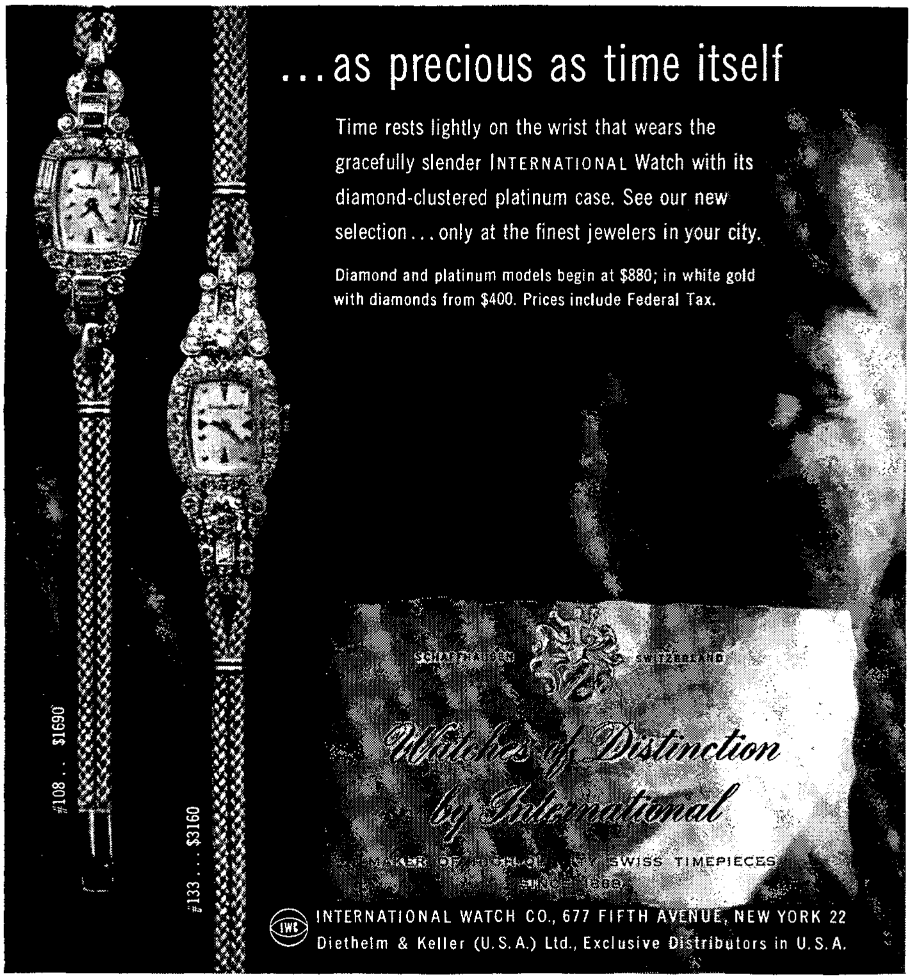
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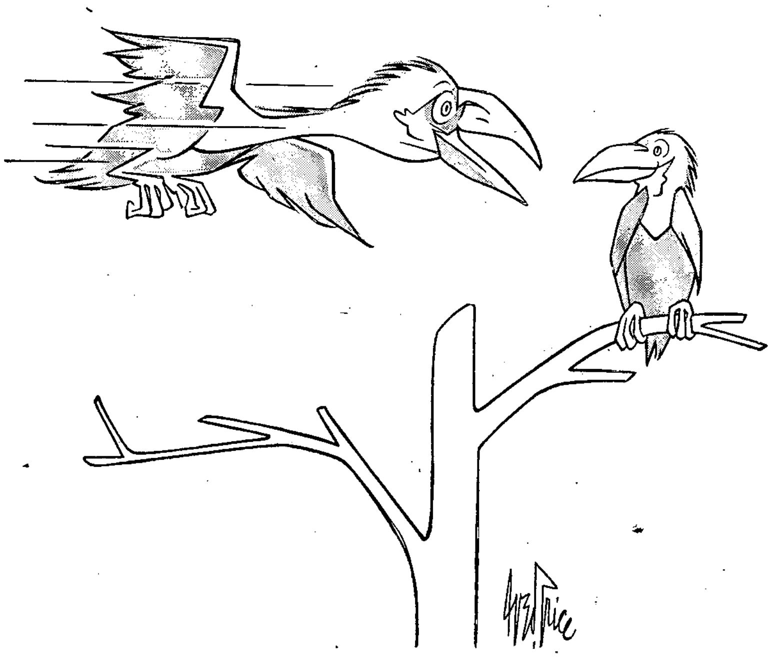
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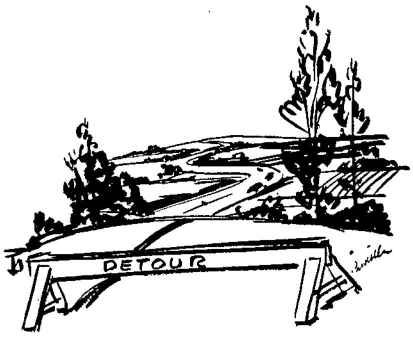
dollars a year, never again had control. But his woes with the Big Show were the least of his worries. It has been noted from time to time that when the structures of large-scale capitalists begin to go, they go pretty fast. One of Uncle John's most cherished beliefs had always been that the income tax was unconstitutional. The government now came forward and stated that he owed, in round figures, three million dollars in tax arrears. At about the same time, his second wife, against whom he had started divorce proceedings (his first wife had died in 1929), filed suit for fifty thousand dollars that she said he owed her, and, following her example, practically everybody he had ever known sued him for one thing or another. Altogether, as nearly as North could count them up, his uncle was involved in about a hundred lawsuits. To top all this off, Ringling suffered, in 1932, the first of a succession of heart attacks.

Clearly enough, the family was in the market for a new genius. North's response to its clarion call was prompt and efficacious. He abandoned his mantle of playboy for the moment and pitched in with belligerence. His first act was to make an interest payment on Ringling's ill-advised loan. The amount needed was about fifty thousand dollars, and North raised it with ease, mainly by selling three hundred cases of bourbon whiskey that he found in Uncle John's basement. Most of the rest he got from a loan shark, at forty-two per cent interest. By similar gestures, many of them over the ailing Ringling's protests, he stood off the other ravening creditors. Uncle John died, the last of the Ringling brothers, in 1936, and left a will that was magnificent in its confusion. In essence, it seemed intended to make everybody sore that it mentioned. Before it was read, his estate was unofficially appraised. From the wild tangle of his finances, to the astonishment of everybody, Ringling (and North) had salvaged more than twenty-three millions; cash on hand totalled three hundred dollars. Nearly half of the estate was represented by Uncle John's Venetian



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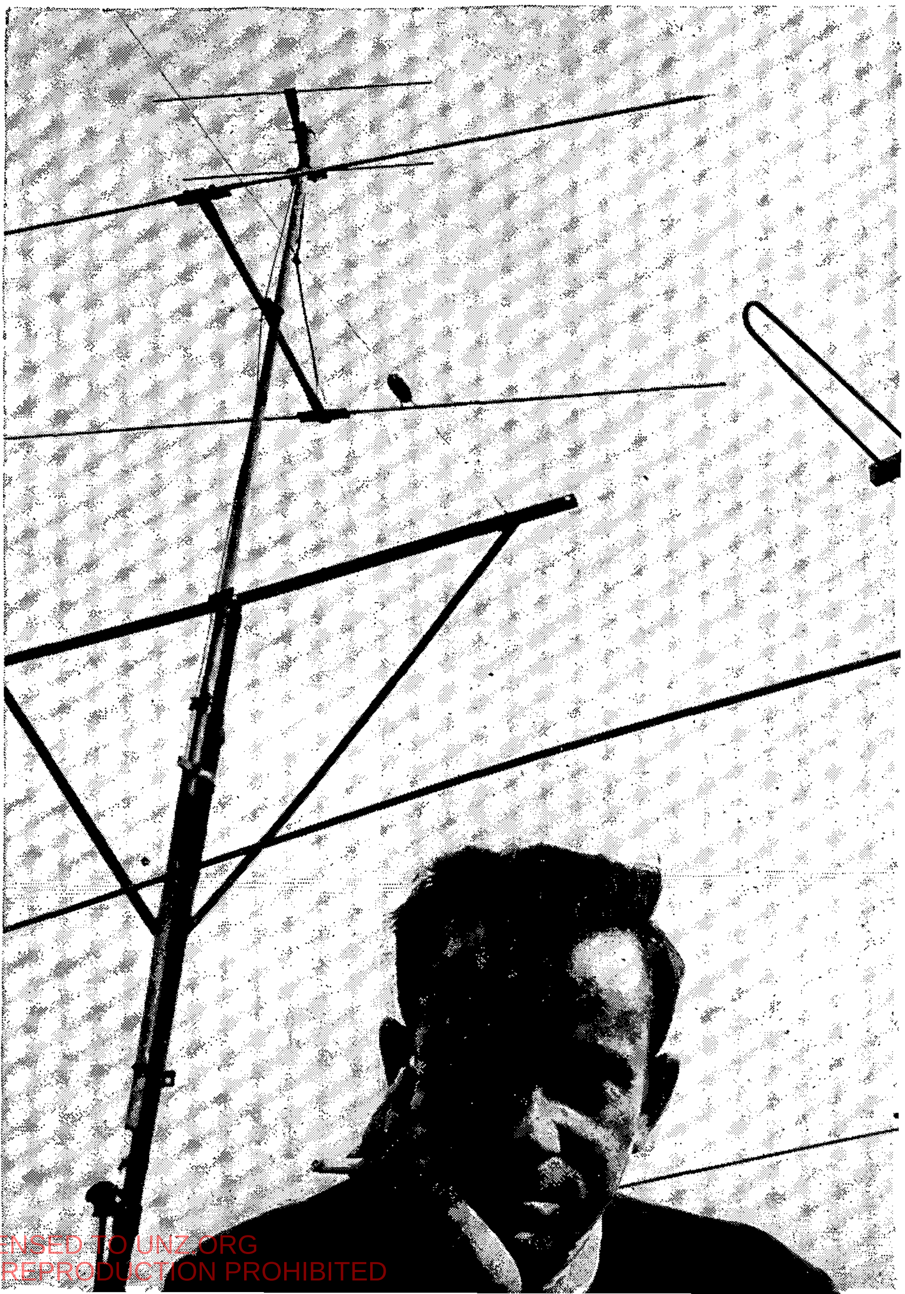

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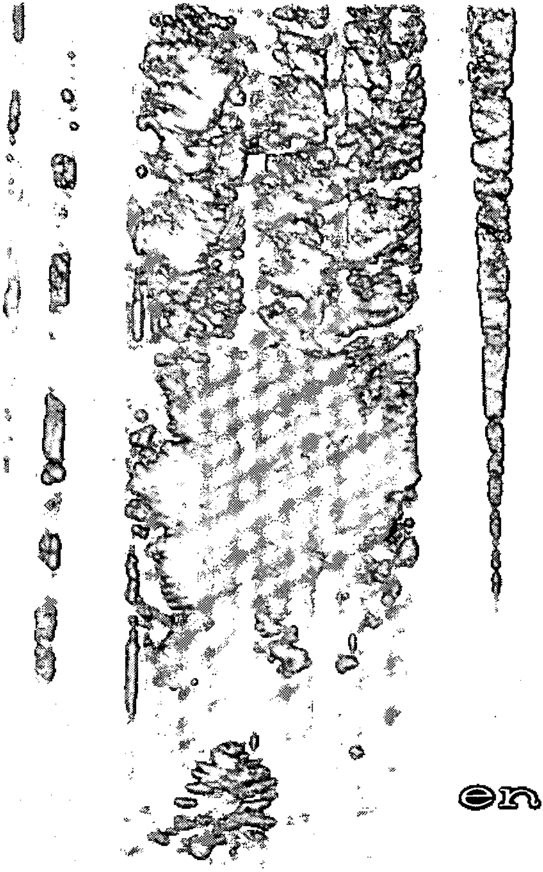
palace, in Sarasota, and, adjoining it, a monster art museum he had built and stocked with fine Old Masters that he had bought cheap in Europe.

Awaiting the word were three sets of potential heirs: Charles Ringling's widow, Edith, and her son Robert, a whilom opera singer; Alf's daughter-in-law Aubrey; and John and Henry North and their mother. Matters were slightly complicated by the fact that the three factions were barely speaking to each other. At the reading of the will, in an atmosphere crackling with mutual distaste, the factions joined in common indignation when it was learned that Uncle John had left his gaudy palace and art museum to Florida. To maintain them, he had also left Florida half of his other properties in trust. A baffling note was introduced when John North and his mother were named executors in one section of the will and kicked out in another. All in all, things were so muddled that there developed a family feud, which proceeded explosively for years. Robert Ringling led off by raising his trained voice and denouncing the Norths as possible executors. To implement this melodious bleat, he filed a suit to depose them. In the actions that followed, John and his mother were verified as executors, and each of the three groups of heirs wound up by voting about thirty per cent of the circus stock. As John Ringling had proved to be the dominant member of the family a generation before, when the show was in its infancy, so now did John North take over when it approached its worst crisis. His brother Henry, recently graduated from Yale and much stimulated by a trip around the world, came to help him.

Almost forgotten in the midst of these noisy disputes, Sam Gumpertz, the onetime carnival man, had continued to run the circus. North restored him to the loan company in a maneuver so bumptious that he still wonders how it worked. He bought a two-hundred-dollar suit and some elegant accessories and paid a visit to the Manufacturers Trust Company, of New York, asking to see one of the officers. When a vice-president came out and inquired what he wanted, North said, "If you have a moment, I'd like to borrow a million dollars." Perhaps because of the new suit, he ultimately got the money, after which he paid off Ringling's loan, talked the other relatives into giving him and Henry a five-year contract to manage the circus, and set himself up as president. "Temporarily, I had control. I was getting a



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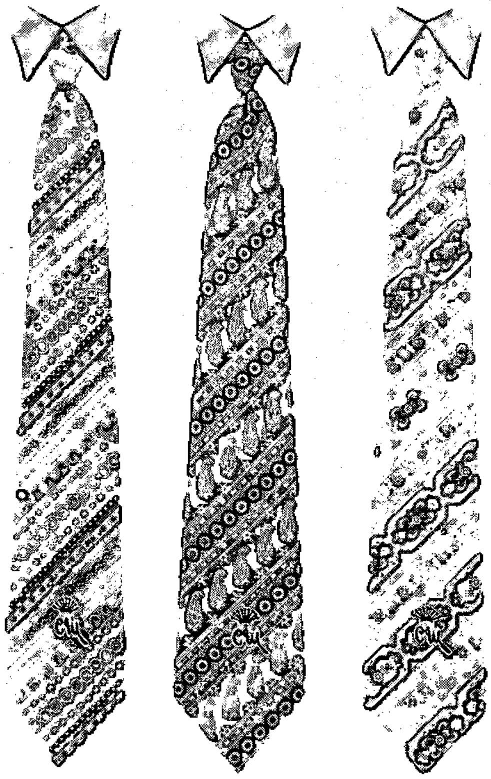

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little closer to a childhood dream," he said recently.

ABOUT the first thing North did when he took over, in 1938, was to equip a railway car as his residence. Uncle John had travelled in a private car, named the Jomar (after him and his first wife, Mabel), and North felt that it would tone up the circus employees to have a Jomar again, inhabited by somebody who knew how to live. North's car was painted silver, air-conditioned, superbly appointed—with a dining room, a kitchen, and quarters for several servants—and stocked with the finest foods and wines. Seeing the new president roll in around 8 A.M. from a night of revelry and labor did, in fact, appear to cheer everybody up, and the general morale was further improved when North, in a brilliant piece of showmanship, bought Gargantua from a Mrs. Linz, in Brooklyn. North feels today that Gargy, as he refers to the animal, saved the situation. A unique attraction had been badly needed to revive interest in the fought-over show. Butler, who is unquestionably the world's most skilled composer of embroidered news, painted a chilling poster that portrayed Gargantua's capture in darkest Africa, at the cost of several natives, and cast about for other humbugs. By the greatest good fortune, North himself provided the perfect answer. While exhibiting Gargantua to some friends, he stepped in close to the cage; whereupon the gorilla seized his arm and bit it with relish. Butler now had some authentic blood to work with, *and, bypassing the natives, he belabored* the public with the monstrous attributes of the man-eater.

In the first season under North's direction, the circus made a very tidy profit. By the end of his five-year stewardship, he had piled up a million-dollar reserve, begun paying dividends to the stockholders, and greatly strengthened the show artistically. Under ordinary circumstances, his troubles would have been over; however, ordinary, or pacific, circumstances have seldom obtained in the Ringling family. Seeing how easy it had been, the other heirs could scarcely wait to get their hands on the management. The Norths' contract ran out almost simultaneously with the start of the war. In a meeting with Cousins Robert and Aubrey, John, as president, recommended that the circus be either turned over to the government as a morale booster or retired for the duration. His reasons were both patriotic and utilitarian; a great deal of the canvas

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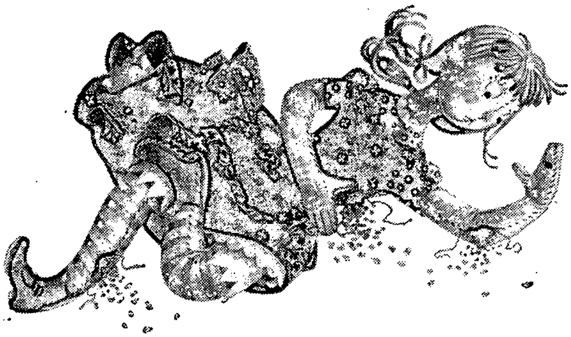
coming apart at the seams?



There's a time in every woman's day when she feels like she's falling apart. The kids have been little beasts, the laundry has lost two shirts, her husband's bringing the boss for dinner. What to do? Flop down in your BarcaLounger . . . and relax your worries away!

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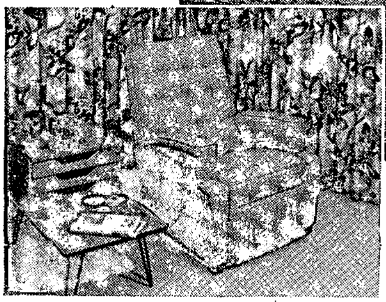

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needed fireproofing—a fire in Cleveland the previous season had destroyed fifty-one animals—and the necessary materials were on the critical list. The cousins' reply being in the emphatic negative, North submitted his resignation, which was accepted with celerity. As nearly as he could see, he was right back where he had started, with five years of diligent effort gone down the drain.

Napoleon at Elba paced his island with no more impatience than North displayed as he marked time in exile at Sarasota. He had tasted power and found it very satisfying. Like the dogged Corsican (to whom he bears a striking physical resemblance), he began quietly planning for a triumphant return to control. Meanwhile, the circus rolled out into wartime America under new auspices. The president now was the opera singer, Robert Ringling, and the vice-president was Aubrey's second husband, James Haley, an accountant. After a last admonition from North about fire hazards, the odd combination took to the road. They got as far, in July of 1944, as Hartford, Connecticut. There, at the afternoon performance on the sixth, a circus photographer, Dick Miller, standing at the end of clown alley, glanced up and saw fire crawling along a guy rope of the big top. He gave the warning that has been the principal fear of circuses since the day they were formed, but within seconds the flames had shot up and all but exploded in the roof of the sun-baked tent. In the next few minutes, a hundred and thirty-nine persons were killed, several hundred others were either burned or injured in the crowd (Miller himself suffered painful burns while helping children over section barricades), performers were crippled, animals died, and properties of immense value were destroyed. Altogether, it looked as though Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey had come at last to the end of the sawdust trail. Haley and five of his subordinates were sent to jail. As the losses were reckoned up, claims for damages began to pour in; the total eventually awarded amounted to something over four million dollars.

To North, waiting in his Sarasota version of Elba, the time seemed ripe for a business conference. He called on Haley in jail. Observers noted that he was carrying a briefcase and appeared to be whistling. Shortly after he emerged, it was announced that Robert Ringling was out as president. Haley would carry on at least nominally in that post, and John Ringling North

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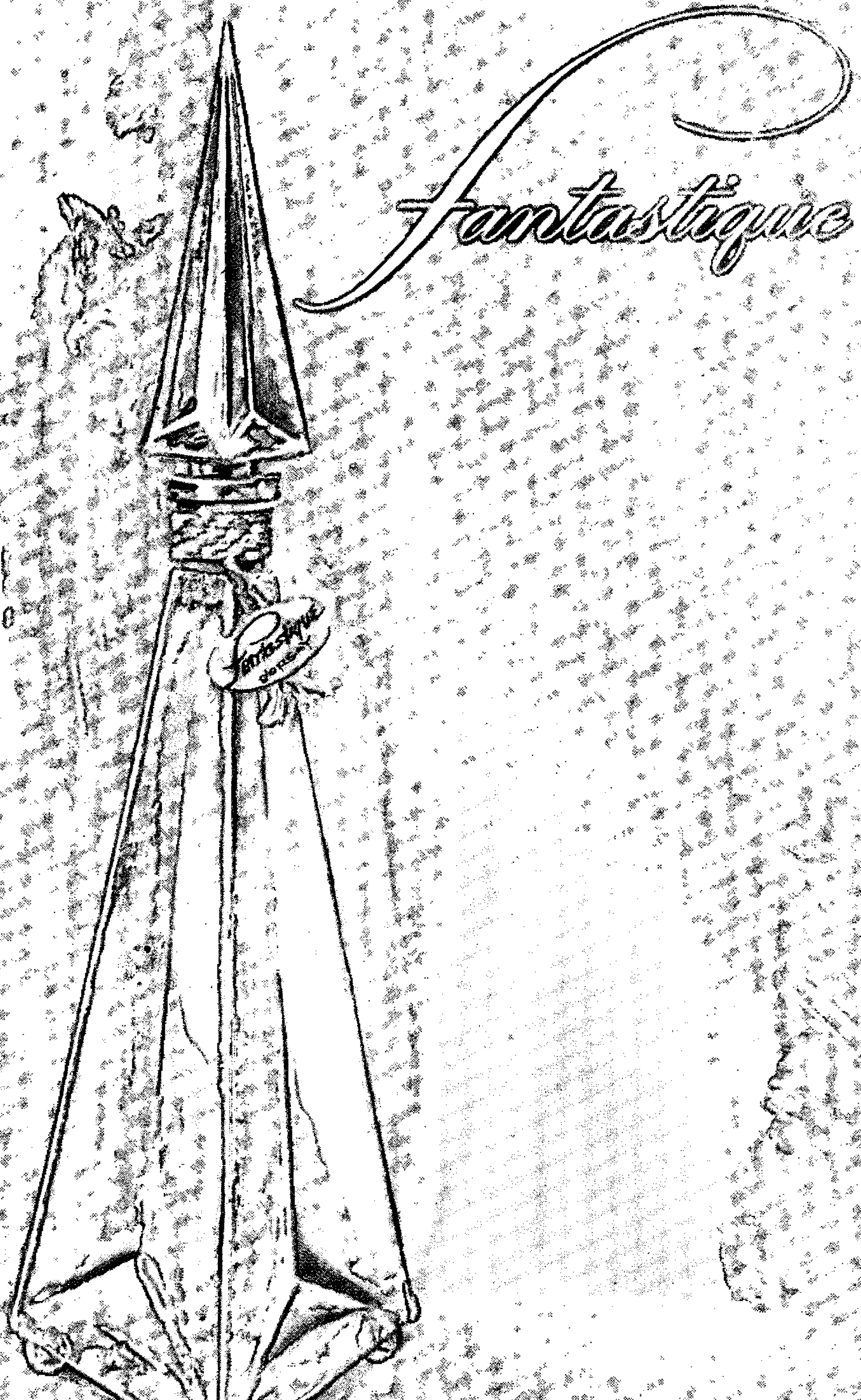
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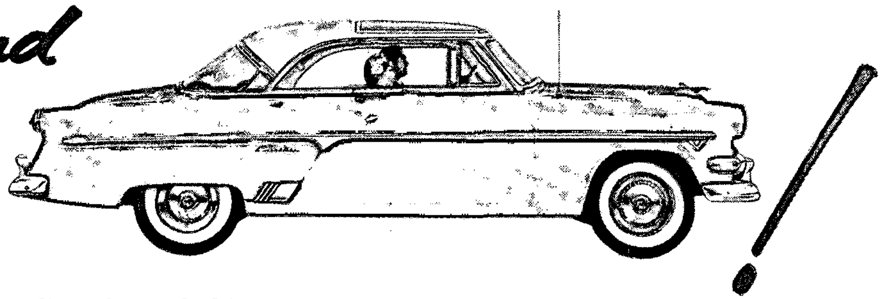

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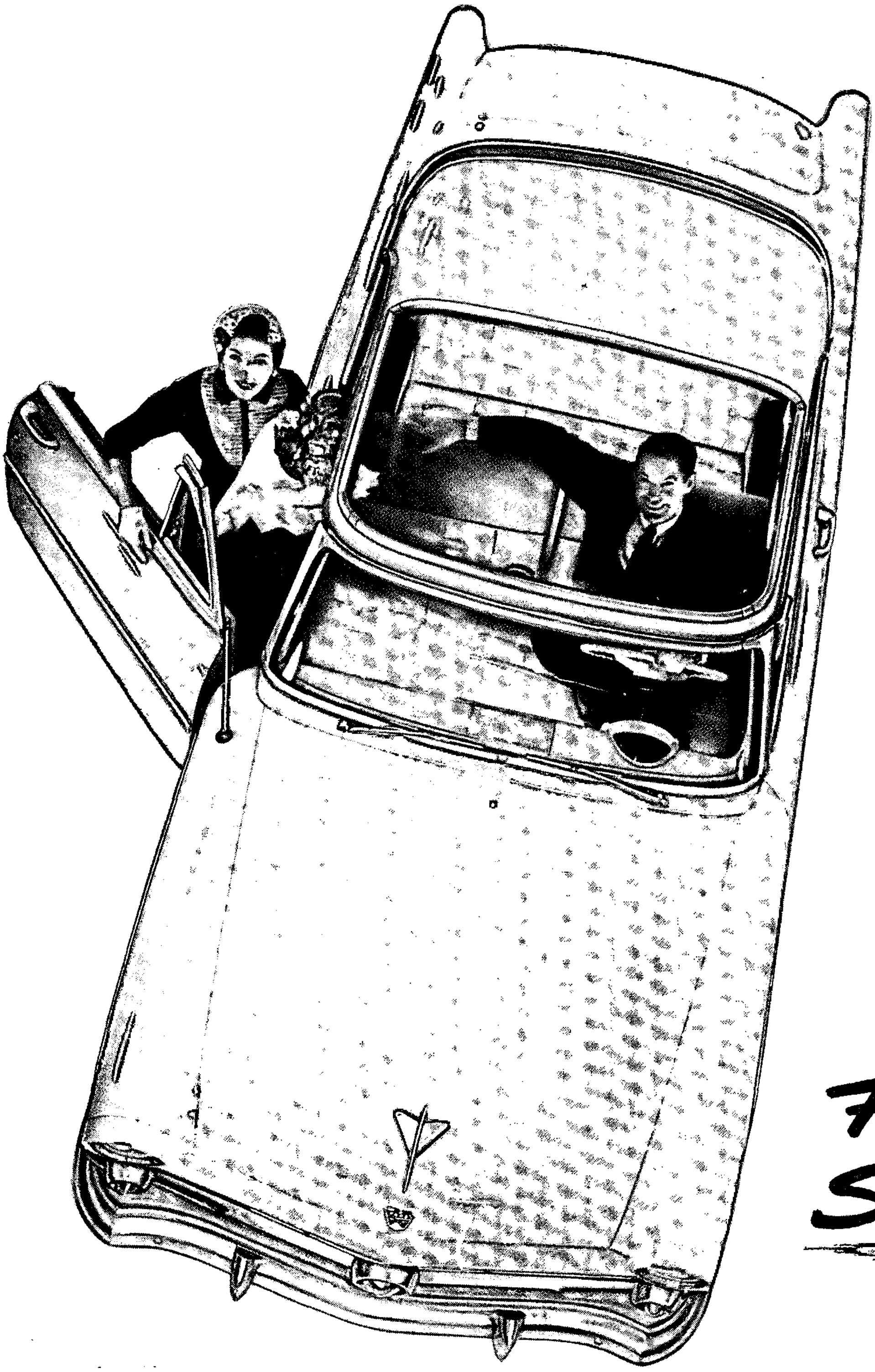

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would take up the reins as vice-president in charge of operations. Working slowly, North began a careful rehabilitation of the show, putting aside every extra dollar it made to pay off the staggering damages. In 1947, through persuasions he has never discussed in detail, the Haleys sold him the bulk of their stock, for two hundred thousand dollars—a sum that he borrowed wherever he could. Notably, he got about a hundred thousand dollars from Arthur M. Concello, a former headline aerialist and a shrewd businessman, who now came to the circus as general manager. In celebration, North threw a monster party in the M'Toto Room of the John Ringling Hotel, at which he dispensed several buckets of beluga caviar and five or six cases of vintage champagne. In the small hours of the morning, he returned to winter quarters, passing the front gate, where he once had sold tickets, the red wagon, where he had officiated as cashier, and the bill car, in which he had bunked with the gusty Mulvaney. North's goal with the circus had finally been reached. He owned fifty-one per cent of the stock and could name himself president forever. As quickly as possible, he bought back from Florida the properties left it in trust; then he pitched in, with his brother, to restore the glory that was Ringling.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of two articles on John Ringling North.)

•

THE REVISED H-BOMB INSTRUCTIONS BLUES

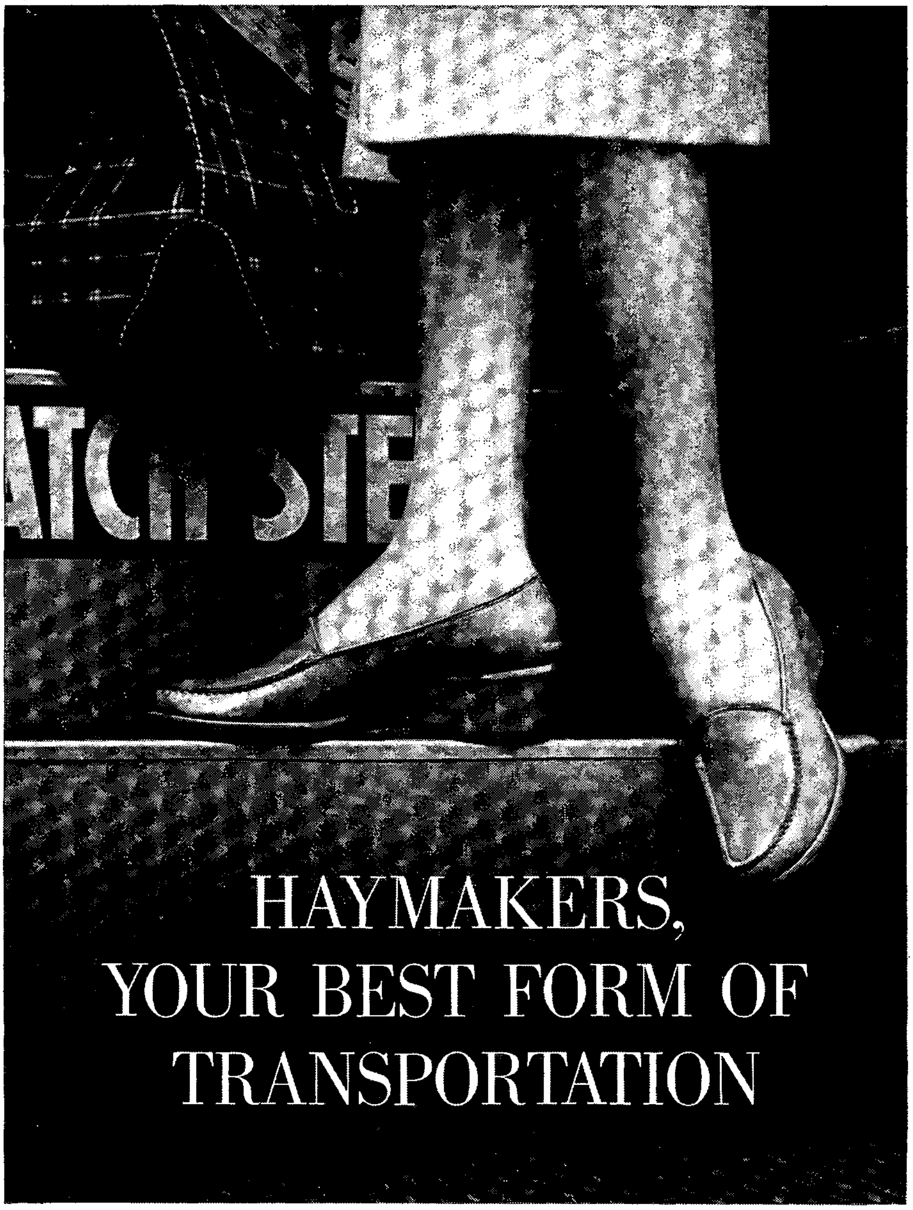
When you hear the sound and see the
 flash
Don't duck under the nearest table,
'Cause there won't be any table;
Don't pull the tablecloth over you,
'Cause there won't be any tablecloth;
Don't throw yourself flat on the floor,
'Cause there won't be any floor;
And don't, under any circumstances, try
 to leave the city,
'Cause there won't be any city left to
 leave.
Simply pause for a moment to adjust
 your shroud
And make your way leisurely to the
 nearest cloud.

—FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD

•

The B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation will present two virginettes by I. L. Peretz tomorrow at 1:00 P.M. at its weekly Oneg Shabbat.—*Observation Post, City College of New York.*

Similar to Rockettes, probably.



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THE THEATRE

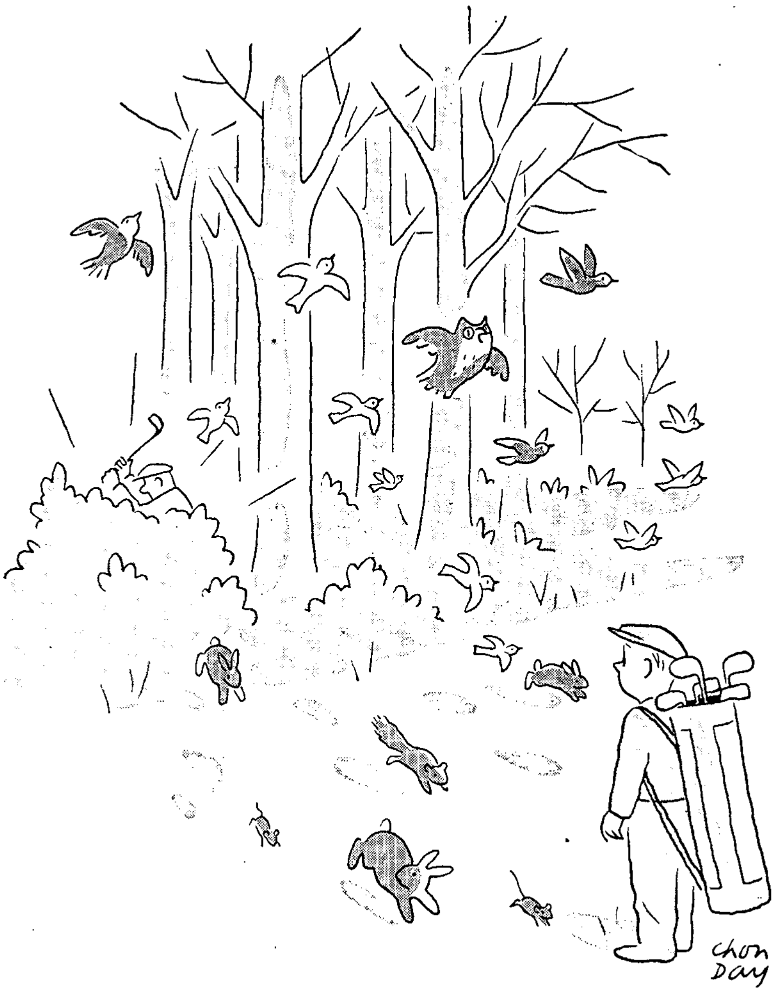
FRAIL BUT FUNNY

IN the first act of "King of Hearts," a comedy by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke, at the Lyceum, we are introduced to the egocentric conductor of a comic strip about a boy and his dog; to his appetizing blond secretary, with one blue eye and one brown one, who has been so carried away by his spurious fascination that she is about to marry him; and to a shy but ruggedly honest young man who is employed as a ghost artist for the drawings. There can, of course, be no question about the final resolution of this triangle, especially after a real boy, an orphan, turns up and is instinctively repelled by the artist and boyishly drawn to his male assistant. This slight and predictable plot, involving people of no very great social charm, naturally causes the authors to throw almost their whole reliance on humorous decoration—either in the form of funny lines, or in that of more or less irrelevant comic situations, or in the use of abundant and unusual props. The success of the play therefore depends on the quality of these distractions, and as it is my opinion that they are entirely effective, or hilarious, about half the time and reasonably so perhaps three times out of four, I'd say that "King of Hearts" should be quite satisfactory to all those who don't demand that their wit be sustained on a high and difficult level all night.

The jokes—to investigate the attributes of the comedy in order—are frequently too long and complex to lend themselves very well to quotation. A characteristic one in this classification has to do with the artist's observation that men ought to be willing to die for their dreams, and his associate's reply that he frequently dreams he is a frog in the vast armpit of the world. "I don't think I'd quite want to die for *that* one," he says thoughtfully. The less unwieldy specimens take the form of casual insults ("You look like something that has been rescued from a burning stable"), which, if lacking the eerie style of Noel Coward at his best, are at least serviceable; agreeable comments on some of the extraordinary objects introduced on the stage ("You know, I think there are two men in that dog"); and such pleasant bits of observation as that involving a child who telephones his mother to ask if he can stay at a little playmate's house for lunch, only to learn to his surprise that he has already had one at home. There are some errors. It is funny, that is, to have the ghost remark of his employer, "Do you mean to say that there is a thin veneer under that thin veneer?," but when this is followed shortly by something about a fate worse than a fate worse than death, the repetition of formula seems a bit unfortunate, and things like "You're supposed to be so intuitive; why don't you intuit?" surely belong in a lesser league. On the whole, however, things *do* come off, and the quantity is more than generous.

The situations are ingeniously conceived and often handled with a kind of chess player's skill, so that an episode that is funny in itself is revived to make a still funnier one later on. You get, for instance, a comic telephone conversation in which the cartoonist invites one of his infant admirers to come up and have a cozy boy-to-boy chat with him, and subsequently, in the middle of a rather emotional scene about something else, his horrified disgust when the child shows up to do just that. This sort of neat invention is present throughout the play, and while some attempts at it, like a somewhat cryptic running gag about Governor Dewey, are either weak in inspiration or not executed with quite the necessary precision, the balance of success is very much in their favor.

Of the props I can only say that it is a long time since I have seen so many singular odds and ends dumped on the stage for an audience's entertainment. Unlike those of most of my colleagues, my unassisted memory is poor, but I can still recall the following sight and sound effects: an Indian tepee, complete with the usual maniacal instructions for its assembling; a four-foot ornamental candle, whose humorous purpose I forget; a fine, strange device called a Missionary Cooking Machine; a big doll intended to represent the tiny hero of the strip; a smudge pot, which smoked up the joint with great vivacity; a phonograph that played both Indian music and a terrible record of the artist's rendering of "Go Down to Kew in Lilac-Time;" an off-stage recorder that gave us an even more blood-curdling version of one



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of his speeches; quite a few tools of the cartoonist's horrid trade; some roller skates and other toys useful for tripping up the actors; a pair of overshoes, theoretically containing turtles; and a big, woolly dog, which was alive but didn't look it. Such aids to comedy can be dangerous (in Nathaniel Benchley's "The Frogs of Spring" there was an enormous swimming tank that somehow didn't turn out to be as funny as expected and with which the management was unhappily stuck for the greater part of the evening), and there were occasions in "King of Hearts" when the law of diminishing returns seemed on the verge of setting in, but, on the whole, in this, as in the other departments, the authors showed admirable resourcefulness and discretion.

The acting, I'm afraid, gave me some pause. As the unspeakable cartoonist, Donald Cook, who is certainly one of the ten best-dressed actors in the American theatre, plays with a detached, spinsterish elegance that I found a trifle chilling for purposes of light comedy. It is, I suppose, an accomplished performance, but it occurred to me that he might be lucky if some subsequent audience wasn't moved to stone him from the stage. Jackie Cooper, as his virtuous stand-in, whose name, incidentally, is Francis *Xerxes* Dignan, a circumstance that has been useful to him in winning a good many small bets, undertakes his role with even more hesitating boyish appeal than appears called for in the script; Cloris Leachman, as the secretary, has the difficult assignment of seeming to be simultaneously rather half-witted and quite perceptive, and sometimes shows the strain; and young Rex Thompson, though making the most of his piercing English accent, succumbs to cuteness now and then. However, while all these people, and the seven other members of the cast, struck me as being somewhat less winning than they might have been, they delivered their lines clearly and intelligently, and I'm sure that's all that really matters in the end. Frederick Fox's studio setting is an amusing lesson in how a purveyor of mass anesthesia lives.

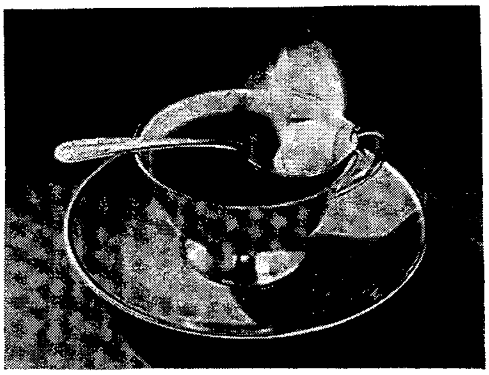
—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"
A STORY

This story first appeared in the undergraduate magazine, the *Harvard Advocate*.—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

Sort of a *Harvard Advocate* "Second."



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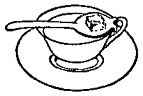

1. Hook Burning Spoon on rim of cup of black coffee. Place lump of sugar in spoon.

2. Pour 1 oz. Hennessy Cognac over sugar and blaze the Cognac with a match.

3. When heat melts the sugar, pour contents into coffee and stir.

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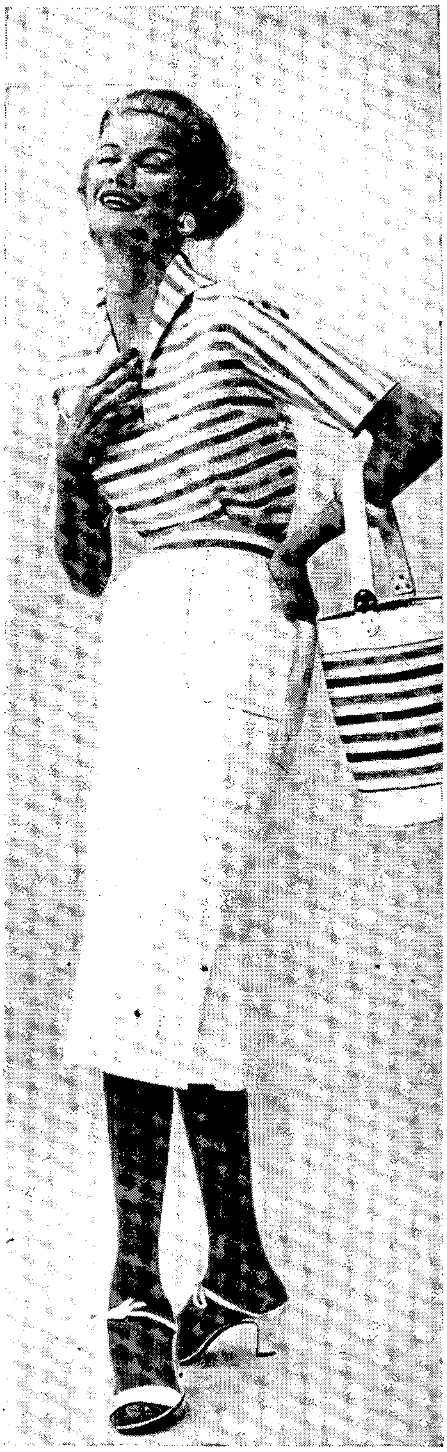

B.H.Wragge

pictures a summer day

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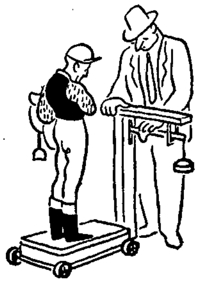
THE RACE TRACK

Brrr



ONE of Jamaica's many attractions—if you can call it that—is the great variety of bad weather it has on its opening days. (On one of them, as you may recall, a snowstorm turned the infield and the stables on the backstretch into a perfect scene for a Currier & Ives Christmas card.) But even the oldest race-tracker couldn't call to mind a colder, windier opening day than we had last Thursday. The weather was even brisker on Friday, and on Saturday, after a trip from the saddling paddock to the grandstand, Preston Burch, just back from Florida, said he was as chilled as he used to be those winters when he trained the Sanford horses up at Amsterdam, New York, in temperatures below zero.

Despite the cold, the racing couldn't have been livelier. It was a positive pleasure on opening day to watch the Paumonok Handicap, in which White Skies beat Laffango by inches and Cold Command was third. White Skies may not be the best sprinter we have, but his performance was crackerjack, for he carried a hundred and thirty pounds, gave big weight to everybody, led most of the way, and ran the six furlongs in 1:10⅘, which is fast for a day like that. By the way, he's never been beaten over the course. I hadn't seen Laffango since he won the Experimental Free Handicap and a division of the Gotham Stakes a year ago; he had ankle trouble most of last season, you know. He, too, ran well in the Paumonok. In fact, he headed White Skies in the stretch. (It doesn't show in the charts, but he did.) He couldn't hold his advantage, though.

FIND is another fellow who likes Jamaica. He won the Grey Lag and the Empire City Handicaps there last autumn, and on Saturday he took up where he had left off, galloping away with first money in the Excelsior Handicap. No doubt he'll be top weight and the favorite in the betting for the Jamaica Handicap on the nineteenth, the next sugarplum for older horses at the meeting. The Excelsior Handicap is worth special study if you're comparing form at the various winter tracks. Find

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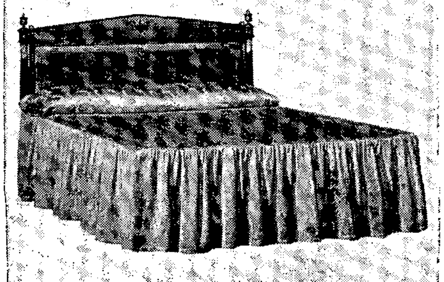

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was at Santa Anita and, although he didn't fancy the track, won once out of six tries. (My spies report that he's improved ten pounds since he returned to the East.) Count Cain, who was second in the Excelsior, ran in Florida and won one out of nine. Capeador, who was third in the Excelsior, raced in Miami and New Orleans and won three out of seven—but in more moderate company. Of course, the most prominent of the also-rans was Landlocked, who won the Widener Handicap at Hialeah in February. I thought he made a good try in the Excelsior, but he seemed quite unable to handle the top weight of a hundred and twenty-six pounds. Find carried five pounds less, and that included a pair of bright-yellow string gloves that Guerin, his jockey, wore to keep his hands warm. Speaking of riders, McCreary, who was on Jamie K., had the darkest sun tan I've seen in years. A rich, shiny one, it looked as though he'd dipped his face and hands in warm chocolate. Colonel Martingale never could get anything like that out of his sun lamp.

As for the three-year-olds, I must say in all candor that Errard King, Jersey's champion, made a pretty poor showing in the sprint preceding the Excelsior. After he'd taken the lead halfway from home, the best he could do was finish third to Revolt and Privacy. For my part, I liked Revolt's effort; although he was away last of the eleven runners, he won with something to spare. We'll know more about him if he goes in the Experimental this weekend. He's also entered in the Gotham Stakes the following Saturday, but not for the biggest prize of the meeting—the Wood, on the twenty-fourth. I wouldn't know why.

The most important mishap of the week occurred, as you might have expected, to Porterhouse, who suffered a stone bruise on one of his feet while training at Keeneland. (Native Dancer got a stone bruise last autumn and it sent him into retirement for the rest of the season.) As this is written, Porterhouse isn't definitely out of the Derby, but 20–1 would be a short price against him. —Audax Minor

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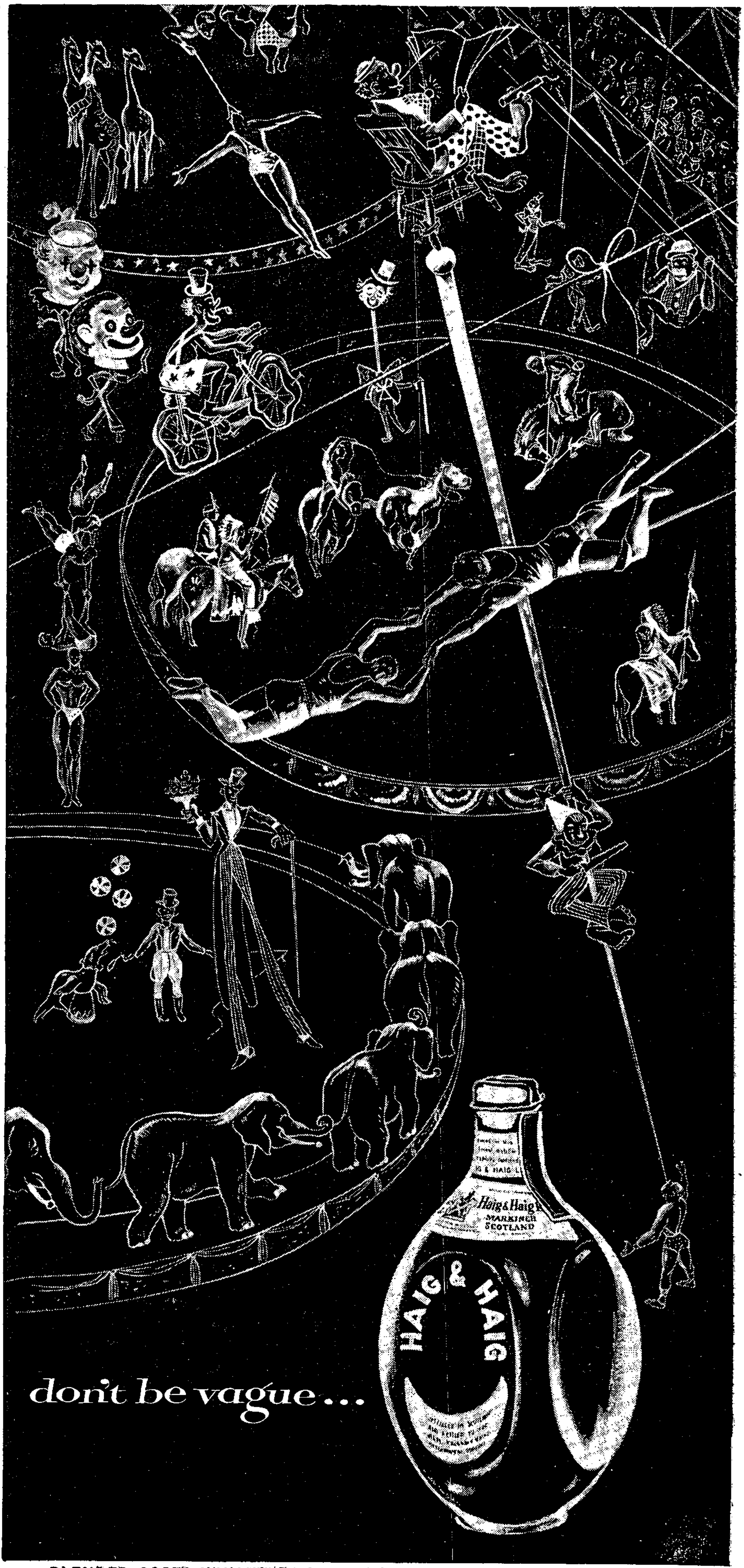
Warners are building a wooden horse big enough for 125 warriors for "Helen of Troy." The original held only 55 Trojans. But that was before CinemaScope.—*Hollywood Citizen-News.*

A lot of things were before CinemaScope.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE MUSTANG BUZZERS—II

THE present high demand for dog and cat food has made mustanging, or the rounding up of wild horses, a gainful employment out in the West, for the horses are marketable at four cents a pound on the hoof, which is half as much as cattlemen are getting for old cows these days. Early this winter, when my wife and I were staying at a guest ranch on the western rim of Pyramid Lake, north of Reno, we were told that excellent mustanging country was close at hand, in the mountains and draws west and north of the lake. Our informants were two mustangers, Mr. Hugh Marchbank and Mr. Bill Garaventa, who operate from a camp some forty miles up the long, lonely road that skirts the western edge of the lake and ends fifty miles farther along in Gerlach, an oasis of five bars and a general store. Mr. Marchbank, a bachelor, refers to himself as a jack-Mormon, which means that although he was born into the Church of Latter-Day Saints, he no longer pays tithes or holds with the tenet of total abstinence. The only part of Mr. Marchbank's L.-D.S. heritage that creeps up on him now and then is one long abjured by the working Saints: he can sometimes see good in more than one woman at a time. Mr. Marchbank owns so freely to this atavistic foible that when he failed to show up one day for a business engagement with his partner, Mr. Garaventa jumped to the conclusion that he had either got shot by an unnamed widow or run off with some other woman. Mr. Garaventa cannot round up wild horses alone, because he would be like a pitcher without a catcher. He operates from an airplane, buzzing the mustangs and urging them along with an occasional shotgun blast at their tails, and if he had no collaborator, he would have to drive them into a corral, land on a flat, and run back in time to shut the gate behind them. It is Marchbank's job to take charge after Garaventa brings the wild horses down from the canyons where they live to within sight of the padres—the disingenuous tame horses who act as decoys in the mouth of the corral trap. Garaventa was considerably disappointed by Mr. Marchbank's defection, for the day was clear and windless—the kind of day he needs for his thread-the-needle flying in the canyons. But he announced that he would engage the services of Levi Frazier, the best roper on the Paiute Indian Reservation, which surrounds Pyramid Lake, for a mustanging sortie the next day, and invited a number of the boarders at the ranch to come along as spectators. As it turned out, all we were spectators of was a demonstration of the fallibility of motorized hunting equipment.

Early the next morning, a half dozen of us started off for the hills. Instead of driving the ranch's well-worn station wagon, we used a car belonging to a fellow-boarder named Bob; it was a new Buick he had bought in New York and driven across the country. Harry Drackert, the boss of the ranch, was using the station wagon to take two veterinary surgeons from California duck shooting. Mr. Drackert breeds race horses, or horses he hopes will race, and since he hasn't the bank roll of an Alfred G. Vanderbilt, he puts himself out to get competent free advice. He has thoroughbred horses hidden in a score of places in northern California and Nevada where he thinks his wife will not hear about them, for she would jump him out over the feed bills. When the veterinarians went home three days later, laden with ducks (most of which Harry had shot), they had seen and discussed every yearling he was getting ready for Santa Anita.

We had previously been up the Gerlach road as far as Bonham's ranch, where Bill keeps his plane, and since we had been told that the camouflaged corral was also near the road, we were sure we could find it. But when we got about ten miles north of the ranch, on a barren stretch of road that re-

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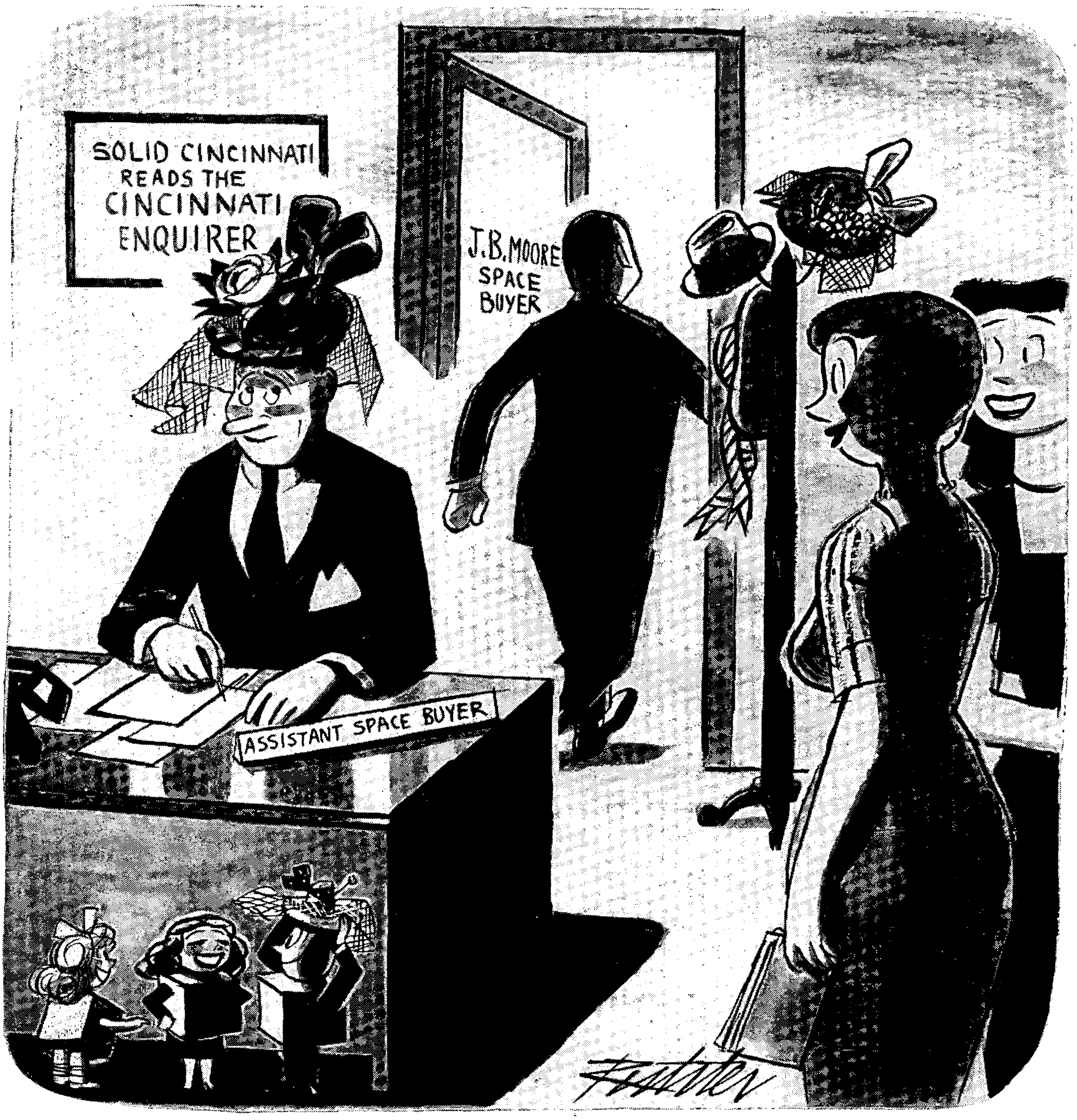
called a Tunisian *piste*, the car's fan worked loose and punctured the radiator—the ghastly sort of thing that never happened to a pack horse or a bullboat, which is why the West got settled, I suppose, and the Gabor sisters can play Las Vegas. Bob looked at the speedometer and emitted a happy cry. It said 3,999.8 miles. The car was guaranteed for four thousand. When his elation had subsided, we remembered that we had met no car and that none had passed us, and when we reflected on our previous experience in the territory, it seemed that a considerable period of time might elapse before one came along. Our provisions consisted of two bottles of whiskey and twelve bologna sandwiches, and while it appeared likely that these would insure survival until we were picked up, we decided not to chance it. So a fellow named Phil Kent and I walked 4.2 miles up the road to look for help. At that point, we met Bill Garaventa coming down the road in his jeep truck. Mr. Garaventa told us that we weren't missing anything, because there was something the matter with the feed line of the airplane. He drove us back to the stranded Buick—we checked the distance we had walked by his speedometer—and then towed the whole lot of us back to the guest ranch. When we were almost there, we met Levi Frazier, driving a pickup truck with a roping horse in it. He had been planning to get to the corral at just about the time Bill would have driven the horses to it from the mountains, and when he saw us with our dead car, he said in a dignified Indian manner, "What's the matter with that thing? No more nickels?" The Paiutes run mustangs in the old-fashioned way—from the backs of horses.

ABOUT a week later, a rancher from up north, stopping in at the bar of our ranch on his way down to Reno, said that the plane was fixed and that Bill had had word from Hugh that he would be back in a couple of days. The bar is the only one in the hundred and twenty miles between Gerlach and Sparks, a suburb of Reno, and if you spend enough time there, you are sure to hear about everything that happens along the road. "Seems Hugh had an uncle up to Winnemucca who got killed in a mine accident, and he had to go up and bury him," this rancher said.

"I saw Hugh at the Round Up Bar in Reno a couple of nights ago," Harry said after the rancher had left, "and he didn't look like he come from a funeral, unless they embalmed the wrong fel-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low. He said those bar stools was a lot softer than a stock saddle."

Along toward closing time the same night, Hugh himself stopped by the bar, bound in the other direction—toward that hard stock saddle and Bill Garaventa. He must have been mourning especially hard in town, because his cheeks were sunken and his eyes were a dull Wedgwood blue instead of their customary bright cobalt. But his brow was unfurrowed and he appeared to be bearing up. Hugh looked slightly flummoxed when my wife said she was sorry to hear about his uncle, but then he rallied, and said a man that age had had no right to be swimming a horse across the Snake River in such cold weather. "The horse's tail froze and come away in his hand, and he got carried down the stream," he said. My wife said she had heard that his uncle got killed in a mine. Hugh said it was hard lines on a fellow to have two uncles pass out on him in one week. "I was feeling low even before I heard the bad news," he went on, "because I'd been romancing a woman that had a bag of loot in each hand, and her parents took her away to Honolulu. I went down to San Francisco to see her off, and I would have sailed with her, but they wouldn't let me on board with my Oklahoma Gladstones—you know, paper boxes tied up with string. I come back to Reno to rest up, and while I was drinking a green mint high, I heard about my poor old uncles. It broke me up."

It was the kind of story, I knew, that would be sure to win Bill's sympathy. Bill had told me about the aftermath of a weekend he himself had spent in Reno. He had taken his plane down to the Sparks airport for repairs, and on Sunday he was flying her back into the Smoke Creek country, so he could run horses early Monday. He flew over the Paiute reservation at a height of about fifty feet, looking down now and then for horses, and he had a terrible head. Outsiders may not hunt horses on the reservation, but you never can tell when a band will stray out into the public domain, so it pays to know where they are. Suddenly, Bill saw the most outrageous horse he had ever gazed upon; in fact, it appeared to be a camel. He went back and buzzed the strange beast, and it was unmistakably a camel. Then he saw Martin Green, a Paiute he knew, galloping along on a normal horse but wearing a fur coat. Bill could only figure that the Paiutes had gone on the warpath for the first time in seventy-five years and plundered a travelling circus and a department store. But that didn't

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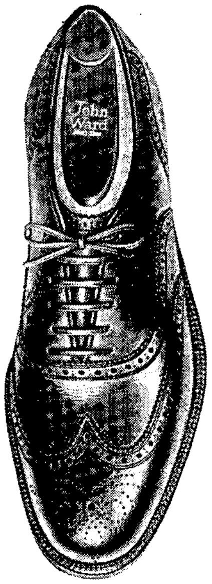

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seem plausible, so he went on the wagon. It wasn't until a month later, when he drove down to Reno with some mustangs, that he learned that a moving-picture company had been on the reservation making a film about the Gobi Desert, which in spots the reservation resembles, and that the apparition had been a real Hollywood camel. Martin had been a fierce Mongol horseman.

Hugh is a lean man with a long, honest face and a modest smile. His partner, Bill, is a bald-headed, barrel-chested, bowlegged man, who wears a flying jacket with his jeans and cowboy boots. They both feel ambivalent toward their work—proud because it calls for a lot of skill but defensive because there is a special human sentimentality about horses, and, as horsemen, they aren't immune to it. "I like *good* horses," I once heard Hugh rationalize over a can of beer, sounding like Brother David, the Episcopal missionary on the Paiute reservation, when he is distinguishing between devout and backsliding Indians. "But those wild ones are no good to nobody, suffering out in the cold and so poor they ain't none of them worth breaking." And then, as if seeking moral support from the horse's mouth, he added, "Gentle horses hate them mustangs. They can't stand the smell of them." He has an equivocal feeling about eating horse meat, too. "I've ate it when there wasn't anything else," he told me, "and it's just as good as range beef. But it's a lot like eating your brother." Bill, a great epicure, won't eat horse meat at all, possibly because he's afraid he would like it.

Hugh looked a bit worn by all his romance and sorrow, but he said they'd be running next morning if they had good weather. The sky was full of stars. He pushed on at midnight, and shortly after dawn three of us began to get ready to follow him. The surviving charter members of the Pyramid Lake Wild Horse Hunt were by this time my wife, myself, and Bob, who had had his Buick repaired free but said he wouldn't risk it on the road to Bonham's again, now that it was over the four-thousand-mile mark. So we used a Plymouth I had hired from a rent-a-car place in Reno. Harry was again unable to accompany us; he had to go to Carson City to get a yearling that a fellow named Cliff had been breaking for him down there. This fellow was in the Nevada State Penitentiary doing a life term for murder, so he had plenty of time to give to his work. In the Nevada Penitentiary, the convicts get a chance to work at their regular trades

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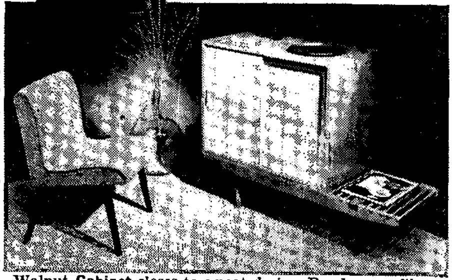

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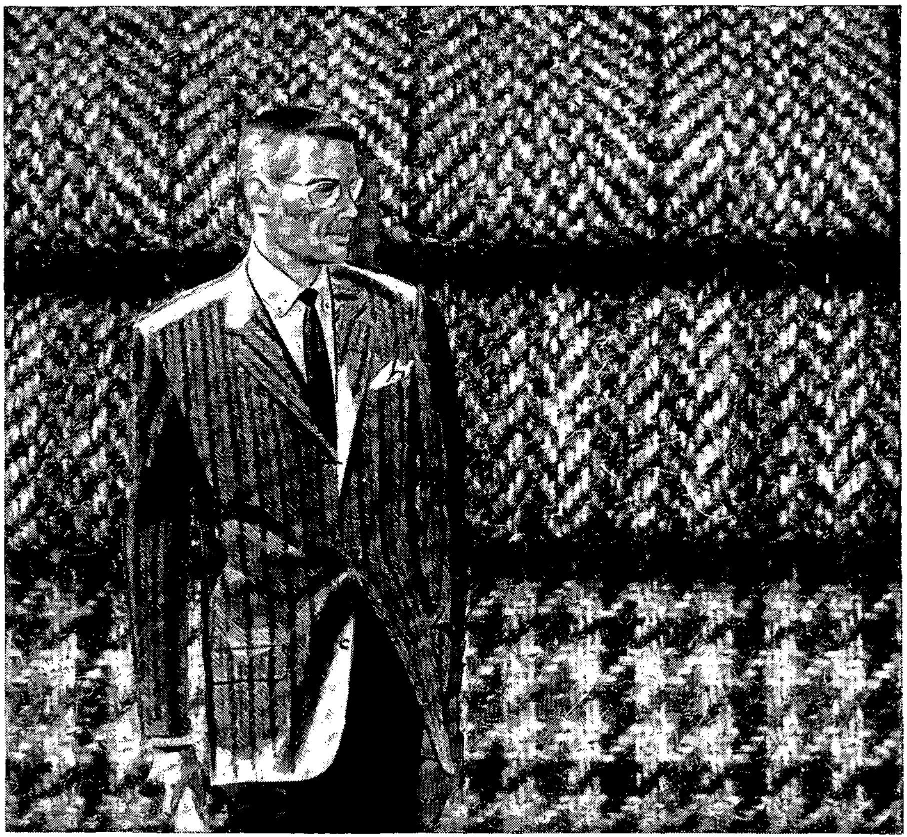
and earn a little outside money; it keeps them contented. Cliff had been made foreman of the horse barn. "He's conscientious," Harry said. "Nice little fellow, too." One of the things about race tracks that irk Harry is the number of obstreperous horses you see. "No reason a thoroughbred shouldn't be broke as well as any other kind of horse," he says. "Makes them better racing tools." Harry was at one time the champion bronc rider of the world, but he doesn't have the time to break all his horses himself, so he has to farm some out. "The fellow Cliff killed wasn't no good anyway," he said, "and if Cliff had just left well enough alone, they would have acquitted him, but he made a couple of mistakes, like cutting hisself with a knife and saying the other fellow done it, and the D.A. crossed him up on fingerprints and cast a reflection on his honesty." Another mistake Cliff had made, in Harry's opinion, was to put on a clean shirt and a pressed suit every day of his trial at Las Vegas, where he had killed this worthless man. "It set the jury against him," Harry said.

THE route to the mustang corral was familiar to us by this time, but it was still noteworthy. The lake, at our right, was Prussian blue against the naked, snow-tipped *djebels* on the other shore, and the tufa islets stood up like castles and churches. Pyramid Lake was the Paiutes' Mediterranean, the center of their stone-age world, which continued into the nineteenth century, and it is still theirs, inside the reservation's barbed-wire fence. The boundary of the reservation follows the shoreline anywhere from a mile to ten miles inland. North of the lake, the reservation runs up into the desolate mountains for ten miles. The road to Gerlach lies within the boundary. After it leaves the lake behind, there is nothing to look at except sagebrush flats and the kind of mountain they have in North Africa—bare, and brown or gray, dotted with juniper around the crotches. At some places on the road, through a gap between minor ranges to the west, which nobody calls by name, you can see clear over to the main line of the Sierra Nevada. The bleak ground pullulates with jack rabbits, who support a handsome population of hawks and coyotes, all very beautiful and in the same color key as the mountains—gray, sandy, and tawny. There is great speed in all these animal forms. In the summer, the little lizards travel with the velocity of hummingbirds. From the road, you can now and then



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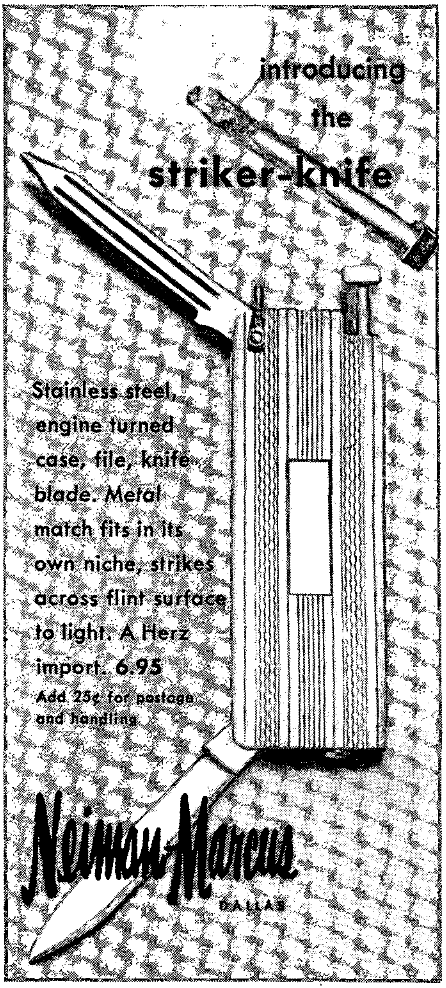
see bands of white-faced cattle, and you can tell their owners by the different ways the beasts have been harmlessly mutilated. A strip of skin cut back and allowed to dangle from the throat is a bell wattle, Art Heller's mark. A similar strip hanging from the breast is a brisket dewlap, Bill Ceresola's. Both men are local ranchers whose cattle have a way of getting over into Indian territory, and these so-called neckties can be seen farther away than ear nicks or brands. Most of the bushes are silvery gray the greater part of the year. The coloration of the landscape, except for the lake, is no more vivid than that of a Siamese cat, but the shadows can do great things with the hills toward sunset. Beyond the mountains on the other side of Pyramid, there is Winnemucca, another lake, perhaps half as large, that has dried to salt and lies shimmering like an African chott. North of the reservation, there is the Smoke Creek Desert, which is smaller than the Sahara, but no joke.

Several miles north of the lake, we hit Bonham's ranch, a group of four neat buildings by the road. It is about a third of the way between Harry's and Gerlach. You can buy gas but not liquor at Bonham's, and liquor but not gas at Harry's. I do not know whether this reflects differing principles or a trade agreement, but it is essential information for the pilgrim to Gerlach. A wind sock on a pole proclaimed a meadow alongside the road to be Bill Garaventa's airport. His plane was missing when we got there, but we hadn't pushed far beyond when we saw it, maybe fifty feet in the air and five miles away. It was going the same way we were, and not much faster; Bill's top speed is only about eighty, and he generally loafs anyway. It was late for him to be just starting for the mountains, and I couldn't make out what he was about. Then I saw the long line of the mustang corral on the sloping side of a hill to our left, about a mile back from the road. It was a narrow V, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, with the open end facing north, toward the mountains from which Bill brought the mustangs. Its sides were camouflaged with brush that had stayed summer dark, so it made a black line against the gray. Beyond it, the hill rose more steeply, to a great red rock. A horse taking the natural way down around that rock would head straight into the mustangers' trap.

There were no horses in sight as our car drew even with the dark stockade, but just as I concluded that we either



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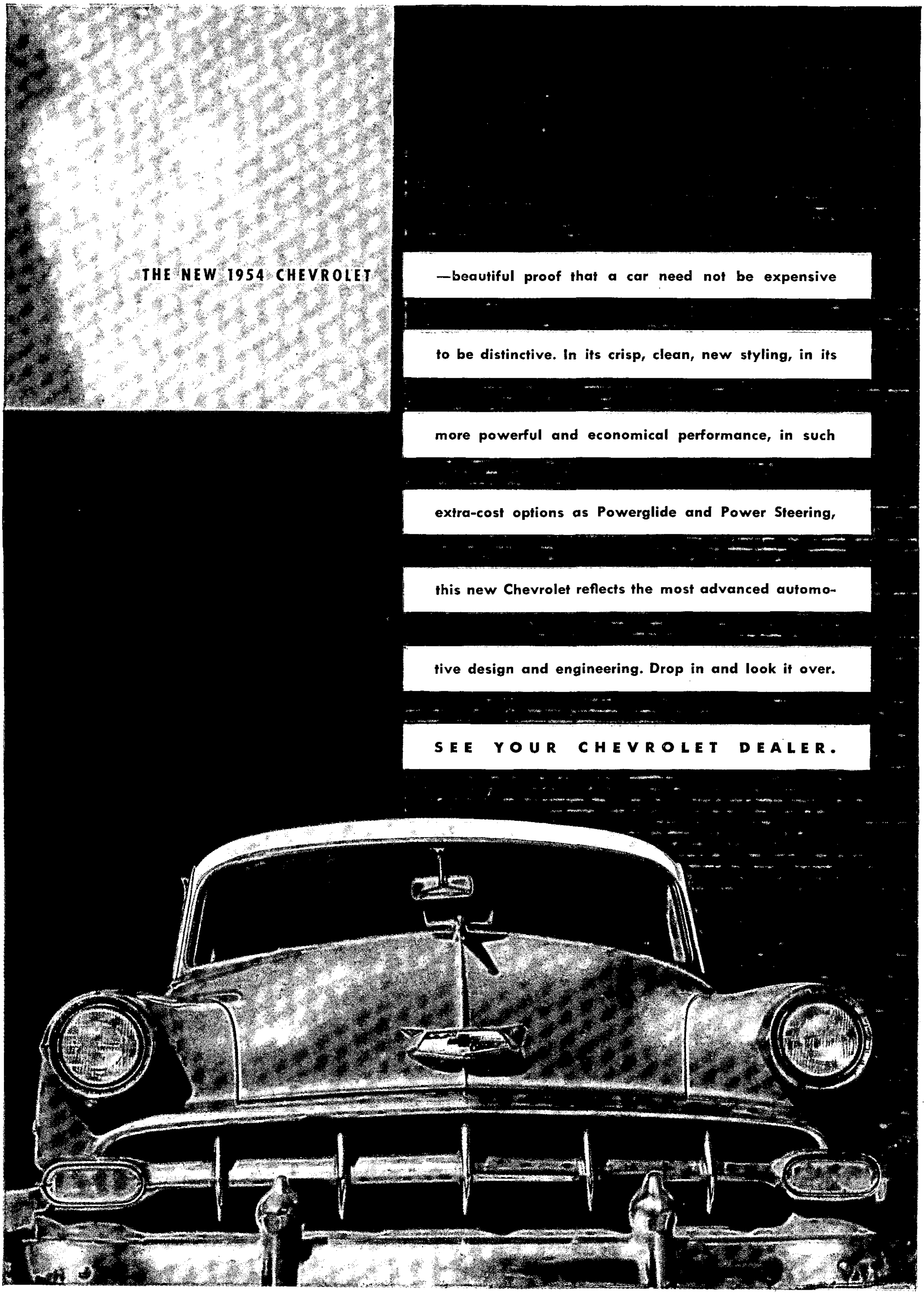

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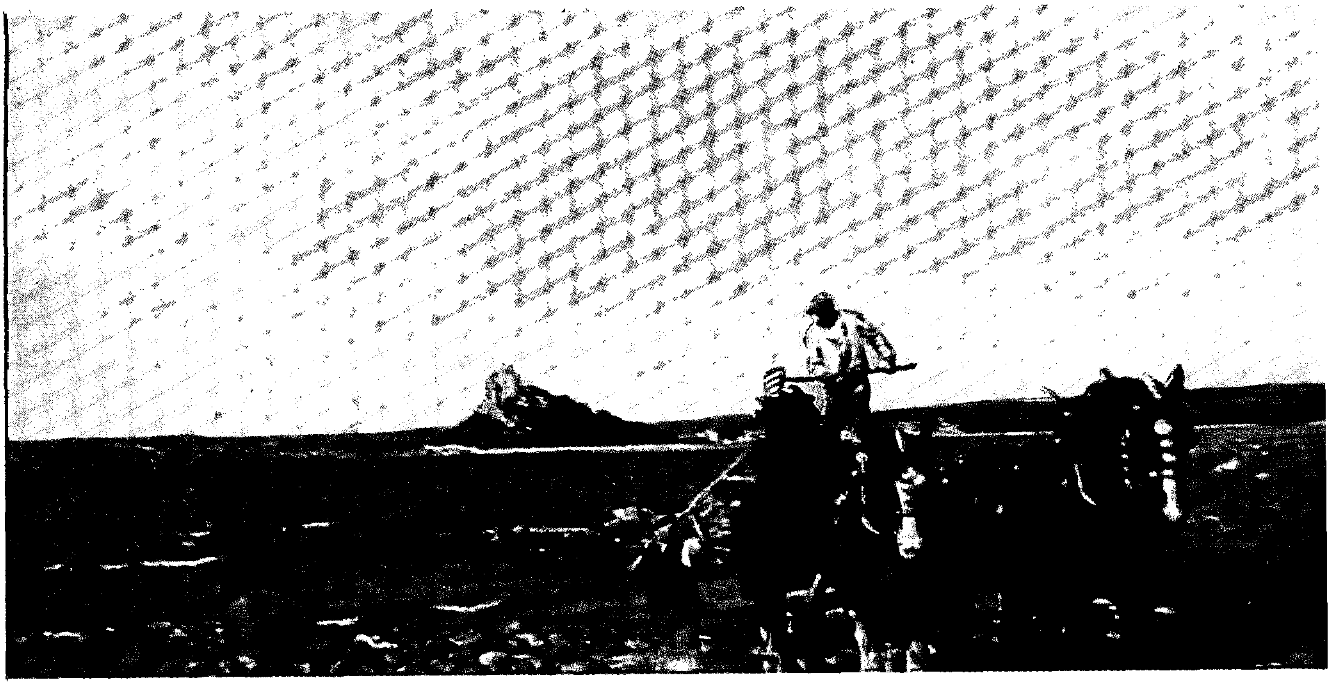

Gathering seaweed under blue skies on the romantic Cornish Coast. In the distance you see St. Michael's Mount, unique combination of fortress, church and country house. Admission: 28¢

Planning a vacation in Europe?

Sir Alexander Maxwell explains why it is a good idea for you to start your trip in Britain—where there is no language barrier.

SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL

SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL, ranking authority on British tourism, was recently asked to name Britain's greatest single attraction for American visitors. "The English language," replied Sir Alexander. "We have no monopoly on scenery or picturesque customs or foreign atmosphere. But Britain and Ireland are the only countries in Europe where the ordinary American can get off the beaten track and make friends *without using a dictionary.* He seems to feel *at home* with us. As a result, he enjoys himself more."

So start your trip in Britain. All the foreign flavor, the new sights and sensations are there. But the complications of struggling with a foreign language are miraculously removed. What's more, you'll find it easier to make the transition to British food. The cooking is more like your own—simple and straightforward. Food rationing is virtually at an end. You can get all the roast beef you want.

The first thing which strikes the American visitor to Britain is the miniature scale of everything. The fields are tiny—and greener than anything you are used to. The trains and automobiles look like toys. Cities are more like villages, nestling round their ancient cathedrals.

Britain is, in fact, a very small country—about the size of Wyoming. Nobody lives more than seventy-five miles from the sea. This means that you can see an astonishing variety of people and places in a very short time. Indeed, if you are really pressed for time, you can breakfast in the Welsh mountains, lunch at Oxford, have tea at Blenheim, and dine at Windsor. And the next morning you can wake up in Edinburgh.

You definitely get more for your money in Britain. Bed and a huge breakfast can cost you as little as $2.50, a full-course dinner about $1.00. Antiques are incredibly cheap. You can buy a tweed jacket for $17.00. Your round-trip ticket across the Atlantic needn't cost you more than $500.

If you go to Britain in this New Elizabethan Age, you'll be thrilled to find that the old British flair for pomp and circumstance is more brilliant than ever. The scarlet uniforms, the Royal processions, the dashing cavalry, the grandeur and the gaiety are back. (If you saw the Coronation on TV, you'll know how stirring these things can be.)

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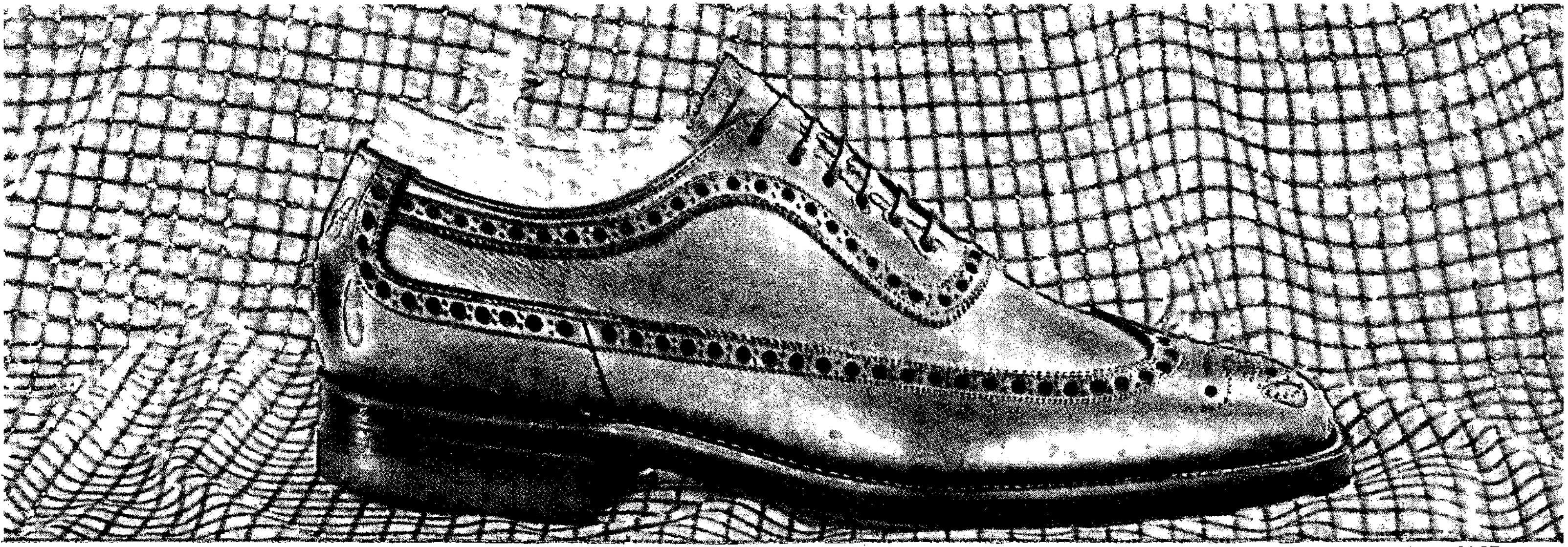
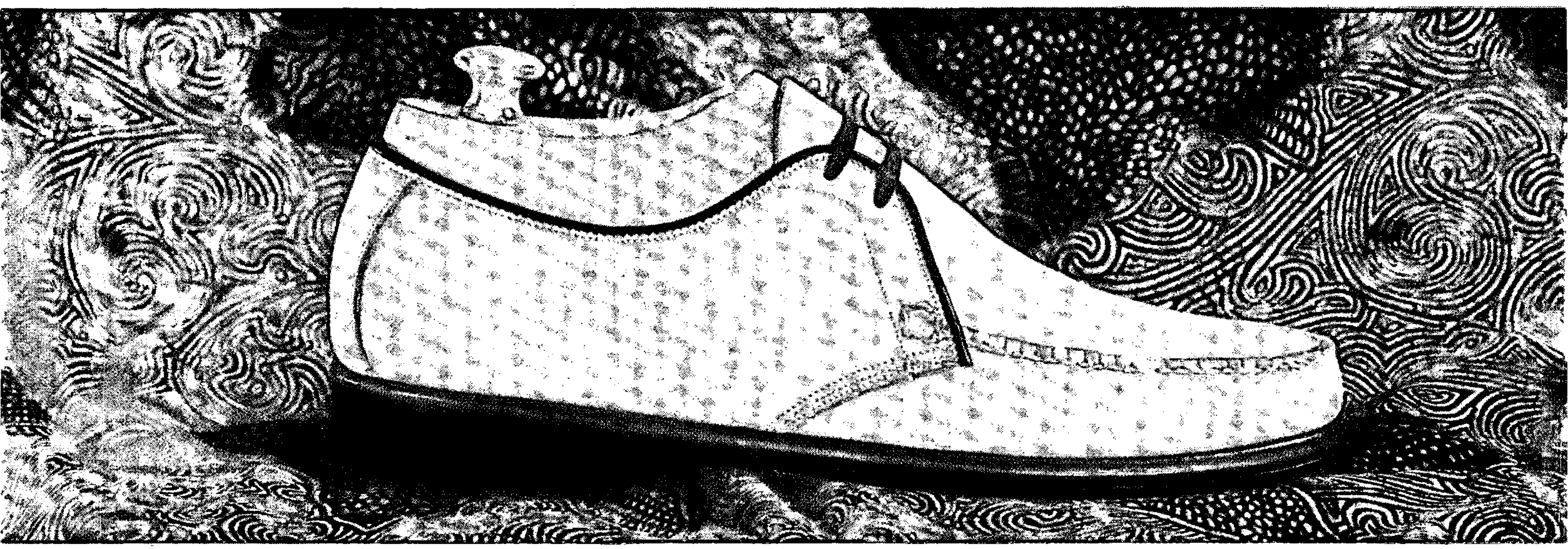


The Taylor-Made Shoe; soft "Briarhide" aniline leather with bound top and chamois-lined tongues. Style 6167.



The Taylor Hand-Fashioned Informal; pearl glove leather, cushioned Continental sole. Style 293.

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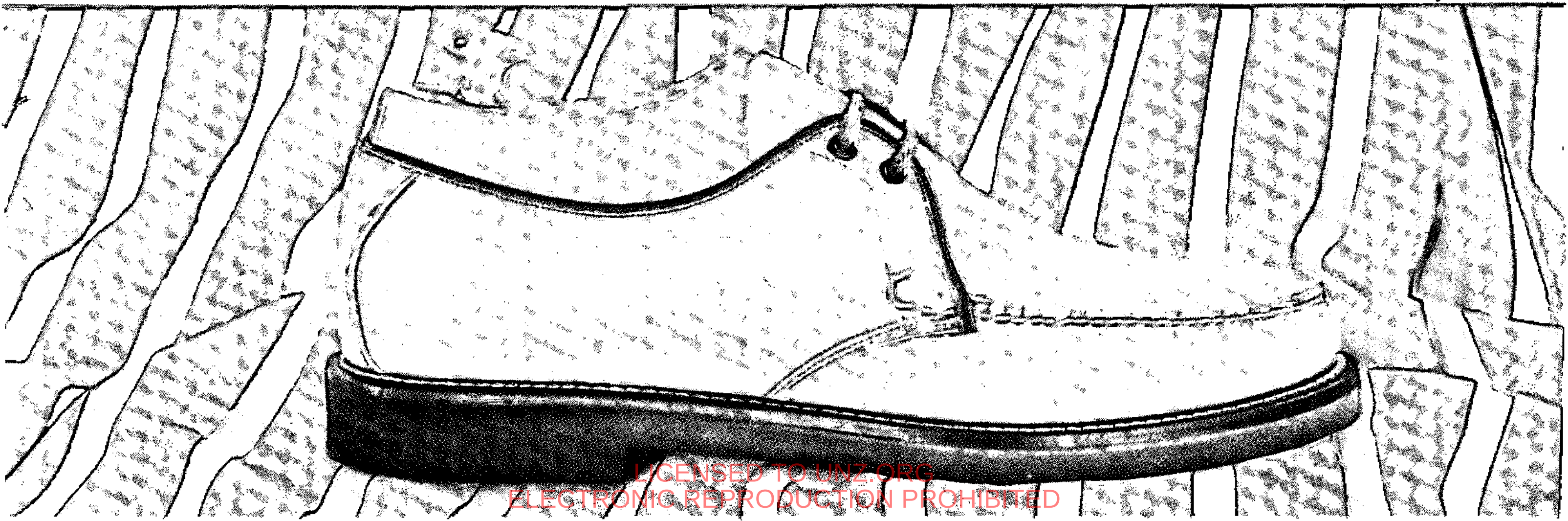

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had missed the chase or would have to wait hours for it, a horse burst out from the wide end of the corral, running north like a well-meant long shot. It ran flattened out, as if it had a premonition of its fate, and I had hardly had time to look at it before another horse, with a rider on it, broke into view about ten lengths behind. The rider was Hugh—I could tell him by the fifty-dollar white hat he always shelters under—and he was sailing along as if he had never heard of ratholes. I had stupidly forgotten to bring field glasses, but I had the advantage of a grandstand that kept up with the racers. They ran almost parallel to the road, their course and ours only very gradually converging. The horses were running across a decided slope and over ground that was peppered with rocks and pocked with animal warrens, but they moved as smoothly as more effete racers move on a level turf course. I knew Hugh would have something under him that could run, but the wild horse ran like a good one, too. It is true he had nothing to carry, while Hugh, with rope and saddle, must have weighed nearly two hundred pounds. I have frequently seen outriders at the track catch riderless runaways, and even police horses on bridle paths can usually spot the weight. The difference here seemed to be that the wild horse was running with a purpose. A gentle horse that runs away doesn't know what to do with its liberty; it runs with an intention of being caught. I could see that Hugh was coming up on the fugitive. He rode bending forward only slightly, his long legs straight down, his hands low; no longer gangling, he looked better in a saddle than on a bar stool, no matter which he said he liked. The airplane, hovering over the chase, had turned in front of it and now swooped. Hugh got on the near side of the wild horse and rode him off to the right, turning him away from the straight line to his distant home country. That took the heart out of him. The chase was obviously going to cross the road ahead of us, and with the amateur's fear of getting too closely involved in the action, we stopped. We thought that if we followed on, we might get between Hugh and the mustang.

The race passed out of view, and then we could see the plane, a yellow Cub, coming in our direction. When Bill got over us, he yelled and waved down the road in the direction we had come from. We understood that he wanted us down there, so we turned and went back. Bill flew lower and yelled to my wife, who was driving, to

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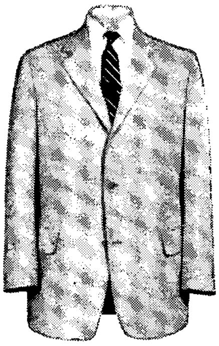

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pull off the road, because he wanted to land. We did and he did. He had plenty of room. "Help me pull the airaplane off the road!" he yelled as he climbed out. This was a light chore—it wheeled as easily as a baby carriage—and when it was stowed in the sagebrush, Bill asked us to take him up the road to where Hugh was waiting with the wild horse, which he had caught and roped shortly after he had gone out of our sight; Bill had seen the catch from the air. "I can give him a hand hobbling that old stud," he said, switching from his flying to his buckarooing personality. He was carrying a coiled rope, which he kept by him in the cockpit. He said he had brought six horses down from the mountains—not a very good hunt, but the herd he found up there had split into small bands and all he could do was pick out one. He had found them on Twin Peak, between Smoke Creek and Buffalo Creek—more than twenty miles north of where we were—and had chivied them across the intervening country in barely two hours, keeping them at a lope all the way. When they saw the tame padres, all six had followed them into the wide mouth of the corral, but an old stud and two yearlings had taken alarm and doubled back. Hugh had had to close the gate behind the three that were all the way in and then take out after the old fellow, which explained the mustang's long lead when he burst into our view. The yearlings had gone off down a draw to the west.

"He's a big son of a gun for a mustang," Bill said of the old horse. "Must weigh nearly a thousand."

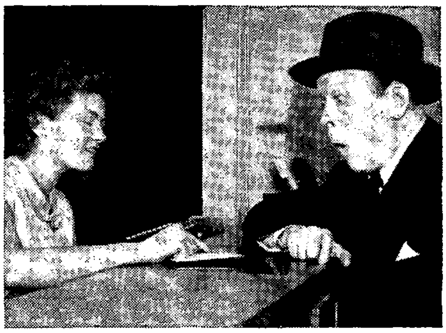
"He would have got away if you hadn't run him twenty miles before the race," my wife said unexpectedly. "If that had happened at Jamaica, the stewards would have ordered him scratched." She is always for the underprivileged. "You ought to let him go," she said.

This proposal did not appeal to Mr. Garaventa to any perceptible degree, but he didn't know quite what to answer. Finally, to induce sympathy he said, "Supposing I got killed in that old airaplane?"

"It would serve you exactly right," my wife said. She is a great protector of animals, especially cats (for which she often buys horse meat), and she took a highly partisan stand. I was relieved when we pulled up alongside Hugh and his captive, and Bill got out. Hugh and the wild horse were about a hundred yards east of the road, waiting there and looking at each other. Hugh had

Good customer Fred Allen speaks up for Chase...

→



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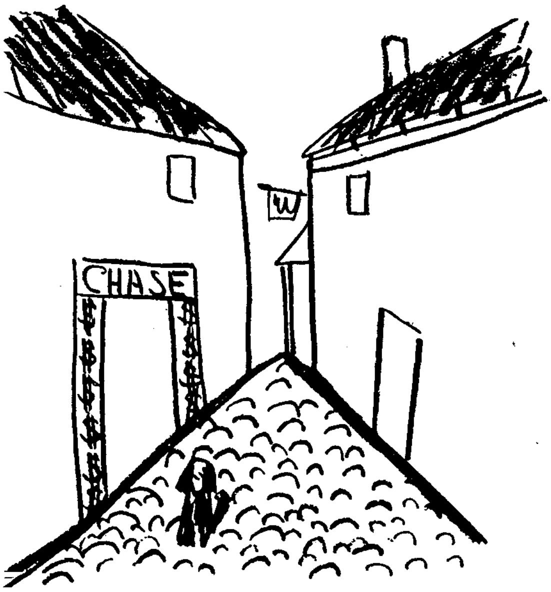
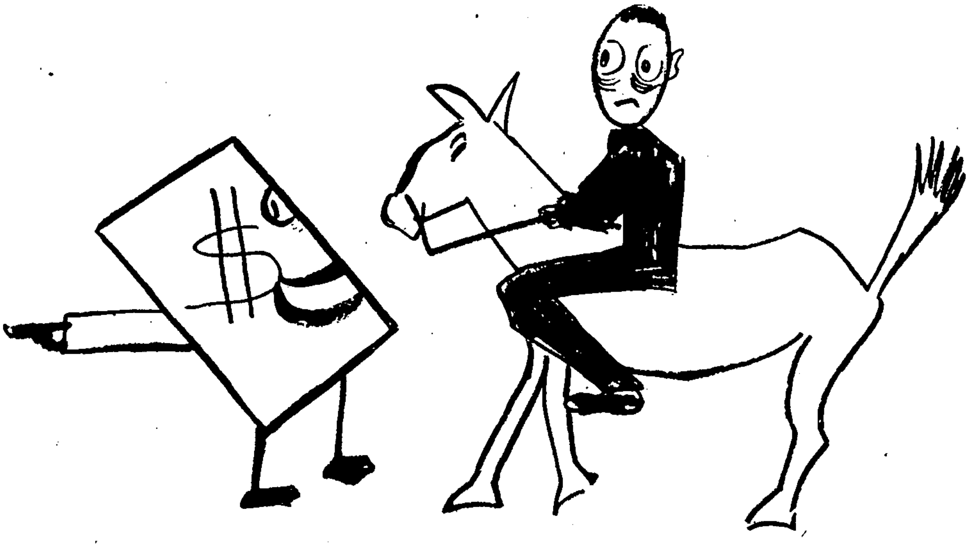
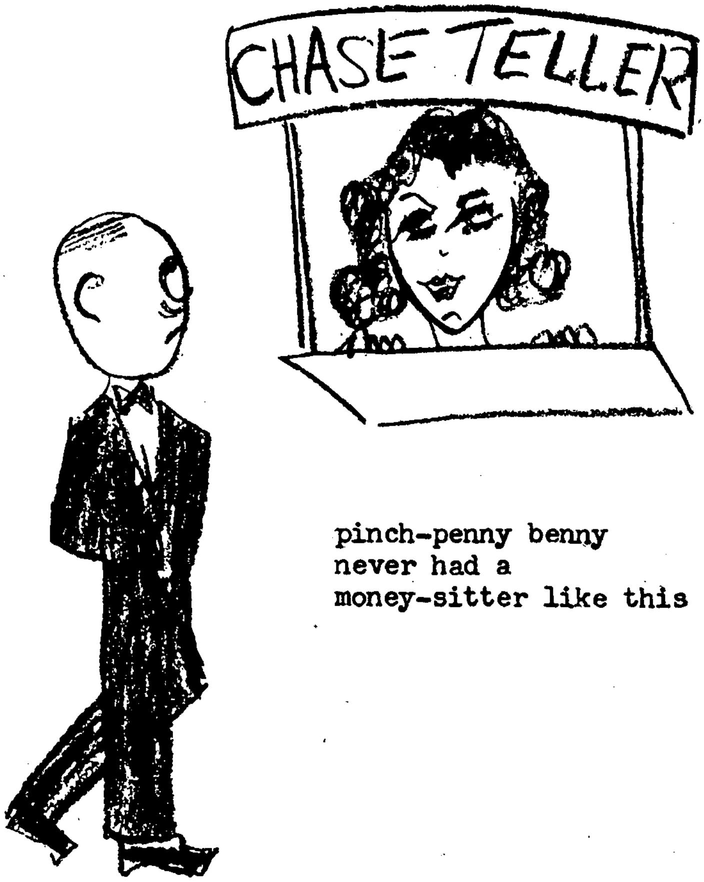


chase national bank
is down allens alley



when my money talks
it says take me
to the chase



pinch-penny benny
never had a
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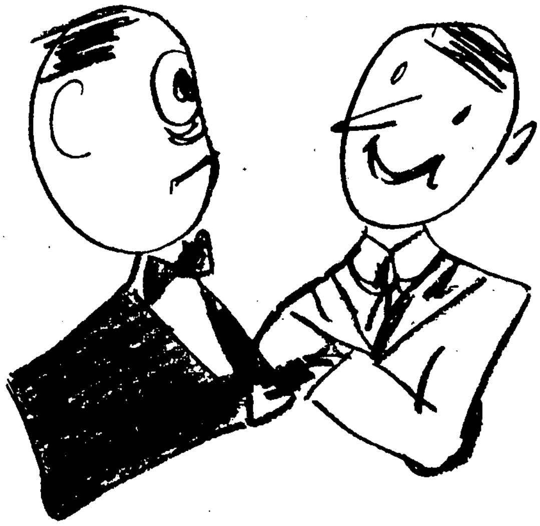

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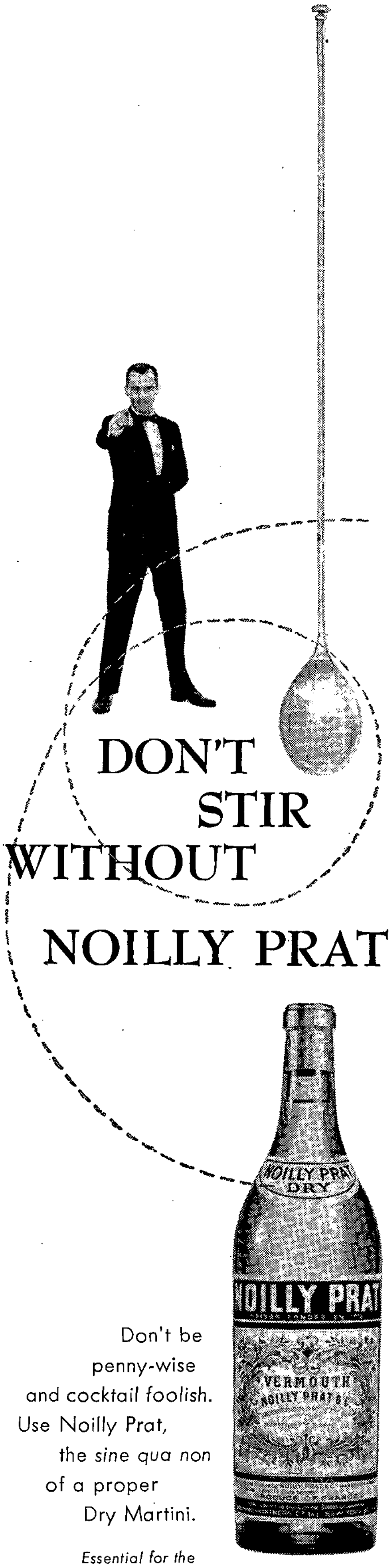
the interest they take in me

signed, sealed and delivered Fred Allen

APPEARING ON "JUDGE FOR YOURSELF" OVER WNBT TUES. 10:00 P. M. (E. S. T.)



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put a loop around the old stud's neck, and the other end of the rope was secured to the horn of the saddle on Hugh's well-lathered mount, a dark bay mare with white stockings. The mare maintained her pull on the rope, preventing the old horse from bolting, and Bill, deft as a deckhand on a tug, ran in with his extra rope and slipped a noose under one of the captive's hind feet. With Hugh and the mare pulling one way and Bill the other, they threw the old horse, and then Bill, operating unexcitedly among the thrashing hoofs, tied the two forelegs together and secured them to the hind foot he had already noosed. When this was done, he released Hugh's rope from the stud's neck. Hugh dismounted, and the two partners hauled and kicked the hobbled old rover to his feet. The rope left him just sufficient play to walk a little. He lurched forward, as if he was unable to understand why he couldn't walk as usual, and then dropped his neck and began to graze.

This old stud was a bright bay; the wet red fur on his chest reminded me of a robin's breast. He had the tremendous neck and forequarters that stallions develop with age and that make Derby winners look so ungainly in pictures of them taken ten years after they have quit racing. His neck and chest were scarred from battles; he had probably killed more competitors than a Restoration beau. Wattles of balled fur stood out on his neck where strips of skin had been torn back by other studs and hadn't grown smooth. He was blind in his left eye, and most of his right ear had been chewed away. He was a square sort of horse, half-legged and heavy, and fully fifteen hands, which is tall for a mustang, and his general makeup supported a story Hugh had told me—that the mustangs in the Smoke Creek country are descended in part from draft stock abandoned by unsuccessful dry farmers. He had a proud head—wide between the eyes, Roman-nosed, and authoritative.

"He must be eighteen years old," Hugh said.

"Look at that head!" my wife cried. "Pure Arabian!"

It wasn't, but I knew what she meant—wild and noble. I felt a bit blue myself, but I can't explain why. There was nothing friendly about the old stud.

Meanwhile, Hugh had taken the saddle off his mare and was leading her back and forth by the side of the road to cool her out. Her official name was Gold Lee, but she answered to the

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name of Witchy. She was one of Harry Drackert's mares, Hugh told me, by the quarter horse Goldfield out of Anna Lee, and he was giving her a trial to see if he wanted to buy her. "She can go pretty good, but she's green to rope from," he said. "We caught that horse about two miles back, but instead of giving me a chance to lass' him, she went right on past and made me miss. She's been raced, and passing is all she knows. I didn't have no second rope, and by the time I got my rope back, that old stud had gone ahead. We went about three miles." A quarter horse, as the phrase implies, is not bred to hold top speed for more than a quarter of a mile, and what Hugh had done was move Witchy in a series of short bursts, "favoring" her in between, he said. "This is good country to run horses in, because it's level," he went on. (Everything is relative, of course.) "If that old fellow could have got onto a hill, he would've lost us. Ain't no gentle horse can follow them among the rocks." What Hugh calls a hill is pretty nearly a precipice.

The sun was high now, and Hugh was as wet as the mare. He emptied a can of beer from a supply we had brought along, and then saddled up again for the ride to the corral, leaving the old stud behind to graze. The rest of us got into the Plymouth and started back for the corral, too. As we left, we saw him jog off through the sagebrush, having ridden a ten-thousand-dollar race for a total reward of twenty dollars—his half of the price of a forty-dollar mustang. Passing the airplane, we dropped Bill, who took off to look for the yearlings that had got away. A little farther along, a trail of wheel marks left the road, leading up to the

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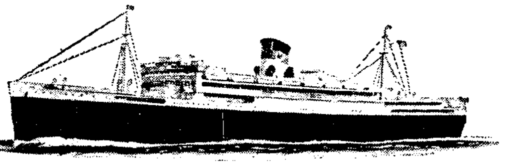

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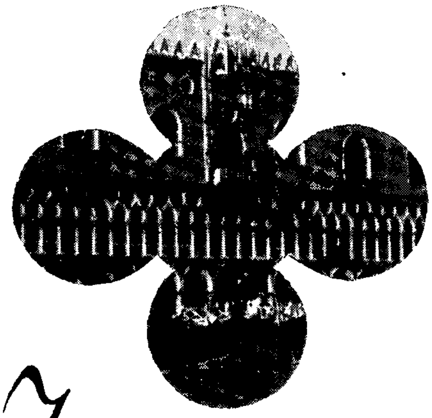

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southern end of the corral. Hugh and Bill had made this path by driving pickup trucks over it.

Three-quarters of the way down the corral toward the V point, there was a gate, which was left open during a hunt until the horses got past and was then closed behind them, and fifty yards farther down was another gate, which closed off the bottom of the V. When we got to the corral, there were five horses in the upper compartment—two padres, wearing bridles, and the three prisoners, who looked like stubby bumpkins compared to the cowboys' horses. The padres, a chestnut named Billy and a bay named Slim, were eating hay from a feed rack and ostentatiously snubbing the mustangs. The wild horses, apprehensive and lonesome, tried to shoulder up to the decoys for company. (Wild horses will not eat hay, Bill had told me, because they are not used to cut fodder.) But the padres, as if fearing recrimination, sent them off with hearty kicks; so the shill turns on the fleeced sucker. "Never saw the guy before," I fancied Slim saying to Billy. Embarrassed, the wild horses stood shifting from feet to feet. They were a brown stallion with a white face and three white stockings, a bay mare, and a bay yearling. The yearling was surely the mare's son, because two homelier but more resemblant animals never lived. The stallion, which I guessed to be about nine years old, was smaller than the old fellow up the road, but just as battle-scarred. He may or may not have been the mare's mate, but her gaze seemed to me to reproach him for the fix the three found themselves in. I imagined he avoided her eye. Now Hugh arrived and, dismounting, led Witchy through the gate. The uncurried stallion nuzzled the neat runner, but Witchy, towering above the old reprobate, turned and kicked him in the belly. Then she shrugged her shoulders and joined the two padres at the feed rack. The wild horses scrounged back in the most distant corner of the pen, the mare snuggling against the stallion forgivingly, the old scoundrel professing to ignore her. Hugh, having fastened the first gate behind him, opened the second, and drove the three captives through it, thus shutting them off from the gentle horses. He drove them by throwing a few handfuls of earth and yelling. They appeared cowed. When they were in the point of the V, he shut the second gate behind them and fastened it with a rope. But now the captives seemed seriously disturbed. Although the elegant strangers had rejected them, their near-

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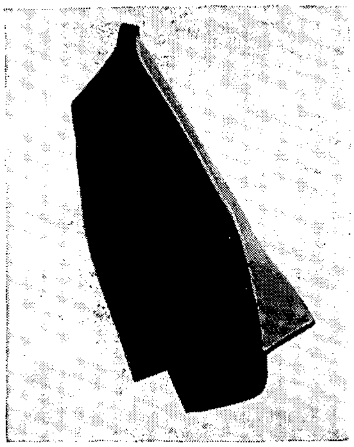

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ness had been reassuring. The three mustangs began trotting about their pen. The gate, strung to a pole by two ropes instead of hinges, was made of two vertical and three horizontal planks, with two more planks nailed X-wise over them for reinforcement. It was about six feet high. The old planks were powder-dry, and the nails were loose. The stallion went back on his haunches, awkwardly threw himself forward and up, and smashed through the top bar of the gate with his knees. He got his forelegs over the second bar and knocked the whole business askew with his hindquarters as he came down on the other side, with cuts on the insides of all his legs. The mare and the yearling simply trampled through after him. Having achieved this feat, they stood shivering while the gentle horses pretended not to notice them. When you think how spooky wild horses are—they are terrified by the mere aspect of anything like a gate or a feed rack or a watering trough—you can understand what a big decision the old stallion had had to make. But the outer gate was stronger and higher, and anyway he didn't try it. A gate, he must have figured after his lacerating experience, is something that cuts your legs.

"It was about time we put another gate together anyhow," Hugh remarked after the old stallion's leap. "There's a million horses been through this corral since we slung that one. Cheer up, old boy," he added to the stallion consolingly. "You won't mind them cuts when you get your rind off." And to all three horses he recited a little rhyme:

"Far from water, and far from wood,
You're going to leave this place for good."

My wife, who was cooing at the stallion and urging him to jump a section of the fence that she thought was low enough, did not hear Hugh, which was as well for both of them. Bill returned, not having found the yearlings, and he and Hugh saddled Billy and Slim to go down and get the ancient stud in the field and bring him back to join the unhappy family.

"After that, we'll go over to a old dry ranch and pull enough planks off the barn to make a new gate," Hugh said. "If you come up tomorrow, we'll be running horses again." But Bob said he thought one day of mustanging was probably pretty much like another, and I said I thought I had the general idea. So we lit out for the guest ranch, and made it. On our way down, we saw three coyotes running beautifully across

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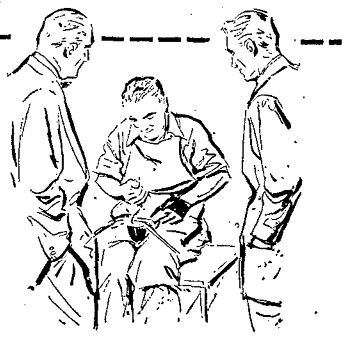

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a flat, and a bit farther on we passed a dead one, poisoned. Everybody has trouble, even in Nevada.

TWO days later, Hugh and Bill stopped in at the bar on their way down to Reno. They had two trucks—they each own a pickup—and fourteen horses in them. They had had a good hunt the day after we were there, they said, and had added ten horses to the four we saw taken. The horses stood crosswise in the trucks, alternate horses facing in the same direction, and the wind from the lake blew through their tails and manes.

"That makes our catch for this season two hundred," Bill said, "and we been averaging thirty-two dollars a horse. Pretty soon we'll go along up to Idaho. Snow ought to be driving them northern horses out of the mountains."

"Pickings getting pretty slim around here," Hugh said. "Better leave a few for seed."

"And what will happen when the horses are *all* gone?" my wife asked the partners. She thinks Hugh and Bill are darlings, but she wishes they would find a nicer way of making a living, like being outriders at a race track.

"Then them cats of yours will have to get used to these ten-cent cows, Ma'am," Hugh answered, in his most courtly fashion. "But I sort of think the wild horses will last me out."

—A. J. Liebling

(*This is the second of two chronicles of open-air life around Pyramid Lake.*)

•

Friday Evening Demonstration Lecture, 201 Bridge, 7:30 p.m. "Earthquakes," Dr. Hugo Benioff, Professor of Seismology. Open to the public.—*California Institute of Technology Weekly Calendar.*

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•

In preparation for the role of Harriet Beecher Stowe in "Battle Hymn" Monday, Helen Hayes saved herself hours of tedious fittings by using a costume she wore in a Broadway production in 1943. It was still a perfect fit after 10 pears.
—*Minneapolis Star.*

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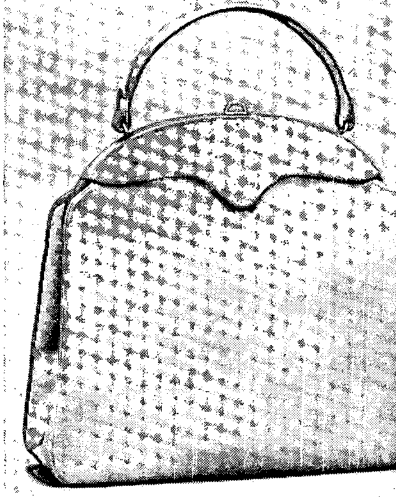

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A New Opera

Aaron Copland's opera "The Tender Land," which was given its première by the New York City Opera Company on Thursday night of last week, is about a young girl on an isolated Midwestern farm who falls in love with a rather serious and likable hobo. Her family disapproves; the hobo himself, after some soul-searching, decides to move on; and the girl, having had her first glimpse of broader horizons, leaves home to try her luck in the big, wide world. This little plot, which, except for its setting, is not entirely unlike that of Charpentier's "Louise," is obviously suitable for opera. But, for a number of reasons, "The Tender Land" does not quite come off. Chief among these, in my opinion, is the fact that Mr. Copland's musical style—a deft fusion of ingredients assembled from Debussy and Satie, and of desiccated elements of American folk music—seems incapable of suggesting the passionate and poetic feelings of his characters. Nowhere is this weakness more evident than in the opera's love scenes, which, had they contained less self-conscious workmanship and more spontaneous melody, might have been extremely effective. As it was, I found myself wishing that Mr. Copland would for once let himself go, forget about his technique, and give his singers something romantic to sing—for the situation the opera describes is a romantic one. But Mr. Copland, like many a composer of his generation, is such an embattled anti-romanticist that the very idiom in which he writes lacks the machinery for communicating this sort of emotion.

The production given the opera was in every way resourceful and pleasing. Oliver Smith's scenery, evidently inspired by certain features of Grant Wood's paintings, caught the lonely, austere atmosphere of the Great Plains admirably. Among the singers, Norman Treigle, who sang the role of the girl's rather crusty grandfather, turned in a particularly arresting characterization and showed that he has a voice of very promising quality. The most remarkable thing about the performance for me, however, was the conducting of the young American maestro Thomas Schippers, who had presided excellently

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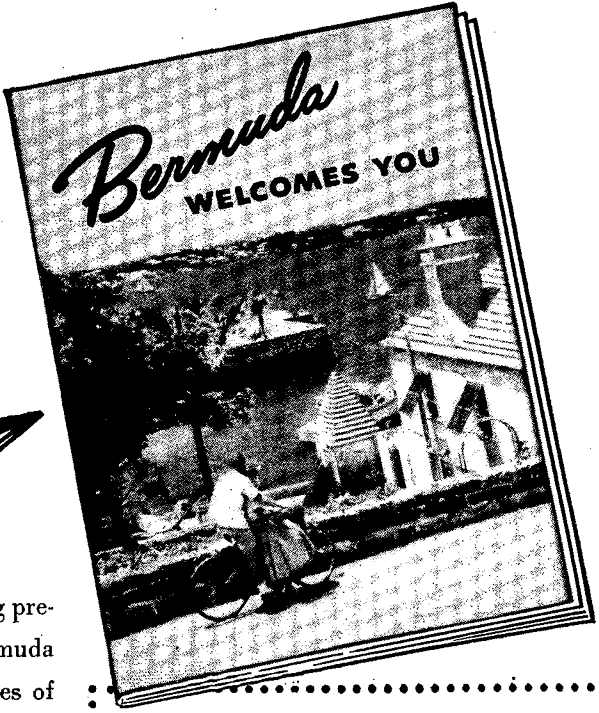

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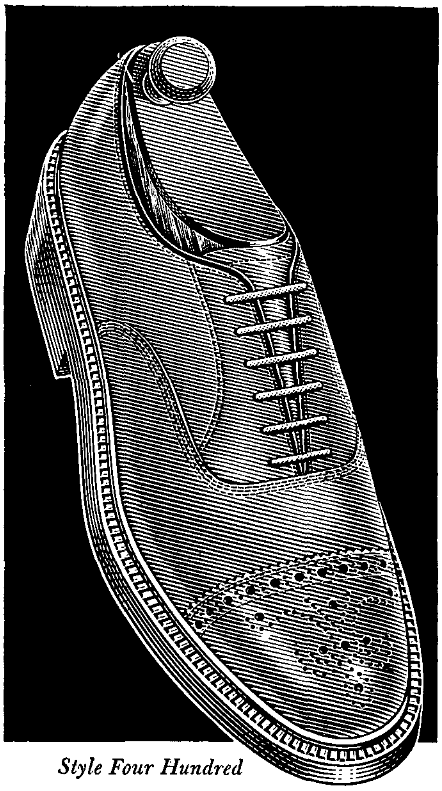

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over several previous opera productions at the City Center and who whipped this one into efficient shape indeed. Mr. Schippers seems to combine taste and energy with the rare faculty of conveying musical ideas by means of gesture that is the indispensable talent of the born conductor.

"The Tender Land" was followed by Gian-Carlo Menotti's little Christmas opera, "Amahl and the Night Visitors," which has been performed before but which I had never heard. I did not like it as well as some of his earlier operas—notably "The Medium." I thought it a shade arch and sentimental, and it was somewhat difficult for me to reconcile the three wise kings' buffoonery with the seriousness of their sacred mission in bearing gifts to the infant Jesus. It is, however, an unpretentious work with a few charming moments, and it shows throughout the facility for musical theatre that distinguishes Menotti's operatic output. Its music is sometimes rather trivial, but the opera is far better written for voices than Copland's, and far more compelling from a dramatic standpoint. I might add that Mr. Menotti, who writes his own librettos, is a much more skilled craftsman in fitting words to music than the librettist of "The Tender Land." "Amahl" does not face up to any such emotional challenges as are involved in the Copland work, but such small challenges as it does face up to are met, on the whole, with grace and fluency.

FOR me, the most memorable performance of the week was the piano recital given on Tuesday evening in Carnegie Hall by the seventy-year-old German pianist Wilhelm Backhaus, who had not appeared in New York for twenty-eight years. Like many people who follow musical happenings here and abroad, I had been aware of Mr. Backhaus's towering European reputation and had heard a number of fine recordings of his that have been available locally. But I was not prepared for the unique artistry he exhibited in this program, which consisted of five Beethoven sonatas. In fact, I left the hall convinced that I had never in my life heard Beethoven's music so magnificently, sensitively, and authoritatively performed. Mr. Backhaus is technically such a master that he overcomes the knottiest mechanical problems with no effort at all, and in such a manner as to leave his audience almost unconscious of his tremendous feats of virtuosity. But all his technique is merely a means dedicated to the conveyance of deep and subtle

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musical nuances. Perhaps the greatest achievement of the evening was his lucid and wonderfully revealing performance of the difficult Sonata in C Minor, Opus 111, but the delicate insight with which he did the gay and seldom performed little Sonata in G Major, Opus 79, was in its way equally unforgettable. His playing, in general, had both suavity and a rocklike substantiality. It showed an inspired comprehension of the most elusive and fragile details of Beethoven's musical thought and an incomparably sure sense of the dramatic values the sonatas contain. Mr. Backhaus's concert was, I thought, one of the outstanding happenings of the current musical season.

ON *Friday evening, I went to* Carnegie Hall again to hear the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of William Steinberg, perform Schubert's Second Symphony and Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde." My first impression was surprise at the discipline and competence of this orchestra, which is obviously not a lesser symphonic organization at all but one of the first rank. The Schubert symphony was brilliantly done, and showed that the Pittsburgh strings, in particular, were beautifully drilled and of top quality. I can quibble about the Mahler. I could not always hear the well-schooled singing of David Lloyd, the tenor soloist, over the massive accompaniment Mahler provided, and though I could hear Elsa Cavelti's ponderous contralto in the parts allotted to her, I found what I heard somewhat lacking in subtlety. Mr. Steinberg conducted the work with considerable eloquence, however, and the orchestra again proved equal to the most exacting demands. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

Fine Italian Hand

I CAN'T recall a better-paced performance of "Tosca," or one in which the orchestral values are more brilliantly realized, than that in a new Angel recording made in Italy. Most of the credit belongs to the musical director, Victor de Sabata, who some years back put in a brief—and I think unsuccessful—appearance here as guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony. It was his showmanship that betrayed him then; though his control of the orchestra was absolute, his readings of standard symphonic works seemed lurid and supercharged. But "Tosca" is right up his alley, allowing him to

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display to advantage both his authority and his flair for the melodramatic, and he has directed the cast, and the orchestra and chorus of La Scala, superbly. Since the recording is technically superior, too, it provides a magnificent demonstration of Puccini's matchless skill as a musical dramatist. There is not a stage wait, not a waste motion, from start to finish of the score except for "Vissi d'arte"—and who would want to sacrifice that vaulting aria? Interrupting the dark rush of events of the second act, it is a somewhat protracted piece of philosophizing by a character whose uncomplicated thought processes we are already entirely familiar with, but its loveliness is its justification.

The genuine splendor of this performance is slightly, though only slightly, dimmed by the fact that the three leading singers do not quite come up to the mark set by the orchestral reading. In the case of Scarpia, sung here by Tito Gobbi, this matters less than it does in the cases of the romantic leads, sung by Giuseppe Di Stefano and Maria Meneghini Callas; pure ham, rather than pure singing, is the main thing asked of Scarpia, and though Gobbi's voice sounds a trifle worn, he has the character down pat. As for Miss Callas and Di Stefano, I was very well pleased by their work, too, with some reservations. Di Stefano, who sings Cavaradossi knowingly and with admirable vigor, seems to have a hard time reaching his high notes, although, to be sure, he does reach them. For various reasons, I found Miss Callas, an American-born soprano who has done all her professional singing abroad and is scheduled to make her American début in Chicago next November, the most interesting of the three. I have no idea how she comes across in the opera house, but on this record she reveals an exceptional voice, an ample and appealing soprano. Unfortunately, it trembles and becomes a bit strident in the upper reaches, and it strikes my ear as just a shade lacking in personality. There is, on the other hand, an agreeable suggestion of intimacy about this Tosca.

Miss Callas has acquired a reputation for extraordinary versatility, and in another new Angel release—Angel has in its short history presented the same group of singers in several different works, after the fashion of a stock company—she takes on the title role of "Lucia di Lammermoor," again in the company of Di Stefano and Gobbi. On the whole, the performance, which is directed by Tullio Serafin and which employs the orchestra and chorus of the

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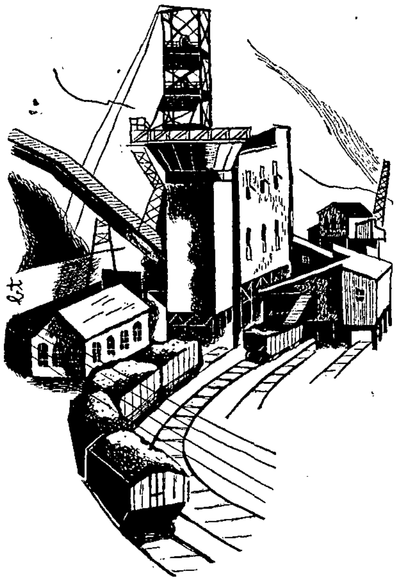
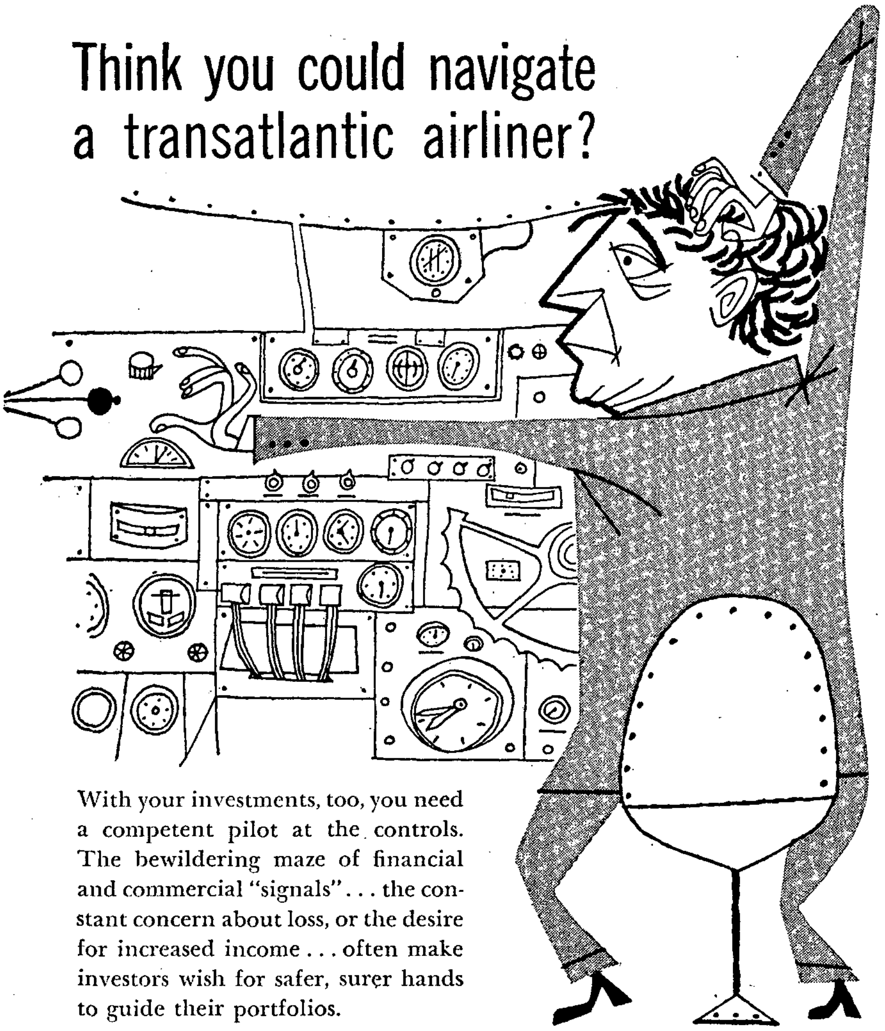
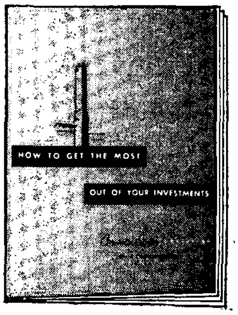
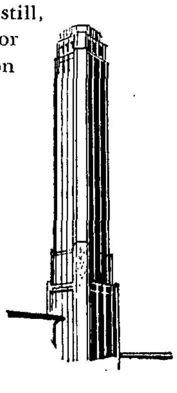
Florence May Festival, is fairly persuasive. To hear Miss Callas in the exacting coloratura part of Lucia after hearing her Tosca is a remarkable experience. It is a different voice now—less open, adapting itself to Donizetti's intricate vocal line. The trouble is that it is a voice trying, not always successfully, to conceal its heavier qualities. Miss Callas accomplishes wonders, but at a cost, for she is unpleasantly shrill at times and seems uneasy in much of the coloratura work. Gobbi, as Lord Ashton, gives another robust performance, and Di Stefano, as Edgar, contributes the finest singing in this set, reaching his peak with "Tombe degl'avi miei," in the last scene.

I'd like to comment on still another new Angel recording, this one devoted to some of the last works of Richard Strauss, exquisitely sung by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and handsomely played by the Philharmonia Orchestra. The selections, all composed in the nineteen-forties, include the final scene of Strauss's last work for the stage, the one-act opera, "Capriccio," and his last four songs. By the time Strauss wrote "Capriccio," the turbulence and shock of "Salome" and "Elektra" were far behind him. So was the ribaldry of "Der Rosenkavalier," but its sweet, close air had stayed with him, and in the scene from "Capriccio," we encounter again, though more faintly, the delicacy and charm that pervade the scene of the presentation of the rose in "Der Rosenkavalier." All sense of time is lost as the soprano voice, musing tenderly and remotely about love, floats above a light orchestral veil. Now and then, as in the earlier work, a silvery discord of sounds rises from the orchestra. The effect is hypnotic. So is









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the effect of the four songs, all of which, even one called "Spring," seem preoccupied—though not morbidly—with death. "September," Strauss's last song, written in 1948, the year before he died, is the composer's fading dream. It is a long, disembodied recital, and it is, in its way, irresistible.

CESARE VALLETTI, a lyric tenor who made his Metropolitan Opera début—and a first-rate one—earlier this season as Don Ottavio in "Don Giovanni," sings a generous assortment of Donizetti arias in a new Cetra recording. One side is devoted to selections from "Don Pasquale," and these are extremely well done—particularly "Tornami a dir," a brief nocturne that he sings in duet with a soprano named Alda Noni. But on the other side, which contains songs from "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "La Figlia del Reggimento," Valletti's light voice is forced to assume excessively heavy burdens. His "Una furtiva lagrima," from "L'Elisir," is, I suppose, acceptable, but it sounds pallid compared to more passionate deliveries of the famous aria. In another selection from this opera—"Quanto e bella"—and in two excerpts from "La Figlia del Reggimento," he often sounds, as Italian tenors with light, lyric voices have a tendency to sound, like a hurt little boy. —D. W.

•

MOST FASCINATING UNDERGROUND JOKE OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

VIENNA—With food and fuel shortages behind the Iron Curtain on chilly days, poor comrades don't have much with which to keep themselves warm except a sense of humor.

Here is one of the latest jokes in the underground:

Pushkin was one of Russia's greatest poets and it was agreed that a great memorial to him should be put up in Novo-Sibirsk.

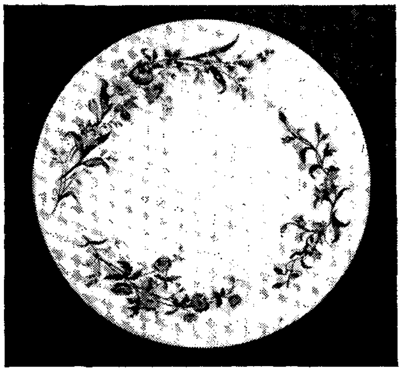
A competition was held in the Soviet Union, on the memorial design—and eventually the sketches for the new monument came before the judges.

•

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Ameicans buy moe bee than soda pop, a leading bewe says.

"It is not geneally ecognized that the public has elected bee its beveages, but it now outanks all the soft dinks and is next in line afte coffee and milk," said Hais S. Pelstein, Chicago, pesident of the Pabst Bewing Co.—*Olean (N.Y.) Times Herald.*

So we notice.



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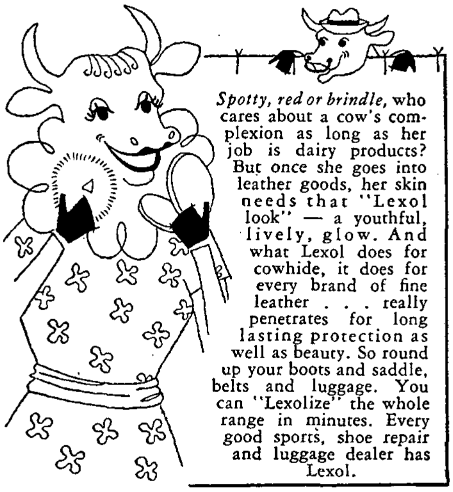

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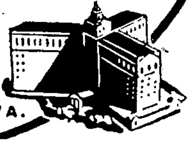

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Glorifying the Scandian Boy

If you are so minded, you can follow the comic-strip adventures of a youth named Prince Valiant for twenty cents a week, by buying the Sunday *Journal-American*. Some time ago, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to move the young nobleman, who is supposed to have flourished in the days of King Arthur, out of the low-rent district, and took an option on his services as the hero of a movie. This M-G-M decision dismayed a producer named Robert L. Jacks, a worker in the vineyard of Twentieth Century-Fox, for his creative juices had been deeply stirred by Prince Valiant and he thought the Prince could be brought to a more glorious bloom under his tender care. Presently, however, there arrived a happy day for Mr. Jacks; M-G-M admitted that the comic strip had baffled the best brains in its organization, and Mr. J. was able to take over the rights to the cartoon for his own outfit. He spared no pains in his efforts to do his subject justice. He called upon Harold Foster, the creator of "Prince Valiant," to make some sketches on which the settings of the film could be based, and Foster drew 23,980 of them for him. He hired Dudley Nichols to study the drawings and do a screenplay, and he ordered a couple of high-toned set designers to use the sketches in making backgrounds. He whistled up a lady called Dorothy Jeakins, who had had a hand in creating costumes for such overpowering items as "Joan of Arc" and "Samson and Delilah," to run up some garments for the Prince and his friends. Then, all aglow, he sent his director, Henry Hathaway, to England, Scotland, and Wales to record pictorially the kind of locale the Prince would find suitable. Mr. Hathaway, just as overwhelmed by the Prince as Mr. J., spent nine weeks taking shots of castles, moors, woods, and highlands. After a good many other impressive maneuvers, which I won't go into here, Mr. J.'s movie was ready to go. It had cost three million dollars.

Alas for Mr. J., he could have spent all this time, talent, and cash more wisely, for the end product of his dreaming is a picture hardly up to the cerebral

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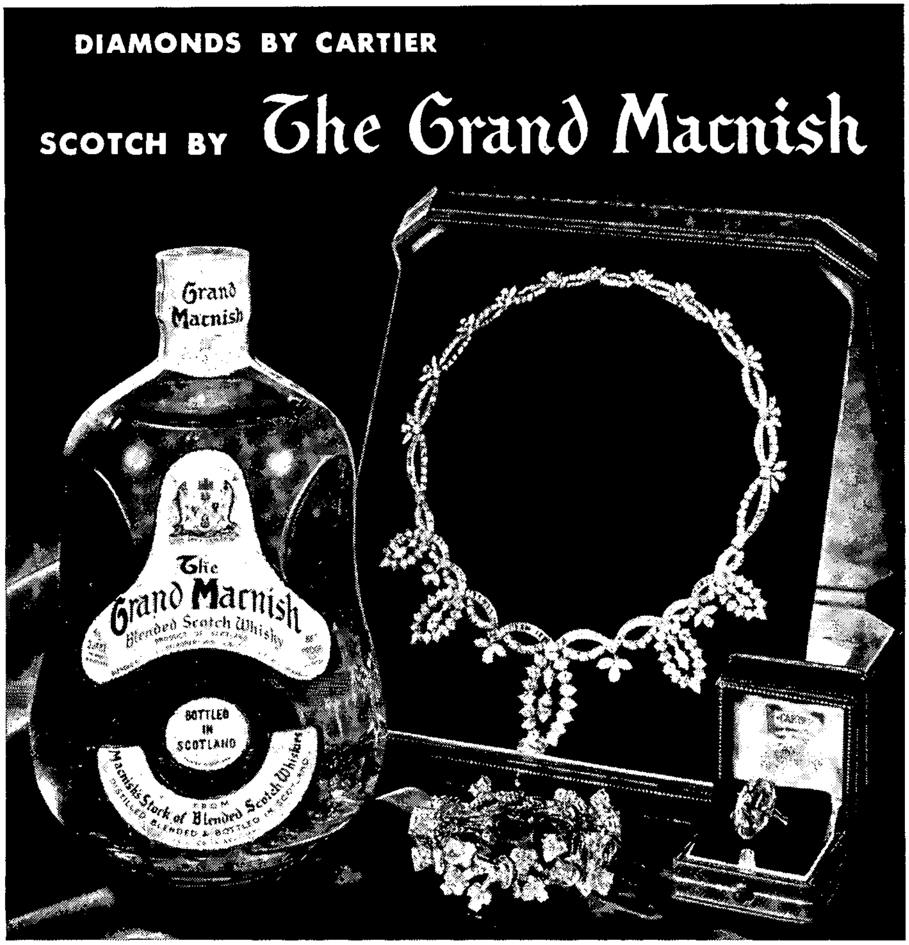
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standards of "Orphan Annie." I must say, though, that as it flounders about, it cuts some unintentionally comic capers that might amuse you if you are feeling amiable. As for the plot, which is ineffably confusing, I'll just say that it apparently has to do with the efforts of the Prince to restore his father, Aguar, the Christian king of Scandia, to his throne (Aguar has been exiled to England) and become a Knight of the Round Table. The dialogue Mr. Nichols cooked up for this one often sounds as if he'd written it in Stillman's Gymnasium. "He crowned me with a rock," a sixth-century nobleman says at one point. Later on, the same fellow remarks that Prince Valiant's footwork is off when it comes to laying on with a broadsword. Prince Valiant is played by Robert Wagner, who reads his lines in a vacant monotone and wears a long Dutch bob and a jerkin with the skittish air of a man trying to be funny in a lady's hat. If Mr. Wagner is preposterous, his colleagues aren't what you would call a help. There are a great many of them, including James Mason, Brian Aherne, Barry Jones, Janet Leigh, Debra Paget, and Sterling Hayden, and they all struck me as very imparfit knights and ladies. I guess special mention should be made of Victor McLaglen, who turns up somewhere along the line all done up in furs and sporting a pair of Viking horns. As he plunges around, snorting and hollering, he frequently seems to be crowding Mr. Wagner for the position of low man among the actors.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

QUESTION: My daughter, 15½, and I rarely have serious differences that can't be straightened out with a heart-to-heart talk. But this problem we just can't agree upon.

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She admits that all this is good and true, but it is the subject of privacy that she argues about. Sometimes during the conversation with a boy I correct her and say something like "The word is yes, not yeah." This makes her furious.—*The Post.*

How did you happen to drift into motherhood, if we may ask?

•

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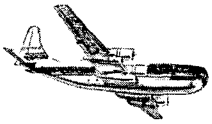

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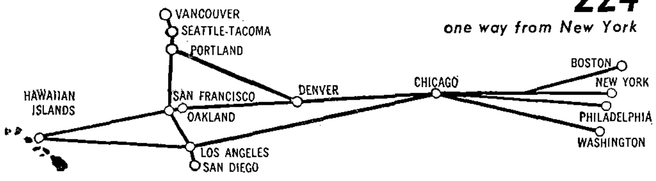
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OF FAIR WOMEN

Mrs. Richard E. Whitman, of Greenwich, has always been mystified by her husband's complete lack of enthusiasm for cozy post-mortems after the various social engagements in which they jointly become involved. Mrs. Whitman herself would be more than happy to spend an hour or so discussing each such event in the greatest detail if Mr. Whitman would only coöperate. Instead, all he ever seems to want to do after a party is get into his pajamas and fall asleep as quickly as possible. Mrs. Whitman finds this especially frustrating when she and her husband have just said goodbye at their own front door to a group of dinner guests. With so much to report—for example, "Eleanor Fraker said my arrangement of dried wild grasses on the lowboy is one of the most exquisite things she's ever seen, and she wants to come over with her Signet tomorrow and try to get a good picture of it"—nothing discourages Mrs. Whitman more thoroughly than to see Mr. Whitman start upstairs, unbuttoning his vest and removing his tie as he goes. True, he usually says "Nice party" or "Why don't you tell Victoria to make that dessert again sometime?" or something of the sort, but this simply isn't Mrs. Whitman's idea of the way a husband should behave in the circumstances.

After a recent Saturday-night dance at their country club, Mrs. Whitman at least had the satisfaction of knowing that the drive home would take anywhere from twelve to fifteen minutes and that a brief review of the evening would therefore be possible. "I think my new dress got by, but only *just*," she confided to Mr. Whitman as he put the car in gear. "How did *you* think I looked?"

"Perfect," he said.

Mrs. Whitman mulled this over for a moment, and then decided sadly that he was merely trying to be kind.

"I must say I liked the dress when I saw it in the shop," she said reflectively. "And I felt even happier about it after the alterations had been made. This evening, though, I changed my mind entirely. The minute we got to the club and sat down at our table, I began to have the most awful qualms. I said to myself, 'What *ever* made me pick out anything so utterly undistinguished?' "

"Baloney!" Mr. Whitman said.

"It's all very well for you to say 'Baloney,' like that, when you've been perfectly happy all evening wearing a nice, safe, conventional dinner jacket," Mrs. Whitman continued in a mournful tone. "*You* weren't having a worry in the world. But there *I* was, feeling wretched."

"There's no sense whatever in your trying to build up a case against the dress, because it happens to be a knockout," her husband said firmly.

"Do you honestly think so?"

"Yes, I do!" he said, even more firmly.

"I suppose what really depressed me was seeing Liz Guthrie in that sensational gold-and-black thing she got in Paris." Mrs. Whitman sighed. "It's a Fath original."

"Whatever she was wearing, she looked damn silly in it," Mr. Whitman said.

"You don't seem to understand," she said patiently. "It came from Paris and it's a one-of-a-kind."

"I don't care whether it came from Paris or a bargain basement," he snapped. "I still say it's ridiculous."

Mrs. Whitman's spirits began to improve somewhat. "I'll admit I *did* think it was rather extreme," she murmured.

"You're being charitable," he said shortly. "The only other women who looked sillier were Lorna Burns and Eileen Sperry."

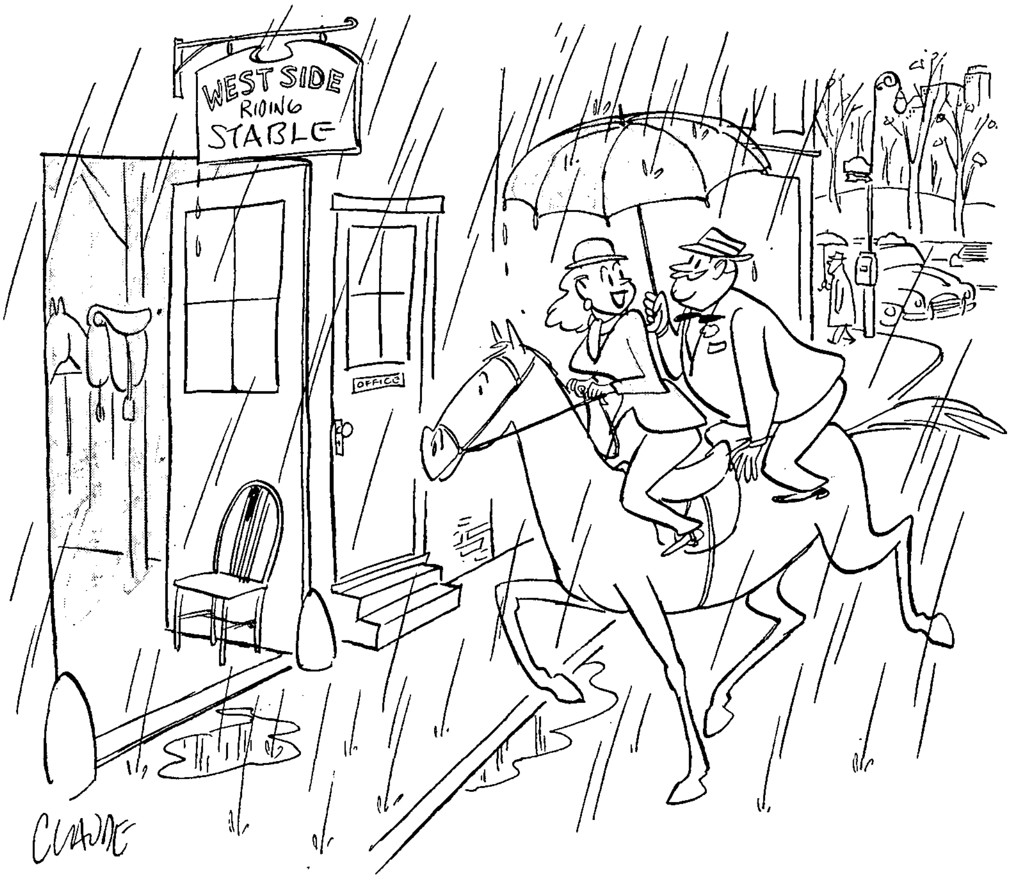
Mrs. Whitman was genuinely astonished. "You can't mean that seriously!" she said. "You must be joking! I thought their dresses were outstanding."

"Oh, they were outstanding, all right!" Mr. Whitman agreed. "If it had been a masquerade, Lorna and Eileen and Liz would have taken prizes for the three funniest costumes."

It occurred to Mrs. Whitman that her husband had more of a talent for post-mortems than she had believed possible. She reviewed everything he had been saying, and found it all unexpectedly agreeable.

"Really?" she said, making an effort not to let herself sound too pleased. "*I* thought they all looked terrifically smart." Her next words she chose with the utmost care. "*If* a little bizarre," she said.

"Bizarre is right!" Mr. Whitman said heartlessly, interpreting a traffic



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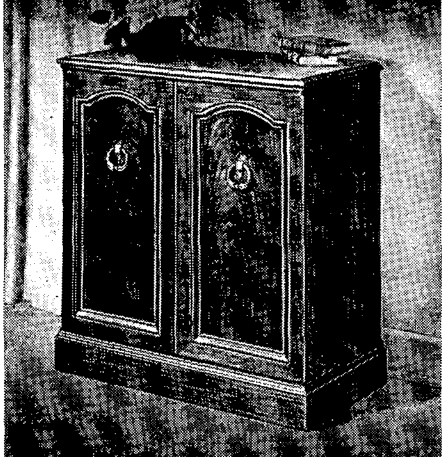

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light as being rather more green than yellow and continuing to drive with great determination toward his home and his pajamas. "I suppose they feel they have to dress that way to try to make up for the fact that they haven't any sex appeal."

Mrs. Whitman's earlier incredulity was as nothing compared to her amazement when she heard this remark. In the eleven years she had been married to Mr. Whitman, he had dropped quite a few conversational bombshells, but she couldn't remember his ever having said anything quite like this. His announcement not only startled her; it thrilled her to the marrow. She knew he was telling the truth, moreover, because of his very casualness.

"Did I understand you to say that Liz, Lorna, and Eileen haven't *any* sex appeal?" she managed to say in a more or less even voice.

"Damn little," he said unconcernedly. "One-half of one per cent, or thereabouts."

"But they're so good-looking, especially Lorna—Lorna's an absolute beauty—and they dress marvellously, and"—here Mrs. Whitman mentioned a point she considered especially impressive—"they've all made *very* good marriages."

"That doesn't prove anything," Mr. Whitman said. "Men marry for all kinds of reasons. You know that as well as I do. Sometimes what they're in the market for, as much as anything, is a hell of a clever hostess."

Mrs. Whitman nodded. "I realize that, but I've always supposed Liz and Lorna and Eileen had sex appeal, *too*," she said.

"Well, they don't!" he said with decision.

THE Whitmans drove along in silence for a while. Mrs. Whitman, who a few minutes before had been regarding the country-club dance as the most starkly depressing function she had attended in years, now felt that the whole evening had been a huge success. The fact that Mrs. Sperry, Mrs. Burns, and Mrs. Guthrie were generally conceded to be three of the most amusing women in Greenwich and that any number of personable men, Mr. Whitman included, always seemed to seek them out at parties and give every evidence of enjoying their company no longer filled Mrs. Whitman with envy. Instead, she was beginning to think of the ladies as a truly pathetic trio.

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15 EAST 60 NEW YORK 22

about Liz and Eileen and Lorna, but I imagine you're probably a better judge than I am," she said presently in a respectful tone.

Mr. Whitman chuckled. "I wouldn't wonder," he said.

Suddenly aware that she had a dependable intelligence agent at hand for interrogation purposes, Mrs. Whitman snuggled happily against the informer and made ready to extract from him further reports of the same highly confidential nature. "What about Laura Toler?" she asked.

Mr. Whitman's dossier on Mrs. Toler was brief, but gratifying in the extreme. "She hasn't much, really," he said. "Somebody ought to tell her to stop being so damn animated all the time. That takes the edge off it, somehow." He gently braked the car as he approached his own driveway.

Mrs. Whitman made a mental note to applaud and encourage Mrs. Toler's animation in the future, whenever possible.

"On the other hand, there must have been lots of women at the club tonight who *do* have sex appeal," Mrs. Whitman insisted.

"Of course," the agent said, yawning. "There always are."

"Well, *who*?"

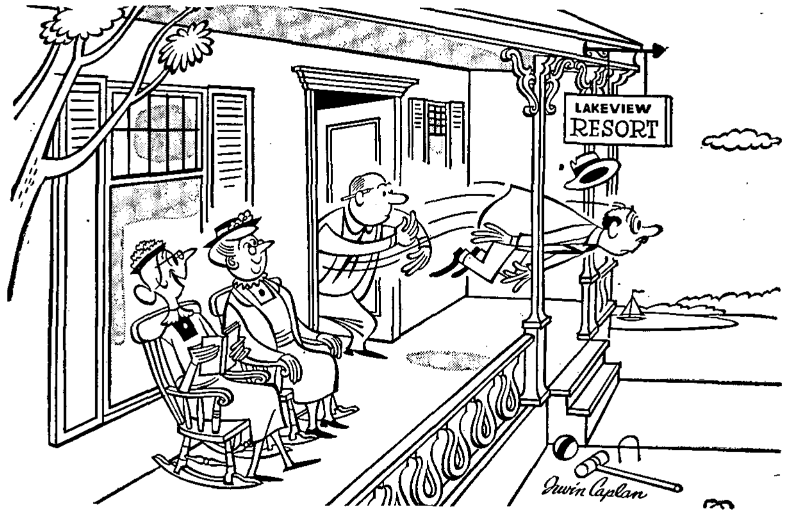
"Oh, girls like Elsa Loomis, for example." He brought the car to a halt in the garage. "Remind me to take a look at the right rear fender tomorrow. The Guthries said they were afraid they may have dented it with their front mudguard, parking."

"Elsa *Loomis*?" Mrs. Whitman gasped. "But she isn't even *pretty!*"

Mr. Whitman seemed surprised to hear this. "Isn't she?" he said. "Well, even if she isn't, a man sort of gets the impression she is when he's talking to her."

"Elsa's the last person in the world I'd have thought of as having sex appeal," Mrs. Whitman said. "For one

EASTER SPECIAL



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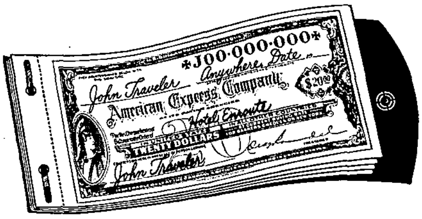

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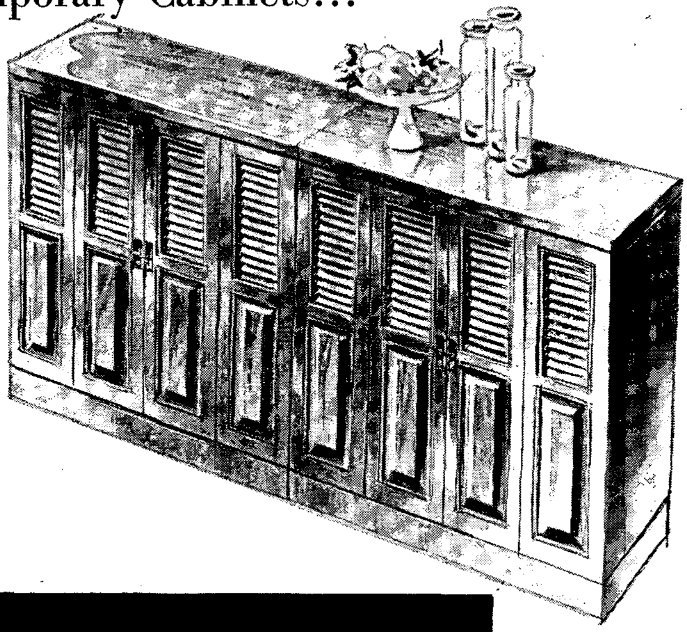

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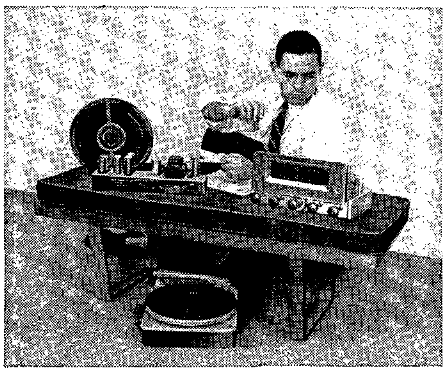

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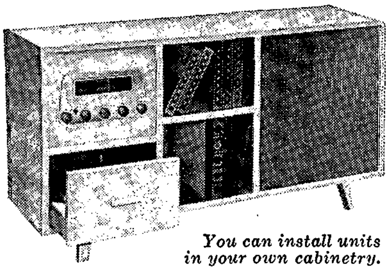

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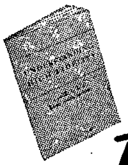

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thing, her figure's all wrong. She has hips!"

"Yes, she does, doesn't she?" Mr. Whitman agreed with quite appalling enthusiasm. He got out of the car, and Mrs. Whitman could hear him beginning to tug at the garage doors. "Aren't you coming?" he called to her.

Mrs. Whitman stepped out of the car with great dignity, feeling like a wronged wife in a Frances Parkinson Keyes novel. In silence, she watched Mr. Whitman lock the garage doors. Still silent, she followed him to the house and waited while he delved for the key. Inside the house, as they were taking off their coats, she allowed herself to resume the conversation. "I can't quite imagine just how, when, or where Elsa Loomis's sex appeal manifests itself," she said with what she hoped would seem a disengaged air. "Is it when she's dancing?"

Mr. Whitman yawned again. "When she's dancing?" he repeated sleepily. "Why, yes. Sure. Or when she's asking you to tell her what time it is or passing a plate of sandwiches or doing practically anything."

"Do you mean to say it manifests itself when she's passing *sandwiches*?" Mrs. Whitman said incredulously.

"Certainly," Mr. Whitman said, unbuttoning his vest and removing his tie as he started up the stairs. "Why wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Whitman didn't know why it wouldn't—or, for that matter, why it would. Considerably dazed, she, too, started up the stairs.

"It's a funny thing," Mr. Whitman remarked companionably, over his shoulder. "I've never been able to figure out why some of them have it and some don't. It's really sort of baffling."

"But just how can a man tell when they *do*?" Mrs. Whitman inquired with spurious brightness. "Let's take the case of a man like you and a girl like Elsa, just for the sake of argument. I think it's all so *interesting*!"

"Oh, I don't know," Mr. Whitman said vaguely. "They send out vibrations or something, and then a man catches the vibrations and registers them."

This tallied so precisely with Mrs. Whitman's own private definition of sex appeal that she had to concede to herself, with intense bitterness, that Elsa Loomis unquestionably had it.

"Like radar," Mr. Whitman explained helpfully.

As Mrs. Whitman sat down at her dressing table and mechanically began to remove her jewelry, she could

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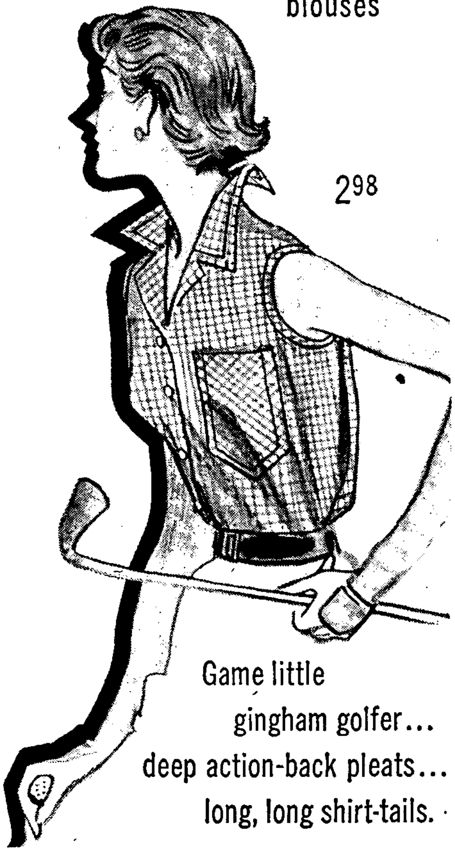

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hear brisk tooth-brushing going on in the adjoining bathroom, and in an incredibly short time—or so it seemed to her—Mr. Whitman reappeared in pajamas, looking and smelling very clean. He kissed her, crawled into his bed, uttered a guttural sound denoting general content, and fell asleep in exactly ten seconds.

A little later, Mrs. Whitman herself got into bed. Sleep was out of the question, of course. Much more important was the morbidly fascinating business of reviewing all the women in Greenwich whom she had never before considered dangerous—the undramatic, everyday ones—who might so easily have been guilty, without Mrs. Whitman's ever having suspected it, of sending out vibrations while passing sandwiches or asking men to tell them what time it was or, in Mr. Whitman's own words, while doing practically anything.

She succeeded in counting twenty-eight suspects, and then, languidly groping for a twenty-ninth, lost interest in the matter and closed her eyes. Oh, well, she thought, let them go ahead and vibrate if it means so much to them. Mr. Whitman's deep, relaxed breathing had such a soothing effect on her that she unconsciously adopted the same cadence. —JAMES REID PARKER

•

SPRING PERENNIALS

(FROM A LOCAL-EXPRESS, HARLEM DIVISION)

Each armed with rod and bait-can
Along the spindling river,
Bronx fishermen are crouched again
Attentively as ever,
Aloof from us commuters
Who shudder over headlines—
Oblivious alike of us
And business dates and deadlines.

Their efforts may be futile
As those of the Parisian
Angling in vain beside the Seine,
Secure from supervision.
But earth has turned from winter's
Sorrows and predilections;
Optimists with patient wrists
Commune with their reflections.
—FRANCES HIGGINSON SAVAGE

•

Much as Gene [Tierney] meant all this, she is still terribly in love with Aly. He was in Rio de Janeiro while she was in Hollywood, and while we talked a telephone call came from him. They speak in French so no one can understand them.—*Louella Parsons in the Tulsa (Okla.) World.*

There used to be a man in our State Department knew a little French.

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Mercerized Cotton Poplin Trousers—Desert Tan shade, plain front only. $14.50

WALKING SHORTS — Plain front, trim fitting, are currently stocked in the following materials:

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Mercerized Cotton Poplin in Desert Tan. $10.00

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Cleveland—Statler Hotel — 21, 22
Detroit—Sheraton-Cadillac — 19, 20
Hanover—J. Press Showroom — 13, 14
Memphis—Hotel Peabody — 14, 15
Minneapolis—Radisson Hotel — 12, 13
New Orleans—Roosevelt Hotel — 16, 17
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

IN reporting on the pretty gaieties the shops provide for Easter giving, I find myself somewhat perplexed. Like a lot of other people, I daresay, I feel a strong impulse at this time of the year to send charming trifles to friends and relatives, but I also have an uneasy suspicion that unless we are all mighty careful, the whole question of Easter presents will get out of hand and we will have in April what we have long had in December—the agonizing spectacle of everybody giving everybody else Cadillacs and yachts. Having thus put myself on record as being deeply conscious of the responsibility involved, I take the calculated risk of bringing to the attention of inveterate Easter-present givers some lighthearted trivia that might appropriately be offered on this day, as well as a few suggestions for the embellishment of the Easter table.

It's hard to see how some floral conceits recently created by Anne Duffy, of the Rector Studios, can fail to make quite a splash in the less rarefied reaches of the world of applied art. They are copied, more or less, from eighteenth-century French tôle flowers and, like them, are meant to be heaped in a pretty bowl, perched on a small *guéridon*, or arrayed wherever a decorative touch seems desirable—but they have been endowed with a vivid grace the antiques generally lack. The flowers are hand-painted and come in small bunches ($2 each) of about eight different blossoms, none of which, except some pink-tipped ones that are unmistakably carnations, bear much resemblance to garden varieties. Most of them are done in muted tones, with a peculiarly soft blue predominating; the petal tips are touched with pink or red, and the whole is set off by dusty-gray-green foliage. Because I am no great friend to plastics, I am reluctant to admit that all these delightful flowers, which look so much like painted tin, are in reality nothing more than that sometimes unpleasant substance, but that's what they are. They are available at Designed for Living, 131 East 57th Street; Pleasance Flowers, 31 East 74th Street; Bonwit Teller; and Bergdorf Goodman.

Besides being sold by the single bunch, the bunches are also offered in various arrangements—the price depending on how many are used, and with what. To my way of thinking, the most effective of these is a big bouquet of creamy white blossoms with gold leaves, but this one, while certainly lighthearted, could hardly be classified as trivia, because it costs $20. And, unfortunately, the lovely white blossoms in this bouquet are not sold by the bunch. Another pleasing arrangement is a stylized one in a fetching basket or a porcelain or metal container. The flowers are least effective—and that's putting it mildly—mounted on shiny cigarette boxes or other such containers, something I was pained to see in one or two of the stores. Played with discreetly, however, these new blossoms—plastic or no plastic—can be a festive addition to home decoration.

MY own sentiments about keeping Easter remembrances both simple and gay are evidently shared by Helen Cole, 963 Lexington Avenue (70th), who has let her imagination run wild this spring. Easily the shop's most successful bit of frivolity comes from Mexico—a large, long-stemmed artificial red rose, with a white dove hovering above it. The body of this captivating bird is an empty eggshell, its head is of delicately molded wax, and its tail and wings are of fluted white tissue paper. The price is $1.50.

As you might expect at this season, the Cole premises are fairly bursting with eggs. Among the prettiest are some that have been dyed in exquisite fresh colors and decorated with a prim little bow and two gold initials. (You can have any initials you want.) They cost a dollar apiece. Other eggs, at $1.50 apiece, are bedecked with an artificial rose and a circle of gilt beads, and still others, at sixty-five cents, have been given a somewhat masculine decoration in rich, marbleized colors. Small nests, about the size of a robin's, and painted in Easter colors, contain a single elaborately decorated egg ($5); little gold baskets also contain a single egg ($2.50); and so on. Besides these bits of happy nonsense, there are a number of useful gifts, to each of which has been added a touch of springlike gaiety. For example, a flowerpot sprouts packets of flower seed growing on garden stakes

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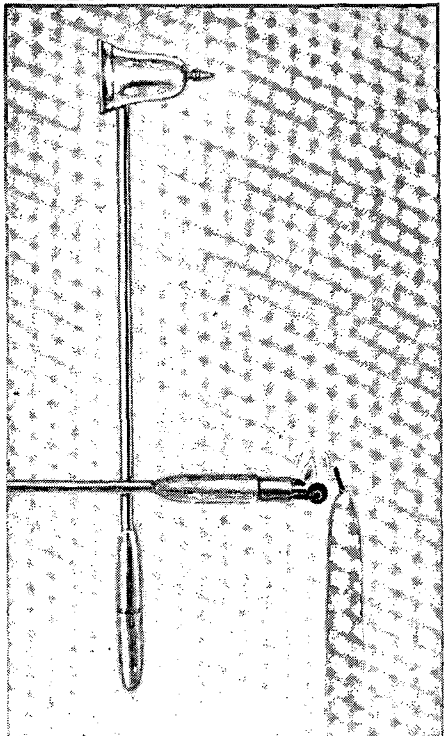

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set in a bundle of tying raffia, and cloth birds and paper butterflies flutter over the whole thing ($7.50).

ON a previous Easter, I mentioned in these columns the intricately decorated eggs that are a specialty of the little Ukrainian shop of Surma, at 11 East 7th Street. This year, I suggest you make an expedition to the same out-of-the-way address to investigate some Easter lambs molded of sugar, which should lend great charm to a breakfast table. These artless little animals are offered in various poses, the most appealing of which is that of the Agnus Dei, holding its banner with the emblematic cross. Giving it a somewhat secular touch, a bell hangs on a blue ribbon around its neck, and feathers, pink sugar rosettes, and bits of gold braid are scattered around the base. This naïve little figure is three inches high and costs $1.50. Larger lambs, in less ecclesiastical poses, cost $2.15 and $3.60. Any one of these animals would, it seems to me, make the trip to the edge of the Bowery worth while.

AS for the Americans at America House, 32 East 52nd Street, one of them has come up this year with an Easter decoration that is as springlike as a bed of crocuses. A wire *panier à salade* is painted pale yellow or an arresting shade of pink, and from its sides sprout painted grasses and rare blossoms (the kind that grow only in Park Avenue hat shops), on which birds and shining butterflies are perched. This flowery ball would be enchanting suspended in a doorway or window frame (there is a yard-long satin ribbon for hanging it up), or filled with new-laid white eggs and set in the middle of an Easter breakfast table. The price, without eggs, is $16.

IF you believe that a hobbyhorse is an absolutely essential mount for some two-year-old sportsman of your acquaintance, and have tried to shop for such a steed, you must have experienced considerable frustration. To be sure, the toyshops have something they *call* a hobbyhorse—a miserably bred animal, ignobly attached to a music box—but the classic horse's head surmounting a plain stick that can be comfortably straddled by small legs seems to have almost disappeared from the scene—"because," the play-school consultants say, "it does not develop the group spirit." (As if there weren't moments when every man had the urge to gallop away from the group and its spirit!) Now,

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Week Days Except Saturday

just in time for a brisk Easter canter, Southern Highlanders, 610 Fifth Avenue (49th), have received from an imaginative Florida craftsman a hobbyhorse that will surely quicken the sporting blood of any very small horseman. The stick is the same as ever, but it terminates in a fatly stuffed head of woollen cloth, with a luxuriant flowing mane of yarn (a red mane on a black horse, a yellow one on a green or a brown horse, and so on) and large, fiery button eyes the same color as the mane. It costs $4.95, and while the Easter-present appeal of such an animal is obviously limited, it should have an enormous success in certain circles.

Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th), is burgeoning this spring with all kinds of fascinating small objects that should be suitable for presents at Eastertime—or, for that matter, at any other time. Chief among them are some beautiful Danish containers, which, although they would do for practically anything that needs to be contained, would be stunning as canisters in a sleek modern kitchen. They are made of a rich brown stoneware, have a light-beige interior, and come in slender cylindrical shapes (all of them are fitted with covers), and they have an admirable simplicity of design that is distinctly Japanese in feeling. The smallest size, which could be used equally well for cigarettes and for peppercorns, is about three inches high and costs $1.75, and there are intermediate sizes up to a two-quart canister, priced at $4.50. Bonniers also has numerous little hors-d'oeuvre servers from Denmark that are carved from water-buffalo horn (don't ask me what water buffaloes are doing in Denmark); these would be both extremely useful and extremely good-looking on a cocktail tray. A set of four pieces—a small scoop, a knife, a fork, and a spoon—is $3.30. . . . Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st), has trim little knives, forks, and spoons made of boxwood or cherry, not so impressive as water-buffalo horn, of course, but very cozy-looking, and suitable for dishing out anything from caviar to stuffed eggs; these cost from twenty-five to forty-five cents.

I AM afraid that some spectacular embroidered sofa pillows at Bonniers are another item that doesn't come under the heading of inexpensive trifles (they cost from $30 to $100), but they are so high up on my list of the Most Beautiful Things I Have Seen This Year that I shall call them to the at-

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tention of people who cannot resist such things, at any price. Of round and square shapes, they are covered with fine hand-loomed linen in dark, smoldering colors—a blackish purple, a deep green, a rusty yellow—and embroidered with a strangely beautiful central design in rich colors that give the effect of antique stained glass. The same Swedish artist who produced these has also done two life-size cocks, which Bonniers says are a tea cozy and an egg warmer but which I prefer to consider as objets d'art. Both are of hand-loomed linen, one in dark green and the other in a shade of bright raspberry; the embroidery stitches that adorn these sensational fowl are like none I've ever seen outside a museum, and the whole effect is superb and at the same time nicely humorous. Since these minor masterpieces aren't seriously suggested as Easter presents, it's hardly worth mentioning that Bonniers asks $50 for the tea cozy and $95 for the egg warmer.

HAVING dealt with Easter frivolities, I shall now move on to more utilitarian matters and report on an extraordinarily versatile electric skillet, with which I recently spent an exciting couple of weeks. Up to that time, I would have said that an electric skillet—even an automatic one, which is what this is—was something I could cheerfully do without for the rest of my days; it was only the fact that the new utensil is made by Presto, for whose pressure cooker I have long cherished a deeply respectful affection, that tempted me to experiment with it. Having done so, I am, I fear, a gone goose, hopelessly addicted to an automatic electric skillet and ready to harangue my friends into glassy-eyed boredom on the merits of what is, actually, an entirely new technique of cookery. The utensil looks like a well-designed modern chafing dish, but whereas a chafing dish at table is a nuisance, monopolizing the attention of its operator, this paragon has only to be set at the proper temperature (there is a small control lever for that purpose at one side) and left to take care of itself. The value of such a thing in servantless households is, of course, incalculable. From early experiments with ordinary stewing operations—a ragout of shellfish, a curry, a *blanquette* of veal—which were remarkable chiefly for the exactness of the timing and for the complete lack of supervision they entailed, I went on to dishes that might not be expected to achieve success in a skillet. One of these was a fluffy ome-

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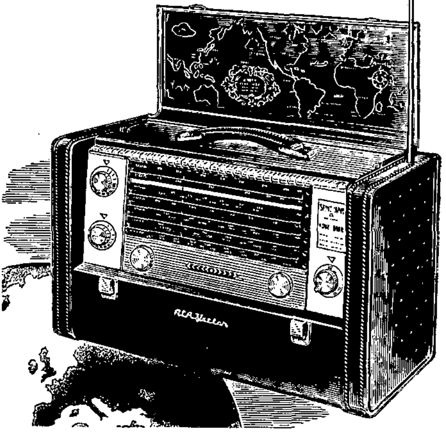

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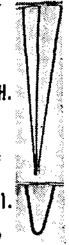

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let *au rhum*, which, with the skillet closely covered, rose as high as any oven-baked soufflé—light as a cloud, just a little runny, and lending itself dramatically to a last-minute *flambage* in the skillet. Another triumph was the construction of a true Swiss fondue—a simple enough dish but one that requires nerve-racking concentration to keep it at the right consistency. (Only my conviction that, as an hors d'oeuvre, it is one of the best possible accompaniments to a dry Martini would ever induce me to make it.) Well, when this once terrifying fondue is concocted in the Presto skillet, there is simply nothing to it, because with the heat-control lever ready at hand the cheese can be kept at exactly the right low temperature, or the heat can be switched off entirely, or it can be turned back again to low. A *risotto*, which also offers pitfalls when it is cooked by the usual methods, is no trouble at all in the skillet, and neither is a combination of chicken and noodles baked in a custard—a dish that usually demands an oven. The really dazzling achievement of the skillet, though, is its performance with vegetables. These it cooks with butter and practically no water, a method that gives them an indescribably delicious flavor and freshness. The skillet is for sale at Hammacher Schlemmer, at Lewis & Conger, and in the housewares departments of nearly all the department stores for $27.95. You had better see it for yourself. —S. H.

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[*From Horseless Age, November, 1895*]

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Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town (CBS-TV) is toying with the idea of a drastic change next year. The 60 minutes may be split, with half coming from New York and half from Hollywood.

They'd have to change the name, too—make it "Toast of Two Towns."

both of them brought back the same souvenirs—a collection of colored rocks and snapshots of native women washing clothes.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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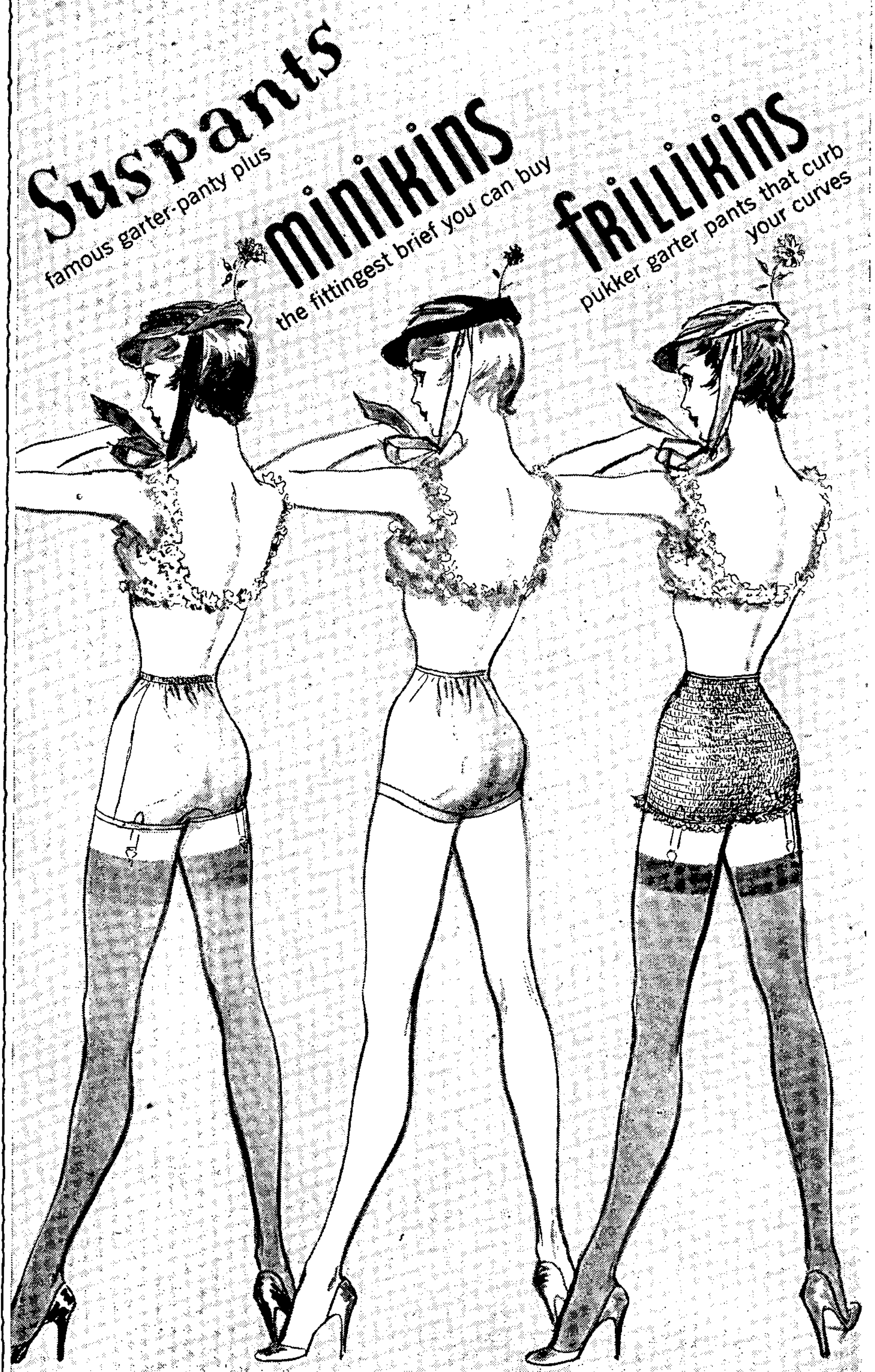
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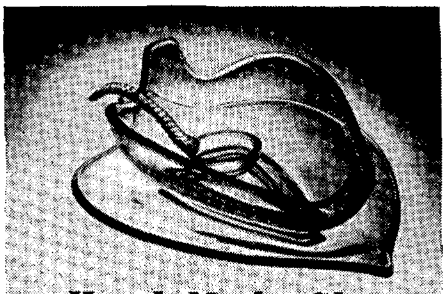

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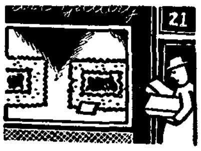

THIS seems to be the time of year for the Annuals, and we'd hardly finished dealing with the Whitney's (sculpture, water colors, and graphics only) and the American Abstract Artists' when along came the National Academy's version, this one including sculpture, paintings, and everything. As might be expected, there is quite a difference between them. It has been said that the modern movement is in danger of becoming "academicized" in its turn (that is, being reduced to the repetition of a formula, instead of being the expression of original thinking), and we'd have to look no further than the Abstract Artists' collection to find some justice in the claim. The Whitney, moreover, has occasionally been criticized for favoring a new, more advanced "Academy" to the extent that no room is left for equally capable conservatives. I've complained about this myself now and then, and it does seem to me that an institution with the prestige of the Whitney should, in offering its yearly surveys, lean over backward to make them all-inclusive.

Now, however, we're confronted with the Academy per se—or if not that (for of the two hundred and eighty exhibitors, ninety-four are nonmembers), then at least with what the Academy likes—and the prospect is depressing. Good art, according to any system of interpretation, must be more than mere representation or sheer design. It should have some sort of emotional or intellectual depth—qualities, not quite hidden but residing beneath the surface, that give it interest beyond its immediate attraction. It should be something one must study—not so much to understand (for, unlike the more dedicated moderns, I think the "meaning" of a work of art should be fairly easily arrived at) but simply to fully appreciate it. It should be something, in short, that one can look at again and again and still find fresh, evocative, and enjoyable. On the evidence of the current show, few of the real conservatives nowadays, whether they try to or not, come anywhere near meeting this basic requirement.

The sculpture section is the worst, as it seems to have a way of being in the Academy Annuals, and one really has

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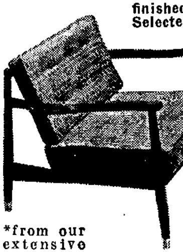

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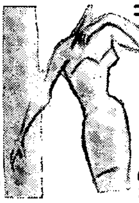

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to see to believe such pieces as Frank Eliscu's bristly "The Shark Diver," Albert W. Wein's chunky, sentimental "Phryne Before the Judges," and the frantically feathered "The Eagle's Egg," by Ralph H. Humes. I liked, though, two studies of children—"Ann," by Ramon Bermudez, and "Portrait of Peter Barnes," by Herbert Lewis Kammerer—and there's a boldly modelled head by T. Trajan, "The Poet McKenna," tucked away in a corner on the second floor, that is worth looking for. In the much larger paintings section, too, what one gets, with some notable exceptions, is "formula" work of the weakest and most impoverished sort. There are the woodland scenes (often autumnal in tone, and with a carpetlike texture that seems to be one of the trade secrets of academicians everywhere) and the snow scenes (sometimes rustic and rather cozy, sometimes cold, blue, and panoramic); the sea (breaking, breaking) and—well, why go on? Occasionally a canvas stands out, revealing that even within this range of subjects good work can be done. Walter Farndon's "June" is fresh, simple, and sunny, while both Paul Wescott's calm "The Open Sea" and Catharine Morris Wright's even more reticent "No Returning" prove that the ocean can be treated in other than its angry moods with fine results. Thad Suits' "Bridge at Whitehall," though too "worked" in texture, is nicely balanced and effective.

Once one gets beyond the formula, one finds several really excellent pieces. Raphael Soyer's twilit "Dressmaker's Shop" is one, and Hugo Ballin's dark, strongly patterned "Night Class, Rome" is another. I'd cite, too, Eugene Ludins' "Sanctuary," Charles Taylor's sombre, slightly Hopperesque "The Bridge," Hobson Pittman's "Studio in Charleston," and, among the few abstract paintings, John Von Wicht's tightly patterned "Abstraction in Rust." As for the water colors, prints, and other graphics, I liked especially Dong Kingman's busy little "17 Mile Drive, California," John W. McCoy's precise "Attic Dormer," Hardie Gramatky's "The Jungle," Hans A. Mueller's "Iceland Pony," and, for sheer craftsmanship, John Taylor Arms' study of the main portals of Rouen Cathedral, called "Lace in Stone, Rouen."

AT the Metropolitan Museum, there's a loan exhibition of works by three nineteenth-century expatriates—Whistler, Sargent, and Mary Cassatt. This again, with some two

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hundred pieces on view, is a big affair—almost too big, for with all the water colors, drawings, and other items, in addition to the oils, it tends to spill over the edges. I found this very true in the case of Sargent, the dazzle of whose style can become blinding at times, and with more selectivity his section would have gained considerably in interest. It was nice, though, to see Whistler full-length (all one is usually shown now is small water colors or big set pieces), and he stands up well under such an inspection—from his tight early efforts to the later and much more accomplished examples, like the "Portrait of Thomas Carlyle," the famous (and extremely handsome) study of his mother, and the wonderfully discerning painting of a young girl called "The Fur Jacket: Arrangement in Black and Brown." Mary Cassatt, too, has a notable collection (see "La Loge" and the artfully composed, blue-toned "Lady at the Tea Table"), and the whole exhibition, it can be said, is a highly absorbing one.

It also affords, in a not too oblique way, a commentary on how low the academic style has fallen. To be sure, as we look back on it, it seems a singularly untroubled age these artists lived in. No frightening headlines appeared, one feels certain, on the page the old lady is looking at in Cassatt's "Reading Le Figaro," and Sargent's little "Paul Helleu Sketching," with the artist's canoe drawn up behind him on the riverbank and his wife leaning down to look over his shoulder, is only one of the many pieces that convey the sense of the idyllic that clothes our impressions of the era. To be sure, too, these three painters ranked with the top figures of their day, which makes unqualified comparison with them unfair. Yet they were, in their separate fashions, among the leading precursors of the conservative styles of today, and the first thing one notices about them—perhaps it is the main thing—is the combination of real zest and assurance their work embodies. They look not only as if they believed in what they were doing but as if they enjoyed it—and in that their work differs widely from the tiredness and emptiness of most current academic painting. —Robert M. Coates

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Times*]

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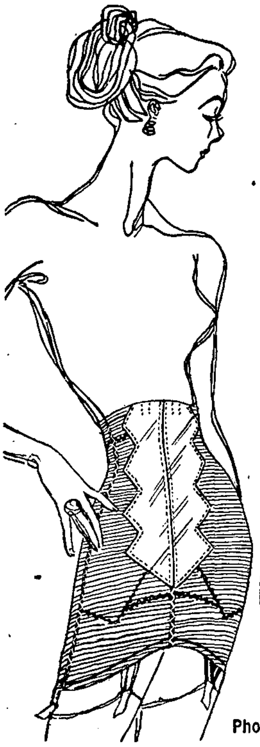

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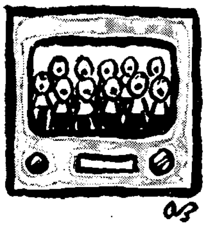

THE thing that interested me most about the huge tribute General Foods paid to Rodgers and Hammerstein a week ago Sunday night, from eight to nine-thirty, over every television station in New York except one and over what I gather was virtually every television station from here to Nob Hill, and at the cost of Lord knows how much money, was the tribute General Foods managed to pay to itself during the evening. Between musical excerpts from R. & H. productions, and extra, added divertissements of a widely varied nature, a personable young lady called Anna Lee put in several firm and forceful appearances. Miss Lee did not sing or dance; neither did she call for prayers of appreciation to be offered up in behalf of Rodgers and Hammerstein. Her mind was on General Foods products, and on a party she said General Foods intended to throw onstage after the show. Although she kept herself under tight control, you could see that she was all stirred up inside about the party, and could hardly wait for it to get under way. You could also see that she would have liked to invite to the shindig the twelve billion or so people who were watching the show; indeed, she went about as far as she could go, and told the unseen audience that, right at home, it could eat the same things as the celebrants. Before Miss Lee got down to discussing the actual victuals to be served, she described some of the table arrangements—party favors in the form of surreys with fringes on top, and specially designed tablecloths bearing extracts from the musical scores of all the R. & H. shows. "And after the party," she said, "the tablecloths are going to be given away as souvenirs." Miss Lee then permitted herself to become rather ecstatic over the menu. The pièce de résistance was to be Birds Eye Chicken Pie, which, she admitted, is a meal in itself. But on this occasion, the meal in itself was only the beginning. The guests were also to be served fried Birds Eye Chicken. "And along with it," said Miss Lee, "we're planning on some rice with sautéed mushrooms. Now, rice can be a chore to make, but not *this* rice. It's Minute Rice. All you have to do is . . ." There were to be two

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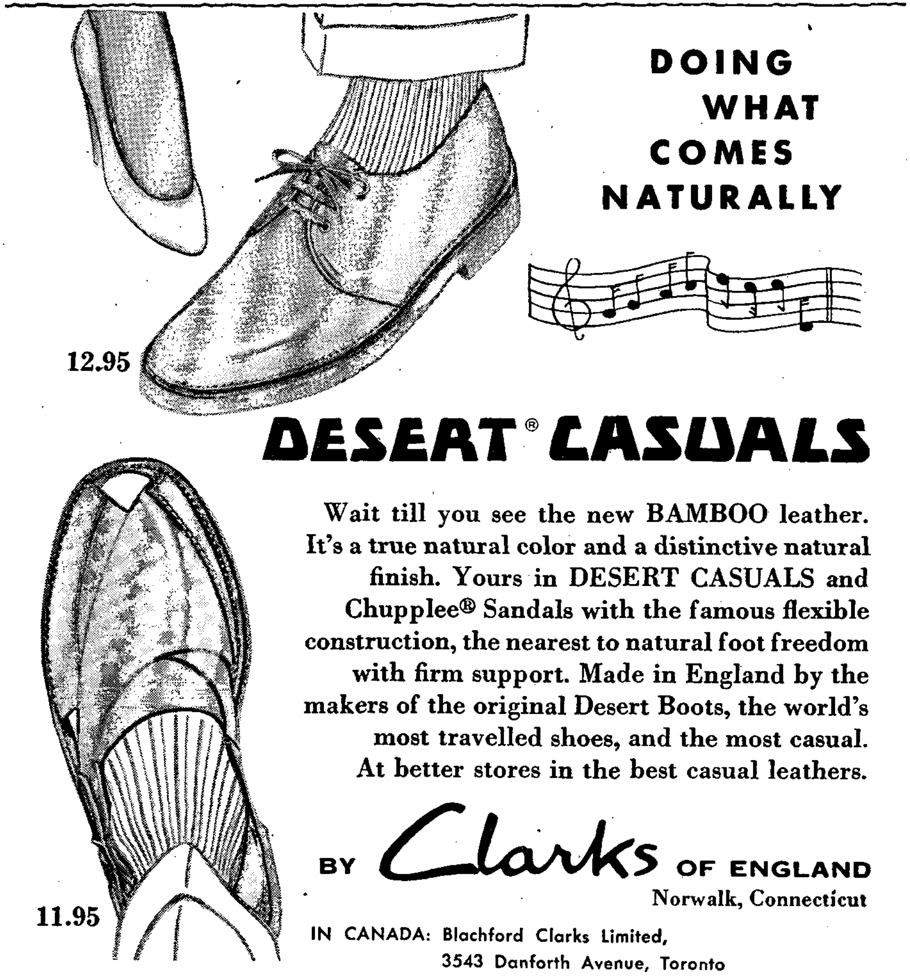

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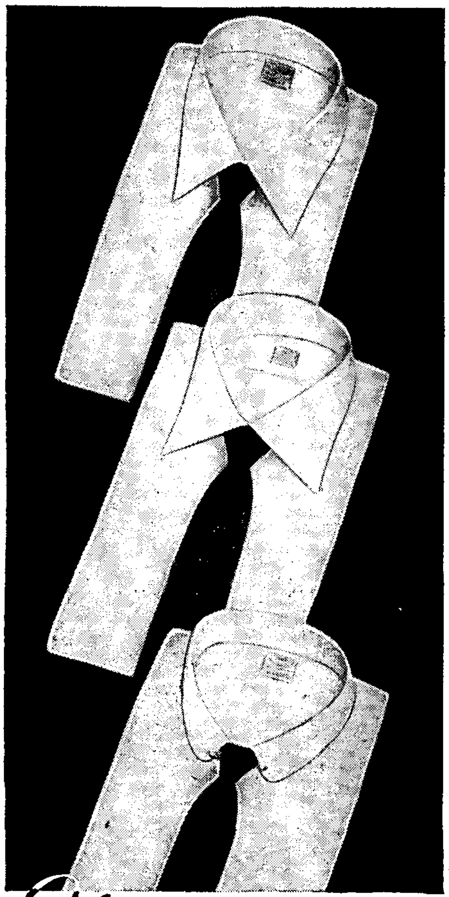

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huge cakes at the party, one in honor of R. & H. (whose eleventh anniversary as a team was being celebrated) and one in honor of General Foods (which was twenty-five years old). Miss Lee said that both cakes had been made without the slightest trouble, thanks to the new Swans Down Cake Mix. The icing on the cakes was made of Baker's Premium Chocolate ("just can't be beat for texture, tenderness, and good eating!"). Also on the menu was Jell-O Instant Pudding à la South Pacific—a blob of Jell-O Instant Pudding with "an island of fluffy Baker's Coconut" right in its middle. The guests were to have their choice of Instant Maxwell House Coffee ("millions of tiny flavor buds of real coffee") or Instant Sanka ("ninety-seven per cent of the caffeine removed"). Miss Lee suddenly let loose with a list of other General Foods products, and since she didn't specifically say that they weren't to be served at the banquet, I must assume that they were: Kool-Aid, Post's Sugar Crisp, Kernel-Fresh Salted Nuts, Baker's 4 in 1 Cocoa Mix, Log Cabin Syrup, Postum, Minute Tapioca, Calumet Baking Powder, Certo, Sure-Jell, La France, Satina, and Gaines Dog Food. Some people have all the luck.

There was, of course, a good deal more to the hour-and-a-half extravaganza, but not much of it was either original or memorable. General Foods had assembled for the occasion a star-studded cast, including Rodgers and Hammerstein themselves, Mary Martin, Ezio Pinza, Rosemary Clooney, Tony Martin, Yul Brynner, Patricia Morison, Bill Hayes, Janice Rule, John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Gordon MacRae, Florence Henderson, and Michiko, as well as Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Groucho Marx, and Ed Sullivan. The last five were on hand to provide intermittent, or spot, comedy between the menu discussions offered by Miss Lee and the song excerpts delivered by the others. With the exception of Mr. Bergen and his wooden boy, who struck me as genuinely funny, the comedians seemed out of place, if not downright embarrassing. (They spent a good deal of time discussing the amount of money R. & H. have made in the past decade.) As for the songs themselves, they were mostly put forth in pedestrian fashion. And not only that, but the choice of songs was curious; for instance, we heard a long passage from "Allegro," one of the Masters' less felicitous and more cloying works, and an equally long and almost equally cloying passage from "Carou-

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sel." We were, however, treated to some splendid moments, notably Miss Martin's rendition, with Pinza, of "Some Enchanted Evening," Miss Morison's "Getting to Know You," and Miss Clooney's "No Other Love." Several excerpts from "Oklahoma!" also came through in fine style, and there was always Miss Martin, who acted as mistress of ceremonies and was as lovely and engaging as one could wish. Still, it was unfortunate that she felt compelled to refer so often to Rodgers and Hammerstein with a somewhat exaggerated reverence; after all, the boys are still young and productive and presumably full of instant beans, and there isn't much point in talking about them as though they were long since under the sod. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

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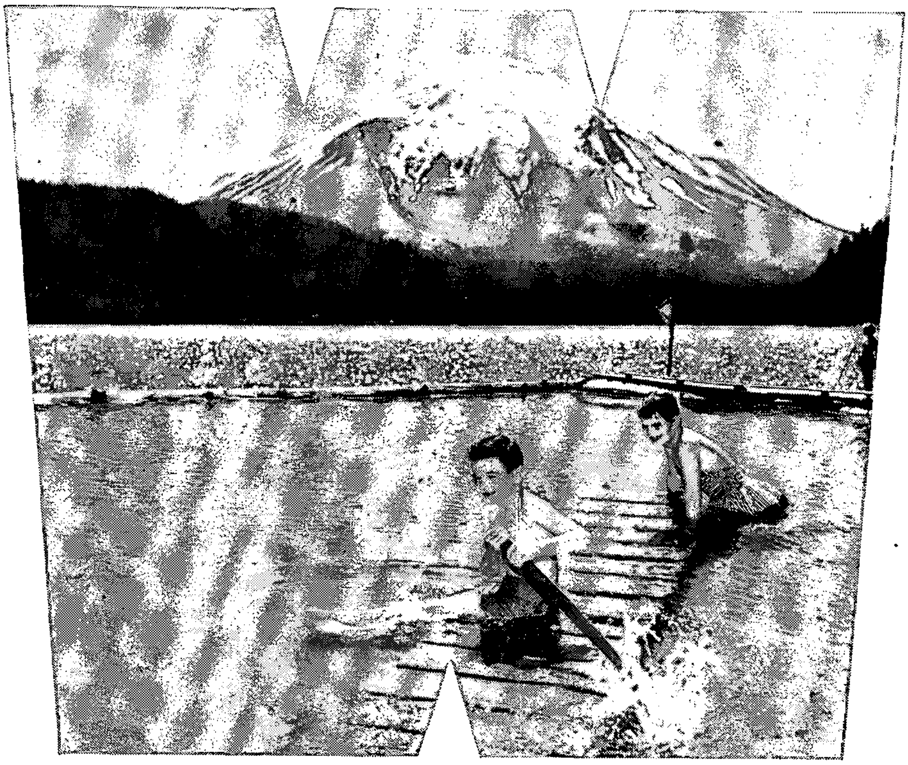
DEAR MRS. POST: The other day I addressed a birthday card to my 5-year-old niece and put Miss Jane Doe on the envelope. A friend of mine, upon seeing this, politely but firmly told me that I was wrong, saying that a very young girl was not addressed as Miss but Mistress Jane Doe, just as a young boy is addressed as Master. I never before heard of the title Mistress and always thought a girl was addressed Miss from the time she was born. I would appreciate hearing what you have to say about this.

ANSWER: I agree with you. Never in my life have I heard of anything more unsuitable than applying the word "Mistress" to a little girl. Mistress means a woman in authority, such as the owner of a house.—*Watertown (N.Y.) Times.*

Let's start again.



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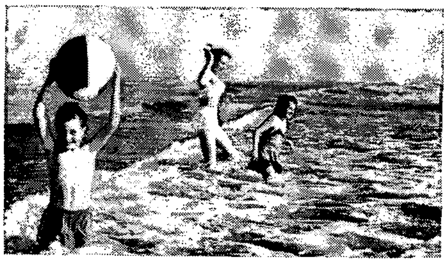
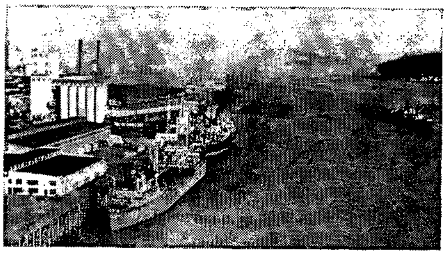
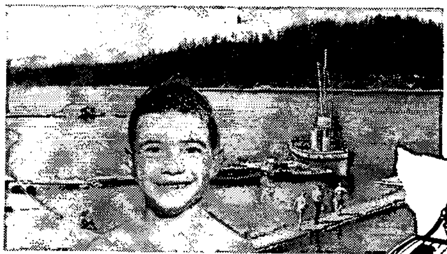


Pacific Ocean, North Beach Peninsula



Columbia River at Longview



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FLOWERS FOR THE OLD FOOL

West Berlin

When I first met the man whom I will here call Ludwig Bender, he had a bad case of nerves. This was late last October, and Bender, a sixty-seven-year-old factory owner, had just fled here from a large industrial city in the Soviet Zone of Germany, where he had spent practically all his life. In making his getaway, he had taken along a week's payroll that should have gone to his employees. While *Westflucht*—escape to the West—is a serious crime in East Germany, punishable by fifteen years in prison, stealing a payroll is even worse, and in some cases has been punished by death. Nevertheless, it wasn't fear of retribution that had brought on Bender's highly nervous condition. It was something quite different—an emotional conflict of a sort that only a solid citizen trying to remain alive among the caprices and distortions of the Soviet Zone during the past few years could ever fully comprehend.

For Bender is a solid citizen. He doesn't look like, and isn't, the sort of man who ordinarily makes off with a company payroll. He is a heavyset, serious-looking man, and he has a deep sense of duty—to his family, to his employees, to his country. All his life he has practiced what he calls the German virtues—honesty, industriousness, and thrift. When I talked with him, he told me of his pride in his factory, which produces mining machinery and which, in thirty years, he built from a small workshop into an enterprise known all over Germany for the quality of its products. His credit rating has always been excellent and his personal reputation unquestioned. He had never been in trouble with the government and had paid his taxes punctually. He had survived two wars and several inflations and currency devaluations, although, like most other people in Germany, he lost his savings three or four times in the process. With the dogged persistence that is so typical of the Germans and is once again making Germany a challenging economic power, Bender had staged a comeback after each disaster. But last October he had had enough, and was ready to quit.

"Let me begin at the beginning," he said to me. "I've always tried to be systematic, and perhaps telling you the story just as it happened will help me get my thoughts into some sort of order. No one in the Western world can possibly imagine what my family and I have been through in the nine years since the end of the war. But that's hardly the way to begin. Where was I? . . . Oh, yes. I started my factory shortly after the First World War, and I ran it along what I suppose you might call patriarchal lines. I knew my workers well, and I knew their families. There were never more than eighty men in the factory, and each man was an expert, for we were engaged in highly specialized work. My men came to me with their troubles, and I consulted them on some of my management problems. We had our own retirement plan, and we had a profit-sharing arrangement before most people in Germany had even heard of such a thing. Sometimes an old worker would ask me to take his son on as apprentice, and I was always glad to; that sort of thing builds up loyalty. My daughter Irmgard became my confidential secretary and my strong right hand. Everybody liked her, and it was taken for granted that she would someday get married and that she and her husband would eventually take over the factory. It was also taken for granted that I would run the factory as long as I lived. That's the way we have always done things here in Germany."

All this, Bender said, came to an end with the Second World War, when the government started telling him what to produce and how much to pay his men. Bender was no longer master in his own firm, but he assumed that he was a victim of a wartime emergency; when the fighting was over, he thought, things would be more or less as they had been before—a little more difficult, perhaps, but not so difficult that a man with diligence and ability couldn't get along. "But then the Russians occupied East Germany, and in their drive to nationalize industry I was ordered to hand over my factory to a trustee of the state," he told me. "The idea was that I should stay on as technical adviser until the trustee could be properly trained. As if you could train a man in a few weeks to do a job it took me a lifetime to learn! But I was lucky. After a while, some officers of the Soviet Military Administration visited my factory, proclaimed it essential, threw out the trustee, and told me to run it as I had before the war. You see, the Russians needed mining machinery badly. Some of my friends owned factories the Russians didn't care so much about, and they were less fortunate. After the trustees had picked up a smattering of the business, the owners themselves were arrested on some fake charge or other and sent away to the Bautzen or Waldheim concentration camp."

During the summer of 1950, Bender said, his good luck began to fade; the government began taking over even the factories that had been classified as essential. There was always an appearance of legality about its moves. The tax collector's office would suddenly discover that an owner owed an enormous amount of back taxes, impose a heavy fine on him, and order him to pay both fine and taxes within a week. If he couldn't, the state took over his factory. Bender succeeded in placating the tax collector, but he was

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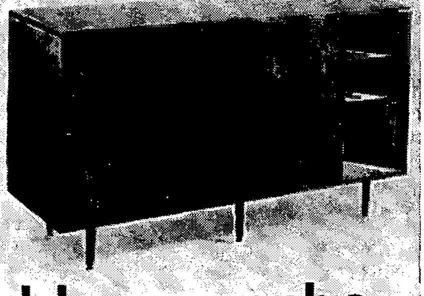

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constantly harassed by government snoopers, who kept coming around to check his inventories. "Factories were permitted to keep only a seventy-five-day supply of raw materials on hand," he explained. "Checkups of inventories were made regularly, and then special checkups were made of the checkups. If the investigators found that a factory had so much as an extra pound of copper, aluminum, zinc, tin, or lead, the owner was liable to arrest and twelve years' imprisonment. There wasn't a day that I didn't feel I had one foot in the concentration camp. Usually the government sent two inspectors around—one technical expert and one political official. The expert might be fair-minded, but he had to take orders from the political man, who was obviously out to get my skin. I know of one political official who smuggled a kilo of aluminum into the storeroom of a factory in his briefcase and then claimed to have discovered it there. The owner was sent to prison for twelve years."

Every fortnight, Bender had to fill out a number of forms dealing with estimated production and actual production. If his actual production didn't measure up to his estimate in his previous report, he was in trouble. Every four weeks, he had to produce a list showing materials received, materials used, and materials on hand. Furthermore, he was under orders to use all the scrap metal he received within fourteen days of its delivery; it was considered economic sabotage to keep it any longer. Bender and his daughter sometimes worked until two o'clock in the morning filling out forms. And, as likely as not, they would have to be ready to show their books to still another investigator at seven-thirty the next day.

Bender's difficulties took a new turn in December, 1952, when the Communist *Kreisrat*, or district organization, began sending agitators into his plant to turn his workers against him. The *Kreisrat* promised the workers better jobs once they were rid of Bender. "THROW THE OLD FOOL OUT" was scrawled on the factory walls. Bender wasn't much concerned about his older workers, but the younger men were something else again. Some of them had been ardent Nazis and were now trying to atone for their past by becoming ardent Communists. The worst of all was an engineer—I will call him Reinhold—who had owned a small but prosperous factory of his own during the Nazi era. In 1945, the Russians had

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arrested him as a violent Nazi, and he had served two years in prison. Upon his release, Bender, who admired his technical skill, gave him a job. Before long, Reinhold, whose technical skill was matched by his political ambitions, became a relentless advocate of the Communist Party and was elected chairman of the workers' council in the factory. He told the workers that he was going to drive Bender out, and began tripping the old man up at every opportunity. As head of the workers' council, he ordered Bender to give a party at Christmas for the workers and their families. Bender had to pay for it, but he was not permitted to attend. Furthermore, the tax collector ruled that the party could not be written off as a legitimate business expense. A couple of months later, the police came to investigate a transaction in which Bender had been involved in 1946. At that time, Bender had been desperately in need of a set of tires for one of his trucks and had been able to get them only by offering some copper wire in trade. It was a commonplace sort of deal in those days, though not strictly legal. The police who came to Bender's factory ordered him to pay a fine of forty thousand marks within ninety-six hours. (A mark means as much to an East German as a dollar means to an American.) Bender told the police he was unable to raise that amount in so short a time, and they replied that failure to do so would be considered "an effort to sabotage the plan," for which the invariable penalty is a stretch in a concentration camp. Bender got a sixty-five-thousand-mark mortgage on the family villa his father had built at the beginning of the century and paid the fine. A week later, his bank, with which he had done business for more than twenty-five years, demanded that he repay a long-term loan of twenty-two thousand marks within eight days or stand trial for "withholding state-owned property." That took the rest of the money from the villa. It was plain to Bender that the Communists were out to finish him.

"The next thing that happened was that one of my foremen came to me in great distress," Bender said. "Reinhold had ordered him to turn in bad reports on me if he wanted to keep his job. The Communists were suspicious of him because he had relatives in Western Germany. He asked me what he should do. What could I tell him? The Communists also distrusted some of my other workers, because they had been prisoners of war in the West. Now these men were given a chance to show their loy-

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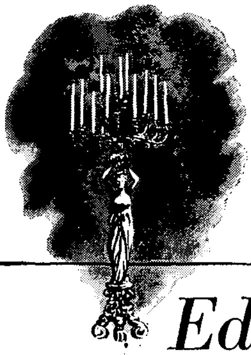

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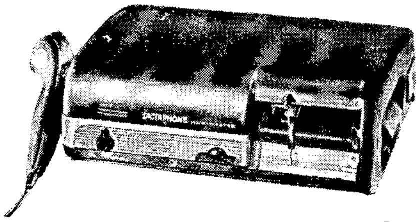

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alty by denouncing me as an enemy of the régime. They spied for everybody—for the State Control Commission, for the State Security Service, for East Germany's Communist Party, for the Communist trade union, for the German-Soviet Friendship Society, and for the Free German Youth. It was a lovely setup. Everybody was afraid of everybody else. During the lunch hour, Reinhold would make speeches urging my men to throw me out so that they wouldn't be ashamed when they met workers from state-owned factories. I'd fought the tax people, the investigators, the Communist agitators, and the bank, but I couldn't fight my own men. I was ready to give up."

ONE morning early in October, Bender said, a young man entered his office and, after closing the door carefully, told him in a whisper that he was working for the Investigating Committee of Freedom-Minded Jurists. This is an effective anti-Communist organization in West Berlin whose excellent underground connections throughout the Soviet Zone has enabled it to compile an immense amount of material on political criminals in East Germany. The young man said he'd learned that Bender was about to be arrested by the State Security Service, and he advised him to get out of town immediately. In return for his information, he asked Bender to give him three thousand marks to help the Committee carry on its work. Bender told the man that he didn't have the money on hand but would see what he could do about raising it. He suspected that the stranger was a Communist agent, but, of course, he couldn't be sure. "Suppose he had been a Communist and I'd raised the money somehow and given it to him?" he said. "They'd have arrested me on the spot. But then suppose the man did represent the Committee and knew what he was talking about? If he did, I was equally done for. That night, I talked it over with my wife and daughter. All of us were terribly on edge—a long history of sleepless nights and terror-stricken days. My wife's heart isn't very strong, and our doctor had warned me that living under such a strain wasn't doing her any good. We talked and talked that evening, and finally made plans to leave. It was decided that Irmgard would go right away, by train, and head for West Berlin. I would follow in my car a day or two later. Irmgard still had her identity card, but the police had confiscated mine, which meant that I

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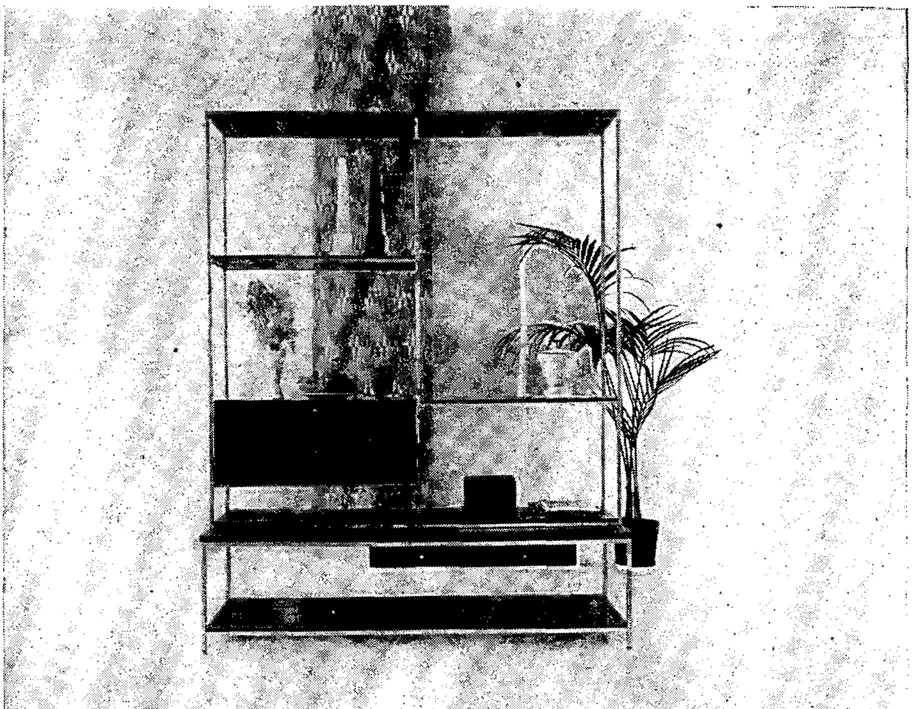
wasn't supposed to travel anywhere, and all I could do was hope I wouldn't be asked to show it. My wife would stay on another day, to allay suspicion, and then we would all meet at the home of a friend in West Berlin. When this was settled, Irmgard said, 'What are we going to live on in Berlin, Father?' I hadn't thought of that. We didn't have a pfennig in the West, and I couldn't go to the bank and withdraw what little money I had left; I'd have had to give a convincing reason. Then Irmgard had an idea. The next day happened to be a Thursday. Every Thursday, I'd go to the bank, sign a number of papers, and get the weekly payroll for the factory. The men were paid on Saturday. 'Get the money and take it with you to Berlin, Father,' Irmgard said. 'Mother can leave on Saturday morning, before it's missed.' I said I would never do such a thing, and talked of our family honor, but Irmgard and my wife convinced me that this was not the moment for scruples. The next morning, Irmgard left, and an hour later I got the money."

Bender and his wife spent Thursday night burning letters and other personal papers. At dawn on Friday, Bender left his villa and walked to the garage where he kept his car. To his dismay, he was unable to start the engine, and had to wake the attendant, who was sleeping on a cot in the garage office, and ask him to look at the car. After a little tinkering, the man had it fixed. "He didn't say anything, but I suspect he knew what I was up to at such an early hour," Bender told me. "I didn't know the man well, but somehow I had a feeling he wouldn't report me, and apparently he didn't."

Bender drove without incident to East Berlin and then on into the American sector, where Irmgard was waiting for him. Meanwhile, Frau Bender, a perfect *Hausfrau* even in a crisis, took down the curtains in her villa, swathed the furniture in dust covers, rolled up the rugs, and put mothballs in her clothes closet. She hoped that anyone who no-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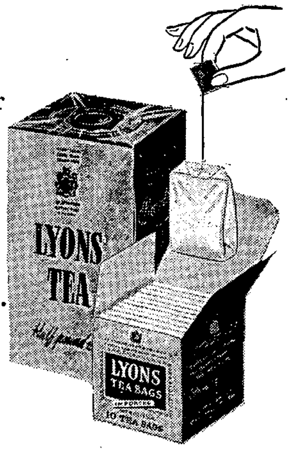

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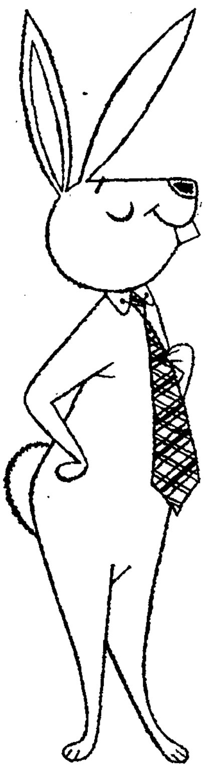
ticed all this activity would think she was about to leave for a month's vacation in Bad Nauheim, as she had done every fall for years. It had been decided that Frau Bender, being the least suspect member of the family, would take with her in a suitcase what little was left of the family jewelry, as well as a treasured Swiss clock. The police, Bender thought, were not likely to bother a sixty-five-year-old woman.

Frau Bender took an early-morning train for Berlin. Her papers were checked in the station and again on the train, but no one stopped her. In Berlin, she got on the subway for what she thought would be an uneventful fifteen-minute trip to the Western sector. But at the Friedrichstrasse station, about a mile from the sector boundary, two policemen walked through the train, saw Frau Bender's suitcase, and took her into custody. She said that she was only going to visit in West Berlin for a couple of days, and stuck to her story so well that after three hours of questioning they let her go. "They pried off the soles of her shoes to make sure she wasn't carrying secret information," Bender said. "Then a policewoman searched her. After that, they accused her of trying to escape from East Germany, but my wife stubbornly said no, no, no—she was only going to visit. How she managed to stand the ordeal, I don't know. But at last they stopped bothering her and, after telling her to report to their office in forty-eight hours, turned her loose. She took a taxi to our friend's house. Irmgard and I heard the taxi drive up and rushed down the steps to greet her. My wife got out and collapsed in my arms. Then she started to cry. We put her to bed, but she kept crying for hours. It was horrible. We couldn't seem to make her realize that it was all over now and that she was safe with us. For nearly a week, my wife lay in bed in a sort of daze. The doctor said there was nothing we could do but be patient."

BENDER and Irmgard found a two-room apartment, and as soon as Frau Bender began to feel better, the three of them moved into it. A few mornings later, while Frau Bender was resting in one room and her husband was sitting in the other room with Irmgard, drinking coffee and reading the paper, the doorbell rang. Irmgard went to answer it. "I knew something was wrong as soon as she came back," Bender told me. "She looked shaken. She put her hand on my shoulder and said, 'Father, please don't get upset when you



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hear this. Reinhold is here. He says he has good news for you. He also says he has come to ask a favor of you.' Well, you can imagine how I felt. Here I'd thought I was rid of the man, and now he was waiting for me at the door of my apartment in West Berlin. How he found me so quickly I suppose I'll never know. That was one thing he didn't want to talk about when I went out to meet him. He was standing there in the hallway with his hat in his hand, and when he saw me he clicked his heels and bowed from the waist. He seemed very ill at ease as he told me that the workers at my factory had sent him to urge me to return and take control again. The *Kreisrat,* he assured me, would guarantee my safety and my family's. He seemed to be almost pleading with me to come back. At first, I was indignant and told him he was a fool to think I'd fall into such an obvious trap, but gradually I began to feel that he was telling the truth, and that someone higher up had decided that I was needed to run the factory—and in my own way. But I was noncommittal, and he finally left, saying he'd be back in a few days with written guarantees from the *Kreisrat,* the tax collector, and the police that if I returned, it would be on my own terms and there would be no reprisals."

That afternoon, Bender went to see the director of one of the several committees that have been set up here to help refugees from the East. He told the man about Reinhold's peculiar visit, and found out that there had lately been many cases in which the owners of businesses in East Germany who had fled here had been entreated to return to their homes and offices by the very Communists who had driven them out. In each instance, the businessman had been given every assurance of safety, coöperation, and restitution of personal property. Several hundred of them had gone back, and the promises that had been made to them had been kept—thus far, at least. "As the director outlined the situation, it all looked very simple," Bender told me. "The Communists wanted these people to come back because they needed them badly. They'd thought they could manage without them, and then found they couldn't. The Russians have taken so many technical experts from East Germany that the home-grown Communists there haven't anywhere near enough to get by on. The director said that in the whole East Zone there are only five men left who really know the mining industry. He named them, and I

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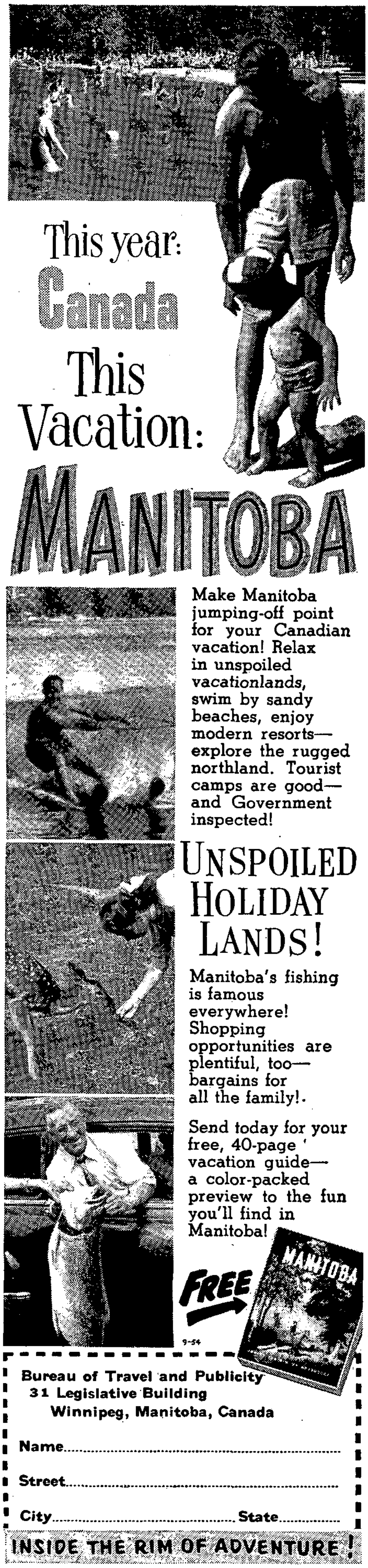

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recognized every one of them—and I couldn't for the life of me think of a sixth."

Outside the director's office, Bender had the good fortune to run into an acquaintance from back home who had only just arrived here. Before making his escape, he had heard all about the developments in Bender's factory that led to Reinhold's visit. A couple of hours after Frau Bender closed up the villa and departed, he said, Reinhold had notified the People's Police, or *Vopos*, that the payroll money was missing, and that the man who had taken it out of the bank was very likely gone, too. The *Vopos* said that they would handle the matter, and began to question everybody they felt might have had a hand in helping the Benders escape. Around noon, while this was still going on, three members of the Criminal Police appeared on the scene, announced that *they* would handle the matter, by order of the Minister of the Interior, and threw out the *Vopos*. They told Reinhold to call a meeting of the workers' council, and when the members were assembled, they told them there would be no changes of personnel at the factory until further notice. Then they left. At half past two, an official from the *Kreisrat* appeared and ordered an immediate meeting of all the workers. He told them that *he* was in charge of the factory, by order of the *Kreisrat*, and was going to run the factory as a trustee for the State Security Service. With that, he went into Bender's private office and made himself at home. He had just ordered the desk moved nearer a window when five members of the Criminal Police drove up in a radio car, strode into the office, and arrested him. One of the police called another meeting of all the workers—the factory didn't break any production records that day—and told them that since the government of the German Democratic Republic was interested primarily in continuous output, it considered the immediate return of Herr Bender a matter of supreme importance to the state. The workers thereupon voted unanimously to send Reinhold to find Bender and ask him to please come home.

IT was a couple of days after Reinhold's visit that I first met the Benders; a friend of mine took me around to their apartment and introduced me. As Bender talked, I could see that he was very much upset about the decision he had to make, and later, when he and Frau Bender went out for a walk, Irmgard, a young woman whose en-

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ergetic manner made it clear at once why her father had found her such a comfort in his business, told me that she was terribly worried about her parents. "Especially Father," she said. "Except for his alarm over Mother's condition, he was all right after he got here. The factory meant everything to him, and leaving it was the worst moment of his life, but once it was done, he was able to write off the past and think of the future. And then Reinhold came, and Father was confronted with the worst dilemma yet. Should he trust them and go back? Who can say? It's destroying Father. He hasn't eaten or slept for forty-eight hours. I do so wish they'd left us alone. I've told Father that no matter what he and Mother decide to do, I won't go back. I'd rather be a refugee in the West than a factory owner's daughter in the East, and I don't feel it's impossible to make a fresh start here. Of course, it's a different story with Father. He's old and tired."

When the Benders returned from their walk, a change had come over them. Frau Bender, a gray-haired, soft-spoken woman who had been extremely reticent earlier in the afternoon, now seemed quite genial, and her husband carried himself with a new air of confidence. "Well, Irmgard," he said, patting his daughter's shoulder affectionately, "we've decided. If Reinhold returns with his assurances and guarantees, and everything still looks all right, we're going to go home."

After a long silence, Irmgard said, "I wouldn't trust them.' They've changed their minds once. Suppose they change their minds again—in a month, or six months, or even six years?"

Bender sighed. "I know," he said. "But we've made up our minds. We two are old. I don't know how much time we've got left. What are we going to do here? Everything that's dear to us is back home." He looked at his wife, and she smiled back at him warmly. "No, Irmgard," he said. "I think we'll take the chance."

Reinhold came back three days later, bringing along the documents he had promised and also a high-ranking of-

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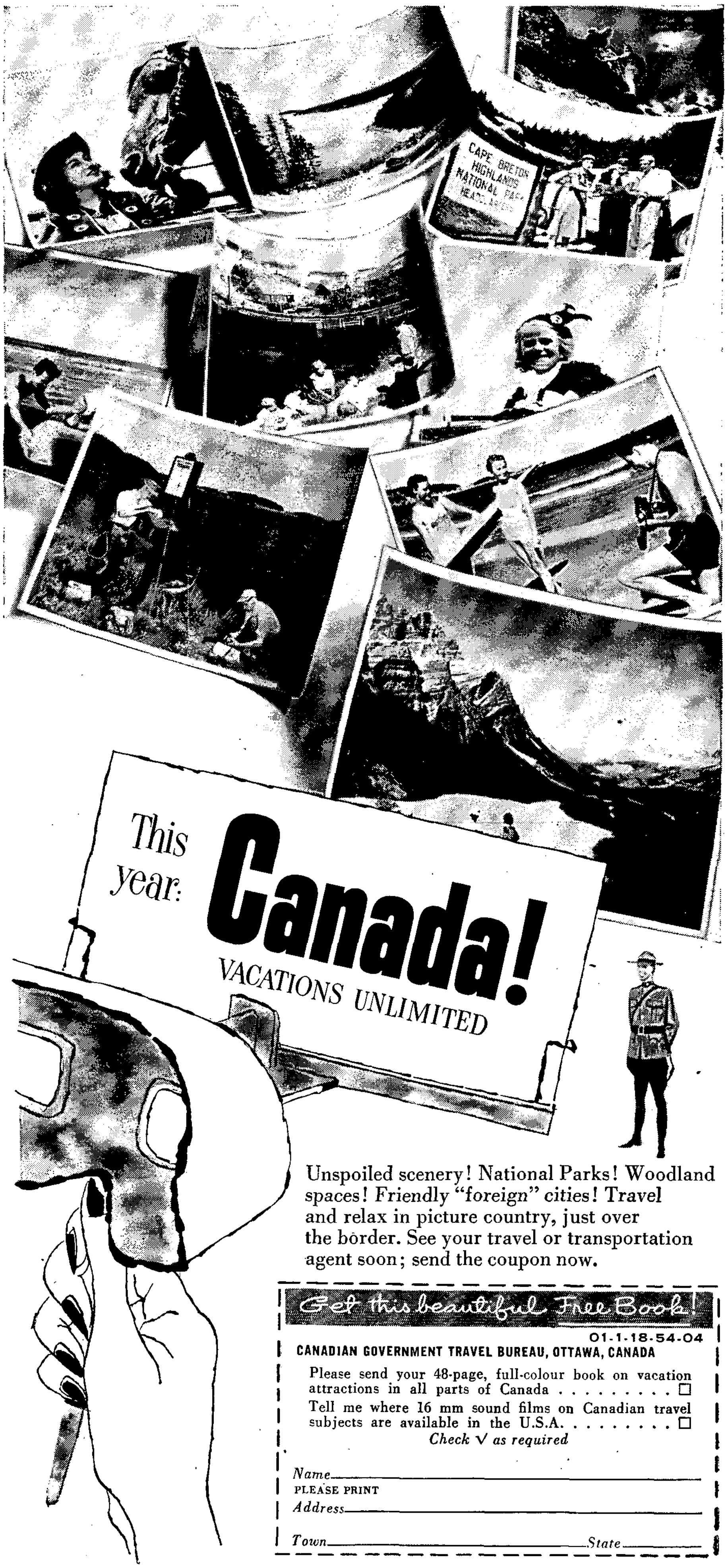

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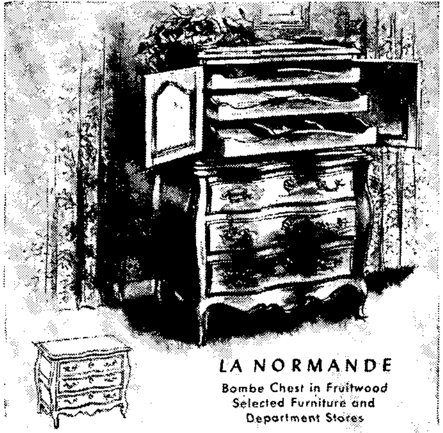

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ficial from the *Kreisrat*, who, Irmgard told me later, explained that he'd taken the liberty of coming so that he might add his voice to Reinhold's in urging the Benders to return. Bender replied that there was no need, for he and his wife had already made up their minds to go back. In that event, said the *Kreisrat* man, perhaps he could expedite their journey and make sure that everything was done according to their wishes. He had thoughtfully brought along a new identity card for Bender, and a car was waiting downstairs. Reinhold and the *Kreisrat* man eagerly helped the couple into it and put Frau Bender's suitcase at their feet. The *Kreisrat* man suggested that they stop in East Berlin for a schnapps to celebrate the Benders' return to the German Democratic Republic. Then the car drove off.

I HAVEN'T seen Bender since, but I ran into Irmgard not long ago, and she told me that she'd just come back from a visit to her parents. (As an additional concession from the Communists, her father had obtained permission for her to travel freely between West Berlin and her home town.) "I've found a job here," she said happily, "but I'm glad I can go home once in a while and see my parents. Who would ever have thought that such a thing could be possible?"

I asked her about her father's arrival back home. She laughed and said, "Oh, it must have been quite an experience. I'm sorry I wasn't there to see it. Reinhold is an old hand at organizing mass meetings, and he had arranged a fine reception. The workers were lined up in the courtyard when the car stopped in front of the factory. The factory whistle was blowing, and the entrance was decorated with flowers. When Father and Mother got out of the car, a terrific cheer went up; and Reinhold's seven-year-old daughter handed Mother a big bunch of white flowers. Then Reinhold made a speech of welcome and everybody cheered again. Another member of the workers' council made a speech. More cheers. Father told me that the men who had made the most trouble for him cheered the loudest."

The local chief of the Criminal Police was waiting in Bender's office. He greeted Bender cordially, and said nothing about his absence or about the missing payroll. After ceremoniously handing Bender food-ration cards of the most liberal type, he escorted the couple to their villa. Inside, everything seemed to be just as Frau Bender had

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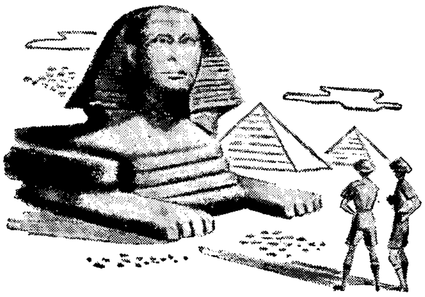

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left it—the curtains down, the dust covers on the furniture, the rugs rolled up, the mothballs in the closet. Only some of her old Dresden silver was missing. The chief was very apologetic about this. It was a most unfortunate incident, he said. The day after Frau Bender left, a neighbor had come by and, finding the place deserted, had made off with the silver. The neighbor had been arrested, but the silver had not been found. The *Kreisrat* was going to pay Frau Bender for every piece that was missing.

"The next day, Father went over to the City Hall," Irmgard told me. "It's only a few blocks from our place, but it took him three-quarters of an hour to get there. Everybody in town wanted to shake hands with him. At the City Hall, they gave him an ovation. And business is booming. Father no longer has any difficulty about raw materials. The inspectors have stopped coming in to check his inventories. No one knows how long it's going to last, but while it does, it certainly is wonderful for him. Oh, and another thing. At the City Hall, Father was informed that he and Mother were going to be given ten marks for every day they had spent in West Berlin. The official who made this announcement explained solemnly that *the money* was to be paid to them as an indemnity for their suffering in the West."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

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[*Press release from WCCO Radio, Minneapolis*]

FAN LETTER SURVIVES AIR CRASH

The fan mail must go through!

Glenn Champlin, WCCO Radio announcer and disc jockey, received a fan letter today (March 5) from a listener in Van Nuys, California, and the letter carried an unusual story.

It arrived in an official post office department envelope from the post office at Gillette, Wyoming. The original envelope was badly stained and torn, and the letter was crumbled and stained. Attached was a post office note reading: "Damage caused by air mail interruption near Gillette, Wyo., date, Feb. 26, 1954."

The letter was aboard an airliner which crashed that day in eastern Wyoming, killing all nine persons aboard.

•

Maine's attractive Senator Margaret Chase Smith, the only lady member, wearing a fresh red nose—sent her every day by a Washington auto dealer. . . Not to be outdone, North Carolina's dignified Senator Clyde Hoey shows up each day with a red carnation in his lapel.—*Drew Pearson in the Havana Post.*

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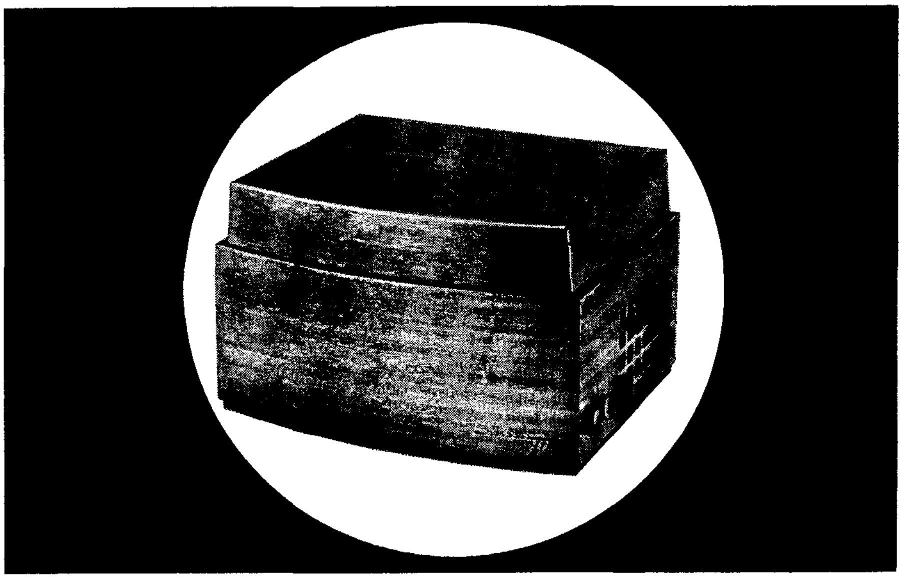

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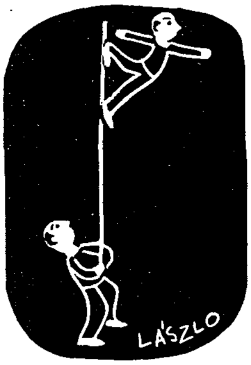
I'VE GOT A PAPER HERE

I SEE where Senator McCarthy is getting together some "documents" on the farm situation. I assume from this that even if, for one reason or another, he is forced into inactivity on the subversive front, he will continue to be a pretty good thing for the photostat business in Washington. I never see a picture of McCarthy flourishing a document without thinking of a meeting I had with him in May, 1949, about a year before he went to Wheeling, West Virginia, and held aloft the piece of paper that made him famous. (He said it was a list of Communists in the State Department. It turned out to be a letter from James F. Byrnes to Adolph Sabath, and had no list of Communists or of anything else in it.) I was in Washington, and I dropped in at a Senate hearing at which testimony was being taken on the alleged mistreatment by Americans of some German S.S. men, members of an outfit called the Blowtorch Battalion, who had been accused of massacring a hundred and fifty United States troops and a hundred Belgian civilians at a crossroads named Malmédy, in December, 1944. I had been in the hearing room only a few minutes when McCarthy became involved in an altercation with Senator Raymond E. Baldwin, of Connecticut, a fellow-Republican who has since become a judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, in Hartford.

It was an angry exchange. McCarthy took the view that the Americans had in fact been guilty of brutal conduct. In this first brush with the Army, he claimed that it was coddling not Communists but sadists and crooked lawyers. He said that he had documentary proof of this but that Baldwin, intent for some unexplained reason on protecting the accused men, wouldn't pay any attention to it. Baldwin insisted he wasn't trying to protect anyone. After a while, McCarthy rose from his seat, stuffed a lot of papers into his briefcase, and left the room, saying he would no longer be a party to a shameful farce, a "deliberate and clever attempt to whitewash the American military."

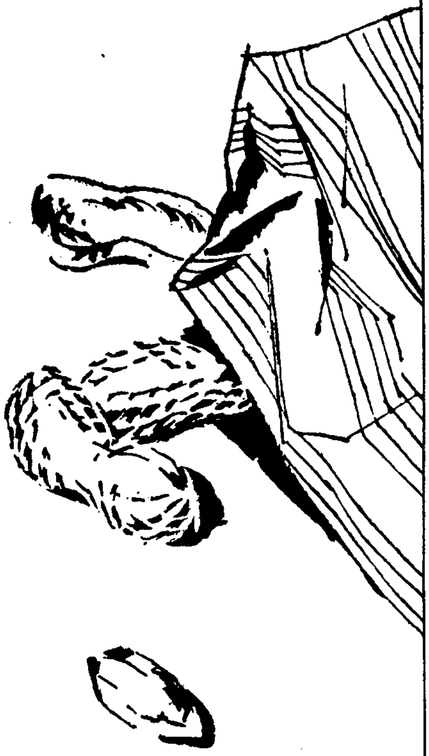


CURIOUS about the dispute and at that time ignorant of its background, I followed McCarthy into the corridor and asked him if he would be kind enough to tell me what he was in such a stew about. He said he would be glad to, and suggested that I go with him to his office. "It's time the American people knew about this," he said. "These documents will speak for themselves." He hefted up the bulging briefcase to give me some idea of the sheer bulk of them. "When you've looked at a few of my documents, you'll agree with me that this is one of the most outrageous things the country has ever known." I said that if this was the case, I'd certainly feel privileged to be allowed to inspect them. "You'll see them, all right," he said. "I'm not holding anything back. I'm through with this investigation, and I'm taking my case to the public."

He struck me as being a bit overwrought, but on the whole he seemed an earnest and plausible young senator. Though he used extravagant language, his tone was restrained, his manner almost gentle. As we walked along through the wide, echoing corridors of the Senate Office Building, he kept talking of the magnitude of his revelations, and although I had wanted—for a starter, at least—just a brief résumé of his side of the story, he succeeded in whetting my appetite for the contents of the briefcase.

We reached his office at last and sat down at his desk. He emptied the briefcase and piled the papers up in front of him. "Let's see, now," he said as he thumbed his way down toward the middle of the pile. "I know just the thing I want you to see first. I've got one thing here that's a real eye-opener. Oh, yes, here we are now." He pulled out several pages of photostat paper and handed them to me. "I think the facts will mean more to you than anything I could say. Once you've looked this over, you'll see that Baldwin has been playing a pretty sinister role in trying to whitewash the administration."

I read rapidly through what he gave me. Then I read it a second time, more carefully. When I'd finished the second reading, I was certain that the Senator had selected the wrong document. I no longer recall just what was in it, but it was a letter from one Army officer or government official to another, and although it had, as I recall, some bearing on the Malmédy affair, it didn't seem



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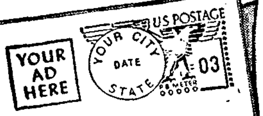

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to me to prove anything about anything. I told McCarthy that as far as I could see, it was a pretty routine piece of correspondence.

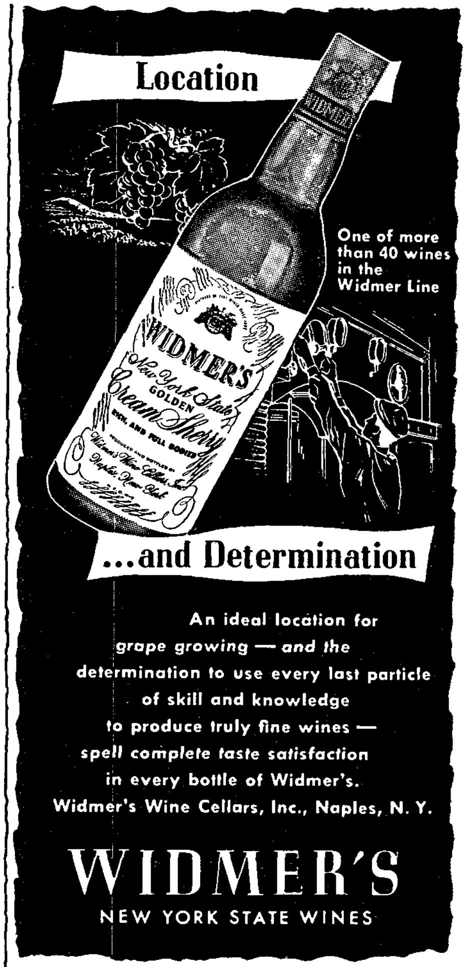
"You're certainly right about that," he said. "Don't get me wrong, now. I didn't mean you'd find the *whole* story there. Standing alone, it doesn't mean much—I know that just as well as you do. But it's a link in a chain. It's one piece in a jigsaw puzzle. When you've seen some of the other documents, you'll know what I mean."

This was reassuring. In fact, I felt a bit ashamed of myself for expecting to master a complex situation in a few minutes. I began to read the next document McCarthy handed me. "Now, when you put these two together," he said, "you get a picture." The second document was mainly a listing of names. None of them meant anything to me. I tried to think what connection they might have with the letter I'd just read or with Senator Baldwin. I tried to "put them together," as McCarthy had advised, and "get a picture." No picture came. I confessed this to the Senator.

"Exactly," he said. "That's exactly my point. Those names mean nothing to you. They didn't mean anything to me, either, when I began to look into this conspiracy. But they're going to mean something to you before long, I can guarantee you that. I wanted you to have a look at them, because when you've seen some of the other things I've got here, you'll see how this jigsaw puzzle fits together. Now just bear those names in mind."

I tried to bear the names in mind and found it was impossible. Nothing unsticks faster than names you can't associate with real people. But although it was, I thought, curious that the Senator hadn't shown me the documents explaining the significance of the names before showing me the names themselves, I continued to be impressed by his manner. And the papers themselves were impressive—not by virtue of their contents but by virtue of their existence. Photostats and carbon copies and well-kept newspaper clippings have, I think, an authority of their own for most people; we assume that no one would go to the bother of assembling them if they didn't prove something.

As McCarthy sat at his desk sorting out the papers, putting some in a stack to his right and some in a stack to his left and consigning others to a filing cabinet behind him, he seemed knowledgeable and efficient. "I'm just trying to put this picture together for you," he



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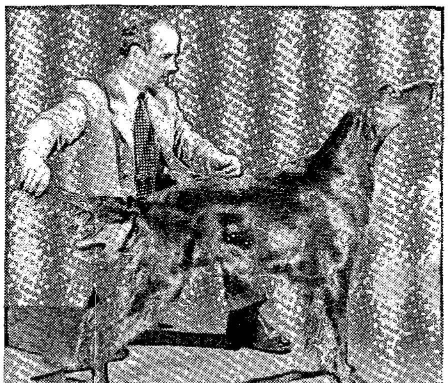

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kept saying. Two or three times in the course of our interview, which must have lasted about an hour and a half, he called in a secretary and asked her to fetch him some document that wasn't among those he had taken to the hearing. I wondered as I watched him what had become of the promise to provide a blinding illumination with a single document, but for quite a while I assumed it was my fault, not his, that I wasn't grasping the details very well.

McCarthy kept handing papers across the desk to me. "Here are a few more links in the chain," he would say as he handed me more correspondence, more lists, and a good many pictures of the Germans who had accused the Americans of brutality, of the accused Americans, of Malmédy farmhouses, and of Army barracks in Occupied Germany. None of them seemed to advance his argument by very much—by anything at all, in fact—but then he was no longer claiming very much for them.

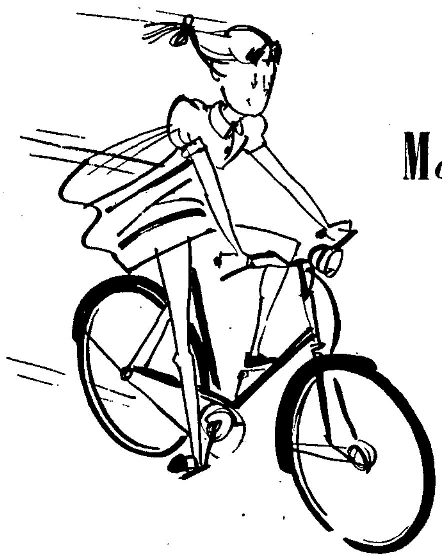
"You don't get to the bottom of these things in a few minutes," he said. "Especially when so many powerful people are trying to hide the truth. Believe me, it wasn't easy for me to put this story together."

At one point he handed me a rather thick document. "I don't want you to leave without seeing this," he said. "Here we have the facts in the Army's own records. This is a transcript of the first hearing on this affair. This is what Baldwin and the administration are trying to cover up. Remember, now, this is from the records the Army itself kept."

I read here and there in the record the Army itself kept, and told McCarthy that, perhaps because of my ignorance, I was unable to see any holes in the Army's case.

"Of course you don't," he said. "Naturally, they're going to make out the best case they can for themselves. You wouldn't expect them to spill the beans in their own records, would you? The whole thing is a pack of lies."

I was beginning to get a bit impatient, though I tried not to show it. I said that as I understood the situation, he, McCarthy, was persuaded that the Malmédy massacre was a fiction of our own military authorities, that Germans had been tortured into confessing acts that had never been committed, and that a Republican senator, a man with a considerable reputation for probity, was trying to protect the torturers. I was about to go on to say that thus far nothing he had shown me established



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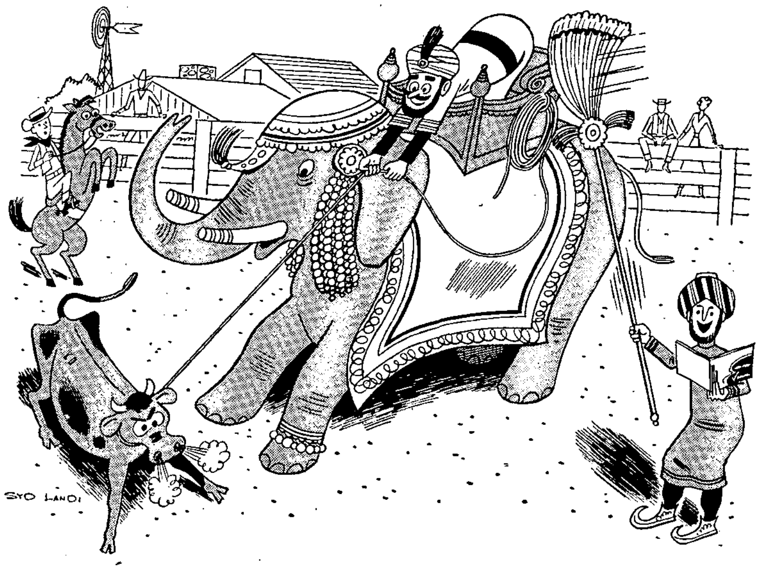
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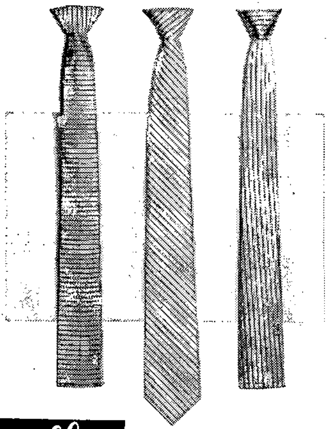

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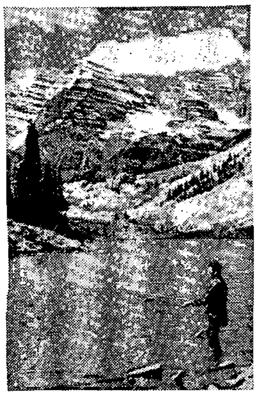

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the truth of all this. But McCarthy interrupted me.

"That's right," he said, in a manner that suggested appreciation of my insight and my gift of summation. "You're beginning to get the picture now. I think the next thing I'll do is show you some of the affidavits we've gathered on this case."

He handed over a stack of affidavits. They were the sworn statements of the S.S. men held as war criminals, and they alleged the most hideous mistreatment by the Americans. It was because these statements were being published in newspapers throughout Germany and, the government had been advised, were being believed by large numbers of Germans that the Senate Armed Services Committee had decided to conduct its own hearings, assigning the job to a subcommittee led by Senator Baldwin and including, besides Baldwin, Senator Kefauver, of Tennessee, and Senator Lester Hunt, of Wyoming. Although McCarthy had given the impression of resigning from this group, the fact, as I later learned, was that he couldn't resign, because he hadn't been a member to begin with. He had merely exercised the senatorial privilege of sitting with the committee during the hearings, at which, from most newspaper accounts, he had done most of the talking. He was able to do this, incidentally, only after he had won a long fight to get from Senator Baldwin the right, which isn't normally regarded as part of the privilege, to cross-examine all the witnesses. Senator Baldwin later said it was McCarthy's bullyragging of him in the Malmédy affair that finally led him to give up politics.

AFTER scanning some of the affidavits, I said that while it was entirely conceivable that a Nazi under sentence of death or imprisonment could be telling the truth about his own past behavior, it was at least equally conceivable that he would falsify. I wondered, I said, what McCarthy had in the way of evidence that it was not the convicted Nazis but the Americans who were lying.

"You've put your finger on it," he said. "Those are precisely the facts that Baldwin and the administration don't want me to bring out. That's why I walked out of that hearing. They're concealing all the evidence. I've shown you some of the pieces in this jigsaw puzzle, and believe me, when I take this story before the American people, the truth will be forced to come out."

I asked McCarthy if he had any-

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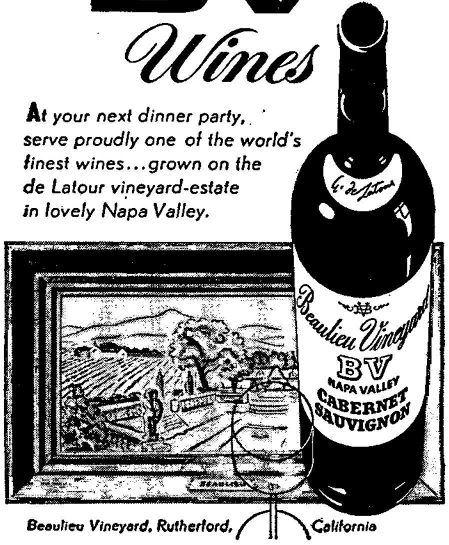

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thing else he wanted to show me. "Well, I've got the affidavits of the Army people here," he said. "But I guess you can imagine what's in them. Lies from start to finish. Naturally, they're trying to protect themselves. I've got them here if you want to see what's in them."

I said I thought I'd skip them. I thanked the Senator for his courtesy and left. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Jerry never has been very strong—he's six feet tall and only weighs about 135 pounds—and the constant work wears him out. He's collapsed a number of times and doctors have ordered him to stay in bed.

Once the doctor told me to keep him in bed for two weeks. On the second morning I found him gone. There was a note on the pillow. "Gone out," it said, "to visit a sick friend."

Dean Martin was the "sick friend." I traced them to the Paramount Studios, where the boys were making "The Stooge" for Hal Wallis.

They caused a near riot. At the height of the lunch hour they appeared in the studio restaurant. Jerry climbed on a table and screamed, "Quiet everybody!" When he had the attention of everyone in the crowded room he shrieked, "I suppose you're all wondering why I asked you to come here today?" Then he started doing a mad fandango on the table, kicking plates and food to the floor.

Jerry had two French-fried potatoes stuck in his ears and was wiggling them at some girls when Y. Frank Freeman, the top man at Paramount, ordered him to get off the table and stop his clowning.

Jerry jumped down, stalked over to Mr. Freeman and shouted, "You keep still, Freeman. I remember you when your name was Mona! I don't like your attitude anyway, Freeman. Go wash up, hand in your broom and collect your pay."

All this seemed to do him a great deal of good. He felt much better after that insane performance and he didn't have to stay in bed any longer.

People always ask me if Jerry is like that all the time and how do I stand it. Well, he isn't always like that—just most of the time.—*From "The Man I Married—Jerry Lewis," by Patti Lewis, as told to Hyman Goldberg, in Today's Woman.*

Answer that second question!

•

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"The minute a censor sees me, he gets upset," says 21-year-old Sheree, who has been dancing professionally in ballet and chorus lines since she was 11. "I don't understand why. I've never done a bump-and-grind in my life."—*Look.*

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THE POPPING CHAMPAGNE CORK may be leaving our scene. Latest in wine corks is a nylon cap that does everything the old cork did, but it won't pop when it's removed . . . Dry sockets following the extraction of teeth are just about over now, thanks to terramycin. The infection-fighting antibiotic is rapidly making this painful dental problem a thing of the past . . . A Chicago firm is offering a cigaret case with a cutter for converting packs of kingsize cigarets into 40 quick smokes . . . There's a curious difference between men and women when they shop in a super-market. The men usually shop from a list, the women from memory . . . Farmers, as a group, wear the fewest eyeglasses, garment workers the most . . . Check your youngsters on this: The average boy at 14 and the average girl at 11½ are at their most rapid growth.

★

IN A COUNTRY of 150 million people, it would come as quite a shocker to be singled out as one of the top ten young men, wouldn't it? Yet that's what happened to Minneapolis Tribune reporter Carl Rowan. The United States Junior Chamber of Commerce named him one of the country's ten outstanding young men of 1953. In selecting Rowan, the Jaycees cited his series of articles for the Tribune, "How Far From Slavery?" The series, a Negro's report on the American race problem based on a 6,000-mile tour of his native south, later became the basis for Rowan's widely acclaimed book, "South of Freedom." I know that, to residents of this 3½ state area, Rowan's skilled reporting is another example of the expert news coverage they have come to expect from their best-liked, most respected newspapers, the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 620,000).

★

THIS "DO IT YOURSELF" business goes back as far as George Washington, we learn from a quote forwarded by Everette Baker, the wallpaper fellow. Here's the excerpt from a book on wallpaper: "The story goes that Martha Washington lamented in the presence of Lafayette that she would be unable to get the new wallpaper hung in the banquet room in time for the next night's ball in honor of the young marquis. There were no men to be found who could do the job. Lafayette at once pointed out to Mrs. Washington that she had three able-bodied men at her service—General Washington, himself and his aide-de-camp. Whereupon the three of them fell merrily to work and hung the paper in time for the ball. Washington's memo book had this entry in it—after the job—'the paste must be made of the finest flour and free from lumps. It is to be made thick and thinned by putting water in it. If there are wrinkles in the paper after it is on, put a piece of paper thereon and rub them out.' "

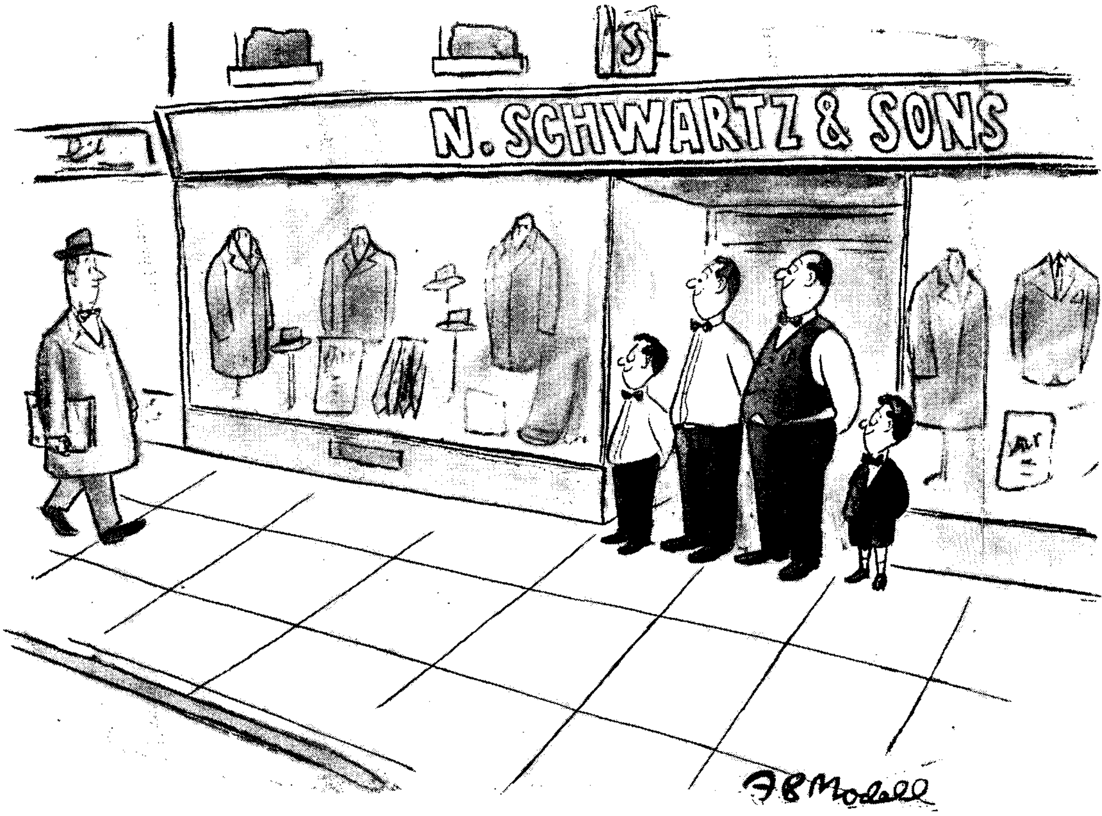
BOOKS

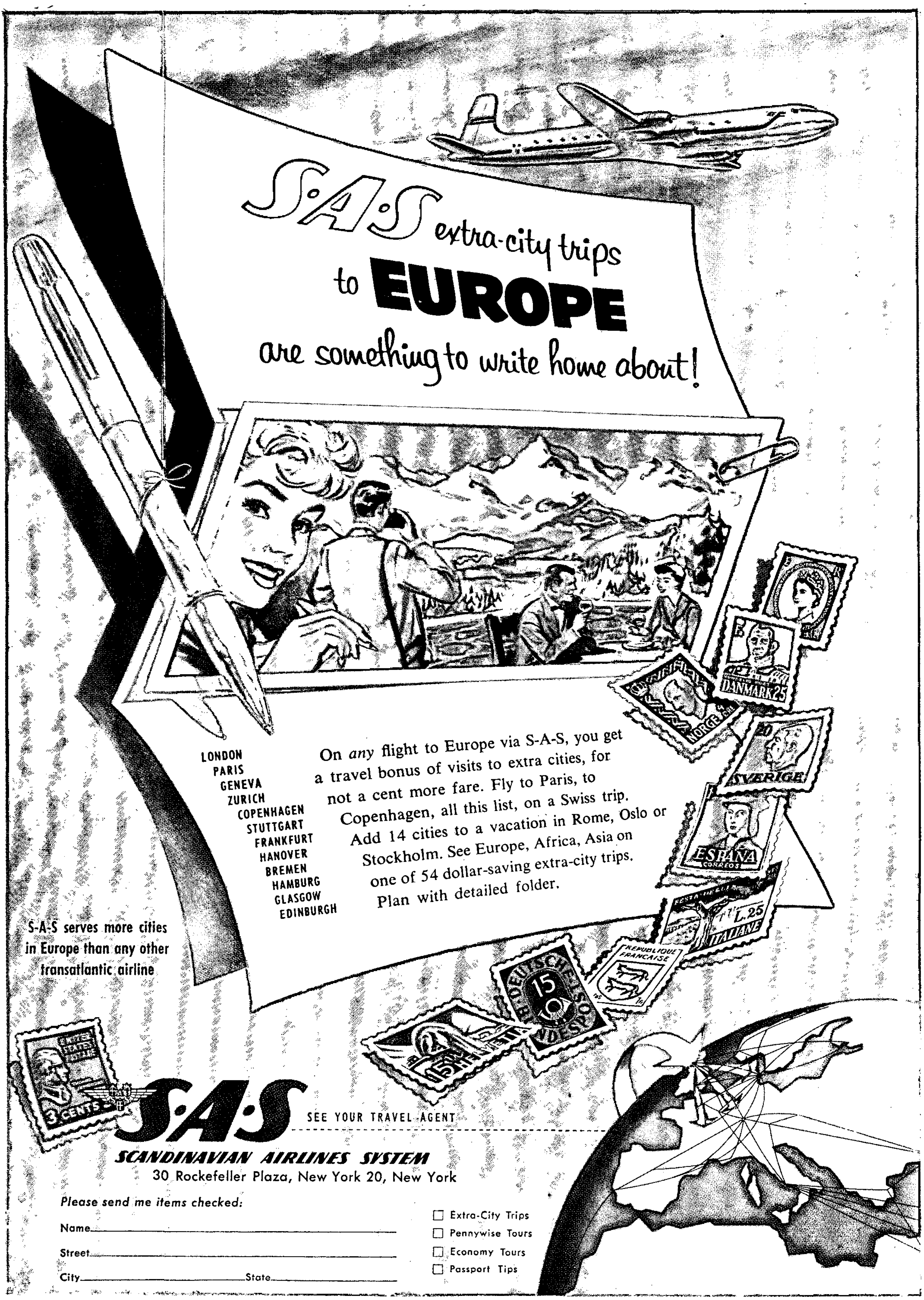
Charlotte Forten and Colonel Higginson

THE period of the American Civil War was not one in which belles-lettres flourished, but it did produce a remarkable literature of political pamphlets, public speeches, diaries, letters, and memoirs. Has there ever been another historical crisis of the magnitude of 1861-65 in which everybody was so articulate? Charles Sumner's Ciceronian orations; Lincoln's unique addresses, at once "directives" and elegies; John Brown's letters in prison and his final speech to the court; Grant's hard and pellucid memoirs, as well as the chronicles and apologetics of the other generals on both sides; Mary Chesnut's brilliant journal, so much more imaginative and revealing than any war novel of that generation; the correspondence of the Adams brothers, that cool and attentive comment of a self-consciously historical family—these dramatize the Civil War as the poet or the writer of fiction, coming later, can hardly hope to do. A hitherto unpublished document just brought out by the Dryden Press—"The Journal of Charlotte L. Forten," ably edited, with an introduction, by Ray Allen Billington—now fills in a corner of the picture and adds to the drama a significant voice which, though it once sometimes raised itself modestly in print, is now for the first time heard with its personal identity and accent.

Charlotte Forten was the granddaughter of James Forten, a Philadelphia Negro whose grandfather, the son of a slave, had obtained his freedom, and who, at the time of the Revolution, had volunteered to fight for the colonists. After the war, he returned to his native city and there became a prosperous sailmaker. In his championship of Negro causes, he was something of a public figure. He advocated abolition and fought against the Fugitive Slave Act of 1793, but he strongly opposed the movement to have the American Negroes shipped off to colonize Liberia. Like everyone else who had fought in the Revolution—his father had also served—he felt that he had the right to enjoy the advantages and the privileges of a citizen of the United States, and he asked whether he could really be expected to find himself at home in that Africa from which his great-grandfather had been brought and to "run at once to the old hut where my forefathers lived a hundred years ago." His sons carried on this tradition as well as the sailmaking business. A daughter of James Forten married a well-educated mulatto, partly English, partly Moorish, and nearly white, who became one of William Lloyd Garrison's lieutenants and president of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The granddaughter whose diary has come to us was thus the product of a special milieu. Not admitted to the white schools of Philadelphia, she was educated by tutors at home, then sent by her father to Salem, Massachusetts, where there was no discrimination in the schools and where she could live with the family of Charles L. Remond, another able mulatto, who also worked for the Anti-Slavery Society. This was in 1854, and it was then that Charlotte Forten began to keep her diary. She was always an excellent student; she won the prize in a poetry contest at her graduation, and was offered a job as teacher, which she accepted and filled till her health broke down (she suffered from the susceptibility to tuberculosis to which her race is liable). She was evidently well liked, and in her journal she gives the impression of being naturally affectionate and gentle. She reads a good deal, and likes especially Emerson and Mrs. Browning. She constantly attends lectures, and she makes the acquaintance of the great New England Abolitionists—Whittier and Garrison, Parker and Phillips. There are pages in which she might be taken for a Boston girl eager for "culture" or a conventional and rather shy Philadelphian of the well-to-do white bourgeoisie, but on other pages the paradox of her social position makes itself painfully felt. The friend of a number of distinguished men, a star in her studies in Salem, she finds that she is likely to be cut on the street by girls who have been friendly with her in class. This awakens in Charlotte a distrust, an impulse to retaliation, that are discordant with her other instincts. "Oh! it is hard," she exclaims, "to go through life meeting contempt with contempt, hatred with hatred, fearing, with too good reason, to love and trust hardly anyone whose

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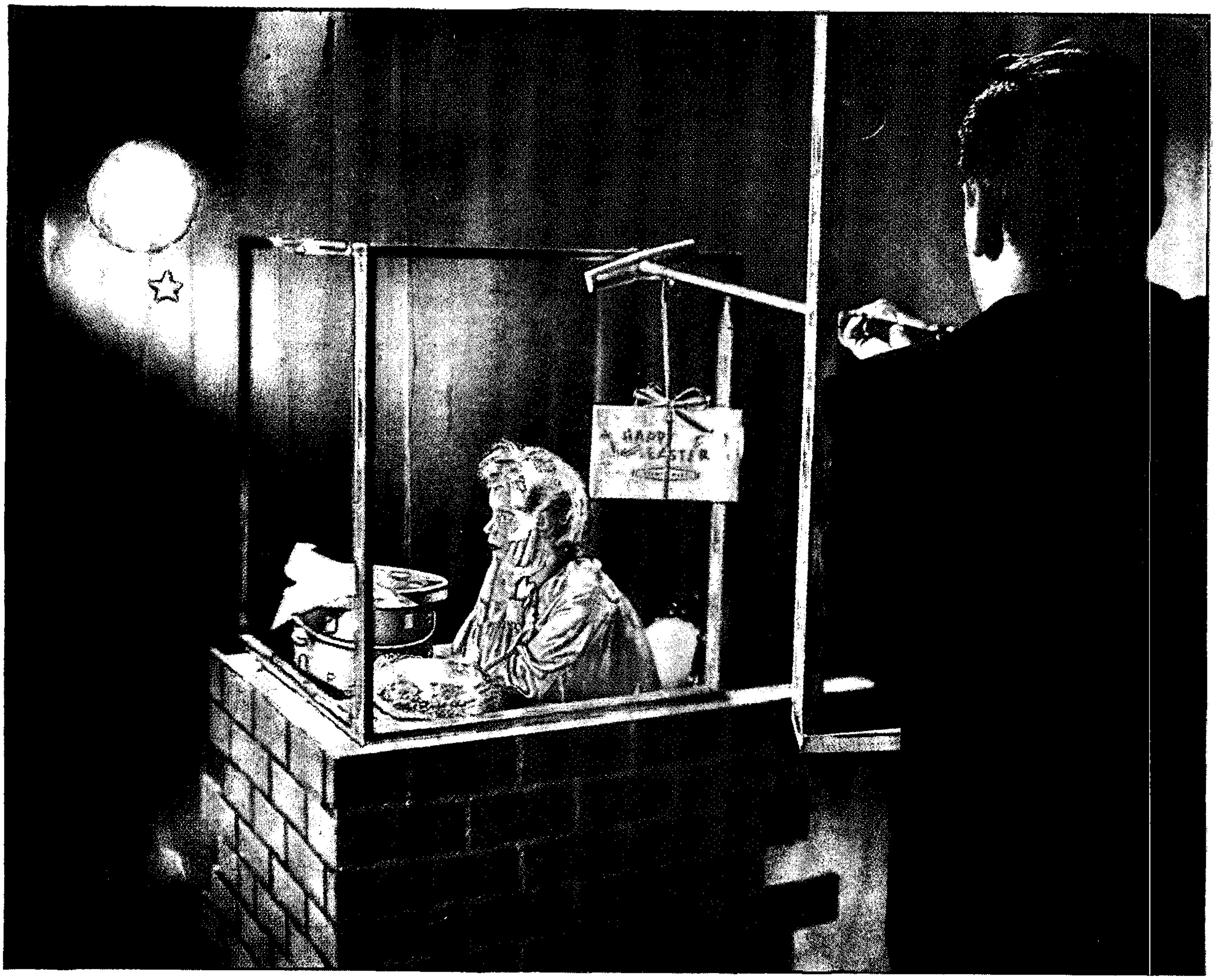

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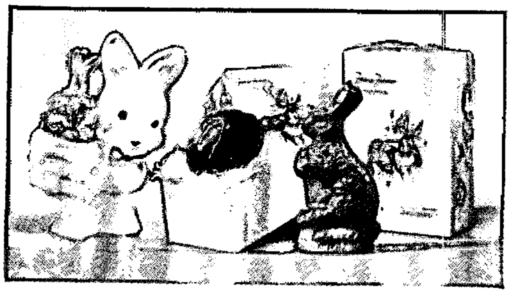

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skin is white—however lovable, attractive, and congenial in seeming. In the bitter passionate feelings of my soul, again and again there rises the question 'When, oh! when shall this cease?' . . . Conscience answers it is wrong, it is ignoble to despair; let us labor earnestly and faithfully to acquire knowledge, to break down the barriers of prejudice and oppression." It is certainly an unlucky, an unhealthy fate to be condemned to have no intercourse on equal terms with any white people except reformers, and at home, in Philadelphia, she did not have even these. It is a nuisance and hard on one's nerves never to know, in one's native town, that one will not be put out of a restaurant. To face social exclusion in Philadelphia—"*Mourir à Londres, c'est bien mourir!*" To be forced to live constantly with the color problem, to expend on it so much despairing thought, so much festering, helpless emotion—this might goad a person of exceptional character or talent to excel and to triumph. But Miss Forten is no heroine or genius; she is simply a young girl who likes poetry and who thirsts to see something of the world, who wants to know other people like herself, who needs a husband on her own level. Will she not deteriorate if she is given no chance to develop?

CHARLOTTE FORTEN was saved by the war, when she was still only twenty-five. When the forces of the federal government had captured the Sea Islands, south of Charleston, and the Port Royal region of South Carolina, and when all the white inhabitants had left, the Northerners found themselves confronted with a dense population of liberated Negroes, who sometimes spoke only Gullah and had never been off their islands, and a project was got under way to educate the new freedmen and help them to cultivate the big estates from which the masters had fled. Miss Forten very soon applied to be sent to teach school for these Negroes. She first got a letter from Whittier to the Boston Educational Commission, who kept her waiting for weeks and finally turned her down, telling her that they were "not sending women at present." Disappointed, she then went back to what she calls "old abominable Philadelphia," where she was fortunate enough to find in the secretary of the Port Royal Relief Association an Abolitionist who was glad to send her. She sailed for South Carolina in October, 1862.

For Miss Forten, a strange new experience, both idyllic and taxing, be-

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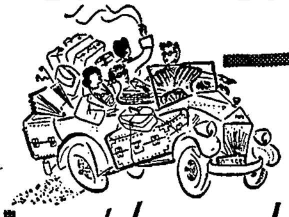

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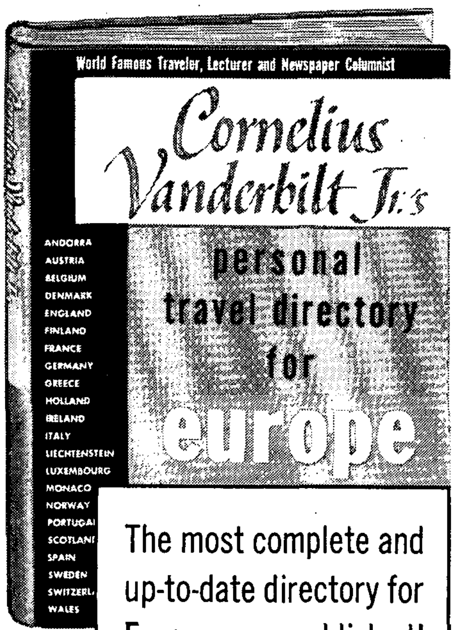
gan. She had her troubles with the Negro children, who had never been subjected to the schoolroom and whose speech she could sometimes hardly understand, but she loved to hear them sing their spirituals and got Whittier to write them a Christmas hymn. They must have been almost as remote from her as they were from the white invaders, but her close association with these latter she evidently found inspiring. The most distinguished of her white associates was Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson of Boston, whose lectures she had attended before the war and whom, when the war began, she had watched with admiration, in the streets of Worcester, drilling his white troops. He had come to South Carolina as a leader of Negro troops, the First South Carolina Volunteers, who were also the first black regiment. A wholehearted Abolitionist as well as something of a scholar and something of a man of the world, he combined with a critical and dry intelligence of the kind characteristic of Boston a capacity for direct action not often to be found at that date in the New England idealists and reformers. After being ordained, in his twenties, as a Unitarian minister, he had, as he said, preached himself out of his Newburyport pulpit by his sermons on the slavery question. He had taken a leading part in a couple of attempts at jailbreaks when fugitive slaves had been arrested in Boston, and—what was unheard of in that city for a representative of one of its first families—had got himself clubbed by the Boston police. He had led a migration to Kansas when, as a result of the conflict between free-soilers and slavers, there was as yet no authoritative government there and a civil war was going on; and in that then remote territory he had risked a lynching by preaching a sermon on a text that had earlier been employed by another New England clergyman the Sunday after he had fought at Bunker Hill: "Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses." He had got to know John Brown and had helped him raise money for his project of organizing a movement of runaway slaves who were to make themselves a stronghold in the Allegheny Mountains; and when Brown had been executed as the result of his Harper's Ferry exploit, Higginson had been discouraged only by the imprisoned men themselves from attempting to rescue Brown's followers. Now colonel of



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By JON GODDEN

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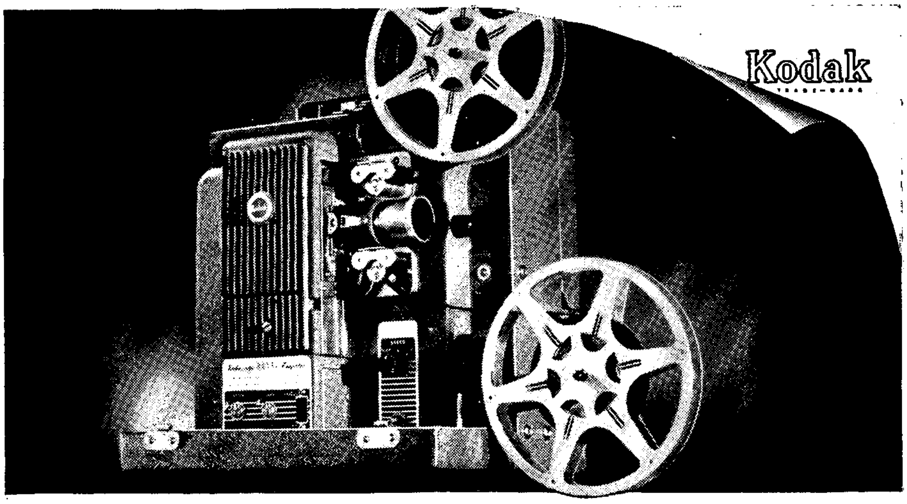
his Negro regiment, he was skirmishing and raiding on the Sea Islands at the time that Miss Forten arrived there. When she first encountered him, in camp at Beaufort, she was, she notes, "so much overwhelmed that I had no reply to make to the very kind and courteous little speech with which he met me. I believe I mumbled something, and grinned like a simpleton, that was all."

She met there, also, by an exciting coincidence, a Dr. Seth Rogers, who had done her "a world of good—spiritually as well as physically," when he had treated her, during one of her breakdowns, at the water cure in Worcester. Of both gentlemen she saw a good deal, and it is interesting to find their life, so Spartan in some respects and yet so often delightful, described in very much the same terms—they sometimes record the same incidents—in her diary and in Colonel Higginson's (the latter included in his book "Army Life in a Black Regiment"). Wentworth Higginson was a rather accomplished man of letters as well as a fighting reformer, and his volumes of autobiography and of memoirs of his contemporaries have survived as something more than documents. His limpid and elegant style has a flavor of artistic personality; he was sensitive to aesthetic impressions, and he knew how to render them with grace and precision. "I pressed no flowers," he writes of his days on the Sea Islands, "collected no insects or birds' eggs, made no notes on natural objects, reversing in these respects all previous habits. Yet now, in the retrospect, there seems to have been infused into me through every pore the voluptuous charm of the season and the place; and the slightest corresponding sound or odor now calls back the memory of those delicious days. Being afterwards on picket at almost every season, I tasted the sensations of all; and though I hardly then thought of such a result, the associations of beauty will remain forever." Both he and Miss Forten tell of the magnolias and the moonlight nights, of the boat trips between the islands and the horseback rides through the pinewoods, of the rousing Negro "shouts" they attended, and especially of a big New Year's barbecue at which ten oxen were roasted. Of this January 1, 1863, Colonel Higginson writes:

> The services began at half past eleven o'clock, with prayer by our chaplain, Mr. Fowler, who is always, on such occasions, simple, reverential, and impressive. Then the President's Proclamation was read by Dr. W. H. Brisbane, a thing infinitely ap-



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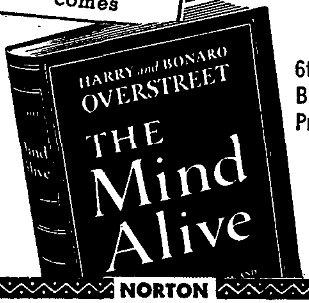

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propriate, a South Carolinian addressing South Carolinians; for he was reared among these very islands, and here long since emancipated his own slaves. Then the colors were presented to us by the Rev. Mr. French, a chaplain who brought them from the donors in New York. All this was according to the programme. Then followed an incident so simple, so touching, so utterly unexpected and startling, that I can scarcely believe it on recalling, though it gave the keynote to the whole day. The very moment the speaker had ceased, and just as I took and waved the flag, which now for the first time meant anything to these poor people, there suddenly arose, close beside the platform, a strong male voice (but rather cracked and elderly), into which two women's voices instantly blended, singing, as if by an impulse that could no more be repressed than the morning note of the song-sparrow.—

> "My Country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty,
> Of thee I sing!"

People looked at each other, and then at us on the platform, to see whence came this interruption, not set down in the bills. Firmly and irrepressibly the quavering voices sang on, verse after verse; others of the colored people joined in; some whites on the platform began, but I motioned them to silence. I never saw anything so electric; it made all other words cheap; it seemed the choked voice of a race at last unloosed. Nothing could be more wonderfully unconscious; art could not have dreamed of a tribute to the day of jubilee that should be so affecting; history will not believe it; and when I came to speak of it, after it was ended, tears were everywhere.... Just think of it!—the first day they had ever had a country, the first flag they had ever seen which promised anything to their people, and here, while mere spectators stood in silence, waiting for my stupid words, these simple souls burst out in their lay, as if they were by their own hearths at home! When they stopped, there was nothing to do for it but to speak, and I went on; but the life of the whole day was in those unknown people's song.

That evening, returning from Camp Saxton, where the celebration had taken place, Miss Forten, on her side, reports, "We had a good time on the *Flora*. L. [a white Quaker girl] and I promenaded the deck, and sang John Brown, and Whittier's Hymn and 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.' And the moon shone bright above us, and the waves beneath, smooth and clear, glistened in the soft moonlight. At Beaufort we took the row boat, and the boatmen sang as they rowed us across."

BOTH Higginson and Charlotte Forten mention the chains and the handcuffs brought by the Colonel from a local plantation, where a wealthy lady had been found "living in solitary splendor." "She spent a long time," says Charlotte, "in trying to convince Dr.

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Rogers that she and her husband had devoted themselves to the good of their slaves, and lamented their ingratitude in all deserting her—as they have all done except one or two petted house servants." Colonel Higginson had appeared there with one of these Negroes, who had run away from her service and was now a corporal in the Colonel's regiment. "I never saw," he writes, "a finer bit of unutterable indignation than came over the face of my hostess, as she slowly recognized him. She drew herself up, and dropped out the monosyllables of her answer as if they were so many drops of nitric acid. 'Ah,' quoth my lady, '*we* called him Bob!' . . . [Bob] simply turned from the lady, touched his hat to me, and asked if I would wish to see the slave-jail, as he had the keys in his possession." This turned out to be "a small building, like a Northern corn-barn," in the middle of the door of which was fixed "a large staple with a rusty chain, like an ox-chain, for fastening a victim down. When the door had been opened after the death of the late proprietor, my informant said, a man was found padlocked in that chain. We found also three pairs of stocks of various construction, two of which had smaller as well as larger holes, evidently for the feet of women or children. In a building near by we found something far more complicated, which was perfectly unintelligible till the men explained all its parts: a machine so contrived that a person once imprisoned in it could neither sit, stand, nor lie, but must support the body half raised, in a position scarcely endurable."

Both Higginson and Charlotte Forten admired young Colonel Shaw, another New England crusader in command of another colored regiment, and both mourned his death when he fell in the unsuccessful attack on Fort Wagner. He had, says Higginson, "already got beyond the commonplaces of inexperience, in regard to colored troops. . . . For instance, he admitted the mere matter of courage to be settled, as regarded the colored troops, and his whole solicitude bore on this point—Would they do as well in line-of-battle as they had already done in more irregular service, and on picket and guard duty?" "It is too terrible, too terrible to write," Miss Forten cries when the bad news has reached them. "That our noble, beautiful young Colonel is killed, and the regiment cut to pieces! . . . The 54th put in advance; fought bravely, desperately, but was finally overpowered and driven back after getting into

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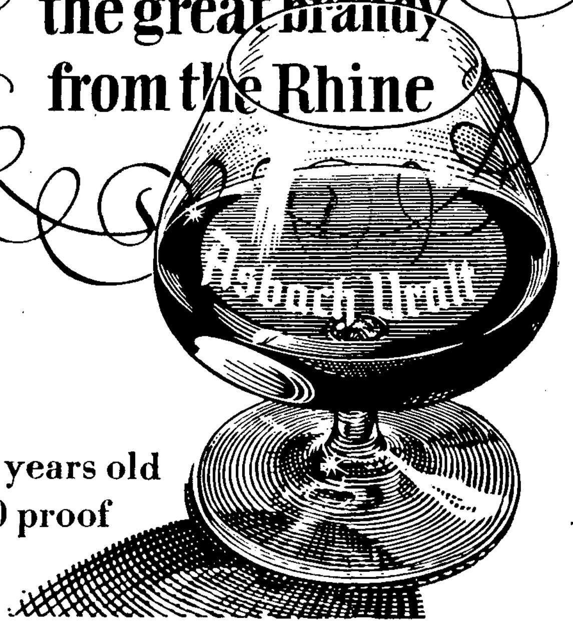

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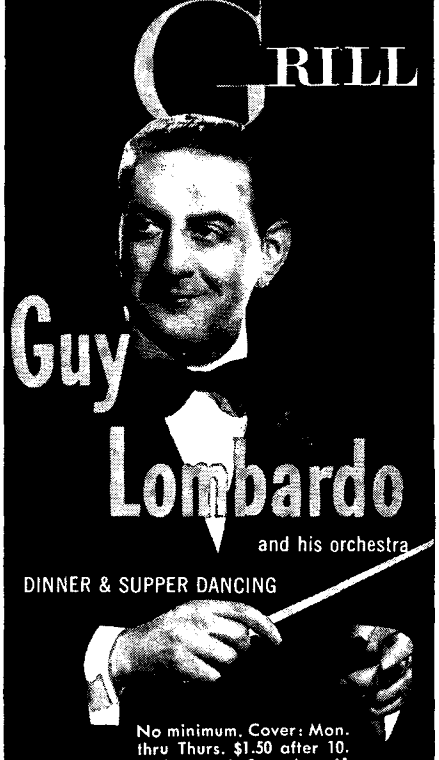

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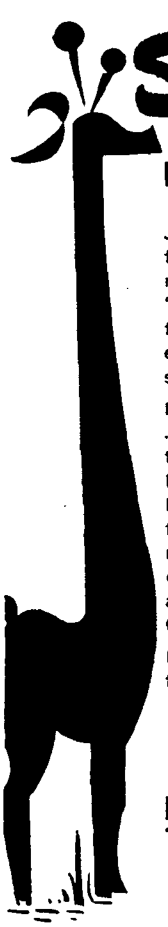
the Fort. Thank Heaven! they fought bravely!"

Charlotte Forten was evidently popular; she seems even to have been something of a belle. Her relations with Dr. Rogers, discreetly though she records them, decidedly give us the impression of verging on a genuine love affair. The need for more intimate companionship has taken the odd form, in her diary, of impelling her to create an imaginary confidante, to whom she can relay her sensations. This imaginary girl friend is addressed as "dear A." In Charlotte's first difficult days on the islands, she is able to relieve her mind by confessing to "dear A." such moods of depression as the following: "Had my first regular teaching experience, and to you and you only, friend beloved, will I acknowledge that it was *not* a very pleasant one. Part of my scholars are very tiny—babies, I call them—and it is hard to keep them quiet and interested while I am hearing the larger ones," etc. Dear A. becomes more and more real: "Was there ever a lovelier road than that through which part of my way to school lies? Oh, I wish you were here to go with me, *cher ami*," "Old friend, my good and dear A., a very, very happy New Year to you!" But by February of 1864, she is able to report to her phantom friend the progress of intimacy with a real one. Dr. Rogers takes her by surprise by dropping in on her school one day. He hears the children read. "They sang beautifully, too, which delighted him. He came to dine with us, and then we—just he and I—had the loveliest horseback ride to Thorpe's place. It was lovely through those pines, and we found the most exquisite jessamine. . . . Dr. R. broke off long sprays and twined them around me. I felt as grand as a queen. . . . Dear A., I can give you no idea of the ride homeward. I know only that it was the most delightful ride I ever had in my life. The young moon—just a silver bow—had a singular, almost violet tinge, and all around it in the heavens was a rosy glow, deepening every moment, which was wonderfully beautiful. I shall never forget how that rosy light, and the moon and stars, looked to us as we caught them in glimpses, riding through the dark pines. How wild and unreal it all seemed and what happiness it was, as we rode slowly along, to listen to the conversation of the dear friend who is always so kind, so full of sympathy, and of eager enthusiasm in the great work in which he is engaged. No wonder the soldiers love him so much. . . . There is a magnetism about him impos-



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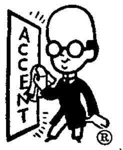

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sible to resist. I can never be thankful enough that he came here. But oh, I do not want him to be ill, or to die. Most gladly w'ld I give my life that one so noble, so valuable might be preserved. He brought me a note from Col. Higginson. So very kind! I shall not say anything about its contents or about what Dr. Rogers said to me relating to it, even to you, yet, my dear A., for it is a profound secret, which I must not trust to paper. But rest assured you will know all about it ere long." The Colonel had invited Charlotte to go with his regiment to Florida, but the expedition never took place. Dr. Rogers had written her from there, when he had to go away for a time, and sent her "a very light pretty rocking chair." Of another delightful ride with him, she writes, "It is very pleasant to know he cared so much for me, even although I *know* he thinks far better of me than I deserve."

But the Mr. Thorpe mentioned above, a school superintendent from Rhode Island, "intelligent and agreeable," she says, seems also to be taking an interest in her. In May, returning from a visit to him, with the Quaker girl and Mr. Thorpe himself, she has another memorable ride at night: "I rode Mr. Thorpe's horse, a splendid, swift, high spirited creature. C'ld hardly hold him. But enjoyed the ride exceedingly. I like Mr. Thorpe. Report says that he more than likes me. But I *know* it is not so. Have never had the least reason to think it. Although he is very good and liberal, he is still an *American*, and w'ld, of course, never be so insane as to love one of the proscribed race. The rumor—like many others—is entirely absurd and without the shadow of a foundation. How strange it seemed riding to-night through the woods—often in such perfect darkness we c'ld see nothing—how strange and wild! I liked it."

What is hidden behind the following entry, a couple of months later? "Had a pleasant morning under the trees, near the water, while Dr. R. read Emerson to us. Then had a long talk with him, after which came to the very sudden determination to go North in the next steamer. It is necessary for my health; therefore, it is wise to go."

THIS whole episode is given more point if we put beside it another diary—this time by a Southern observer, who, taken with these Northern ones, produces binocular vision and enables us to place two opposing groups in relation to one another. Mary Chesnut was the

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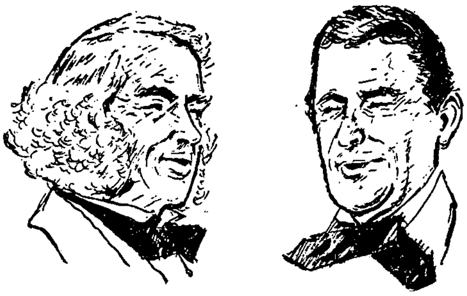
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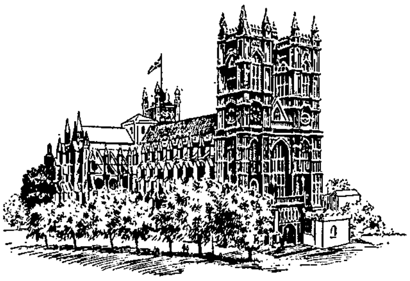

Westminster Abbey is falling down

If this news leaves you unmoved, read no further

TODAY, Westminster Abbey is in almost as desperate danger of becoming a total loss as it was during the Blitz. But now the enemy is *time.*

Nine centuries of weather and slow decay have weakened the Abbey's very foundations. Much of its stonework has perished. Its pinnacles lean dangerously.

To make good this damage, and establish endowments for future maintenance, will cost £1,000,000. An appeal was launched in London in January, 1953.

Fund is nine-tenths complete

Since then, contributions from Britain and every part of the Commonwealth have been coming in. Now, the total goal is all but one-tenth subscribed.

The Abbey is more than a British shrine. It will always be, in the words of Sir Winston Churchill, "...a living spring of hope, inspiration and unfailing interest wherever the English language is spoken..."

Tens of thousands of Americans know and love Westminster Abbey. They have prayed and given thanks in it. They have stood there in the hush of history.

Spontaneous American gesture

Because of this, a committee of Americans—belonging to the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths—have started The American Fund for Westminster Abbey. The Hon. Winthrop W. Aldrich is honorary chairman, with Morris L. Ernst, William V. Griffin and Langdon P. Marvin as co-chairmen. The goal is $280,000.

This appeal is addressed to those many friends of Britain in this country who feel that the Abbey is part of their own heritage—and would like to have a hand in making it secure.

Contributions in pounds or dollars are tax-deductible. They should be sent to The English-Speaking Union (Abbey Fund), 19 East 54th St., New York 22.

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wife of James Chesnut, the son of an important plantation owner and an officer on Jefferson Davis's staff. In her vivid and lively journal, which was published a few years ago with the title "A Diary from Dixie," she describes the collapse of the plantation regime and the desperate frivolity of Charleston and Richmond in the years that led down to defeat. Here we learn what was happening on the mainland while the Yankees were occupying the islands. The place names that figure in Miss Forten and Higginson turn up also in Mrs. Chesnut, for she records her meetings with people who have had to abandon their properties. These estates the invading visitors are exploring with keen curiosity. Of an abandoned plantation on Edisto Island, Charlotte Forten writes, "This must once have been a beautiful place. The grounds were evidently laid out with great taste and are filled with beautiful trees, among which I noticed particularly the magnolia tree, with its wonderful white blossoms, large, pure, dazzlingly white, as they shone among the rich, dark, shining leaves. . . . We explored the house but found nothing but rubbish, and an old bedstead, and a very good bathing tub—which Lieut. R. graciously consented to my appropriating. It is quite a treasure in these regions." The present state of the former inhabitants we hear something of from Mrs. Chesnut: "Poor Mrs. Middleton has paralysis. Has she not had trouble enough? . . . Their plantation and house at Edisto destroyed, their house in Charleston burned, her children scattered, starvation in Lincolnton, and all as nothing to the one dreadful blow—her only son killed in Virginia. Their lives are washed away in a tide of blood. There is nothing to show they were ever on earth." And Mrs. Chesnut's picture of the Confederate capital contrasts in a fundamental way as well as the superficial one with the chronicle of the campers on the islands. The Confederate officers are touchy and jealous; they all know each other too well readily to submit to discipline. The principle of States' Rights on which the Confederacy has based its cause is being used against Jefferson Davis by the men in his own Congress to prevent him from putting through conscription, from suspending habeas corpus, from requisitioning the slaves for war work—the kind of wartime measures that the Northerners have had to grant Lincoln to make it possible for him to prosecute the war. Mrs. Chesnut is scrupulously loyal to the South. She refuses to criticize Davis;

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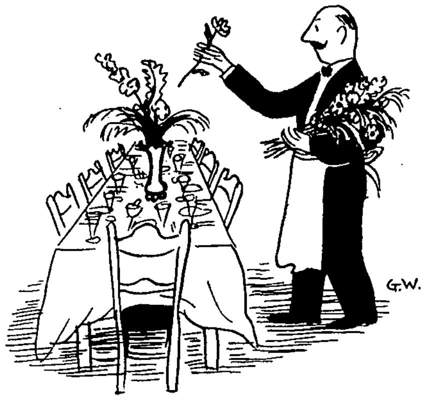
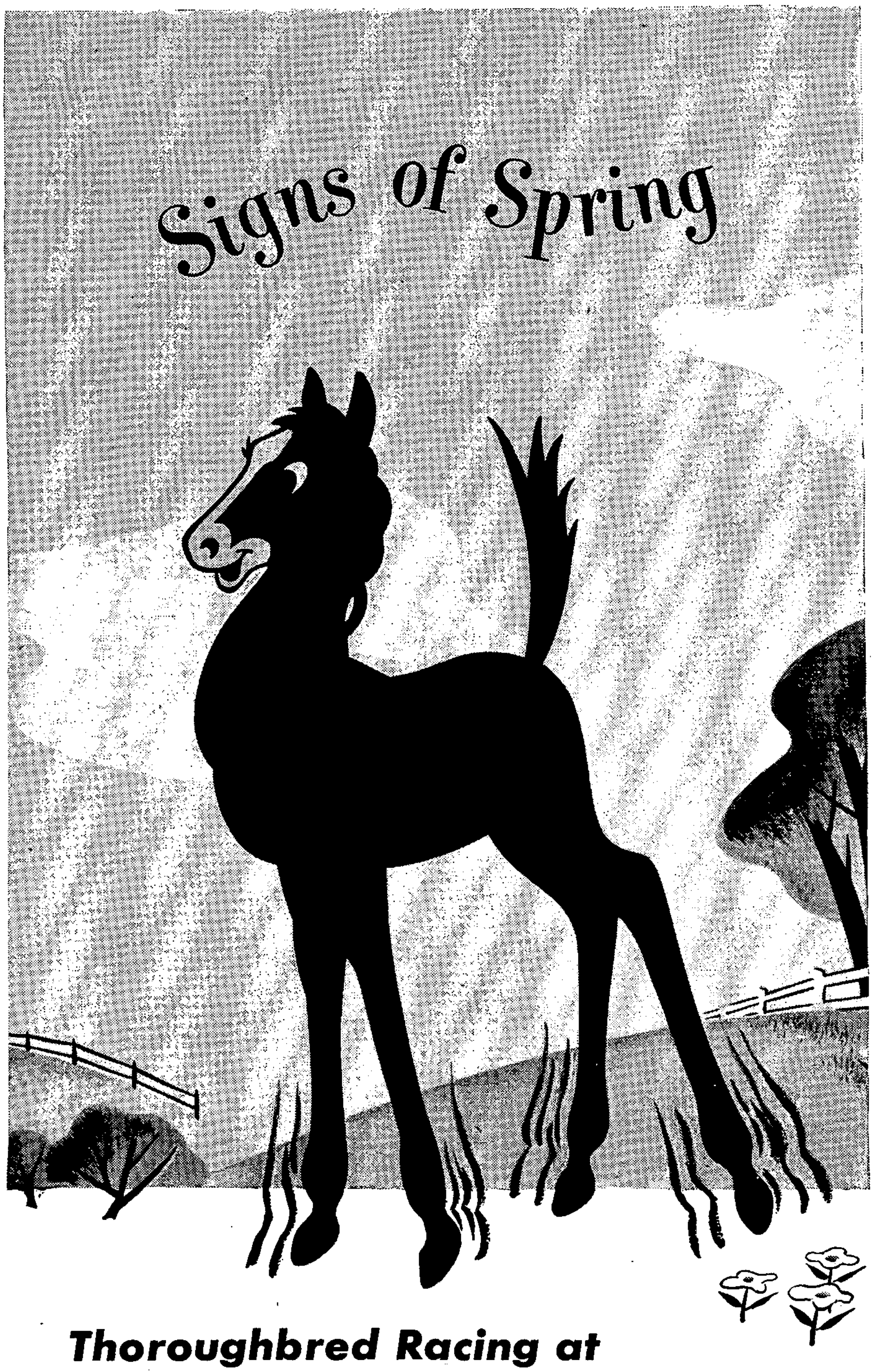
she takes part in all the entertainments, the suppers and charades and amateur theatricals, in which the young women of Richmond try to forget the misfortunes of their lovers and the generals to forget the front. We gather from the memoirs of one of her friends, Mrs. Burton Harrison, that Mrs. Chesnut was amusing, enchanting, that she did much to make others forget. Yet it is plain from her private record that she is worried by the political confusion, the vanity of the generals, the atmosphere of slander and squabble. And when she returns to her father-in-law's plantation, she wonders about the Negroes. The white planters' households are so corrupt; the master maintains the proprieties to the point of suppressing romantic novels, but he is constantly sleeping with the slave girls, and the places are full of coffee-colored children that the white ladies have to ignore. One day a Cousin Betsy, a neighbor, is murdered in her bed by two servants who had become very spoiled and insolent and had been promised a whipping by her son. "Captain Barnwell came to see us," Mrs. Chesnut elsewhere records. "We had a dinner for them at Mulberry [the estate of James Chesnut's parents]. Stephen Elliott was there. He gave us an account of his father's plantation at Beaufort, from which he has just returned: 'Our Negroes are living in great comfort. They were delighted to see me, and treated me with overflowing affection. They waited on me as before, gave me beautiful breakfasts and splendid dinners; but they firmly and respectfully informed me: "We own this land now. Put it out of your head that it will ever be yours again."' "

Mrs. Chesnut is serious and intelligent; she has read a good deal of history and travelled in other countries, and she lived in Washington at the time when her husband was a senator. She has always disapproved of slavery, and she has no sons to lose, so she can see things more coolly than most of her





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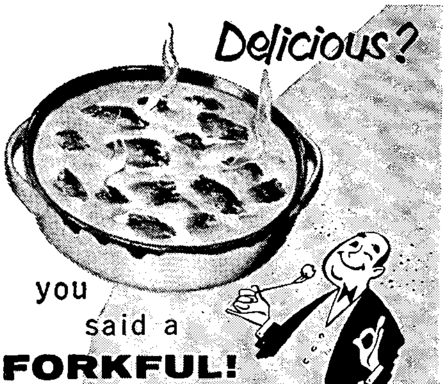
friends, and as we read her on the war in its later phase, we come more and more to suspect that there has always been doubt in her heart. At the last, it becomes almost explicit. For all her gaiety, for all her spirit, in spite of her confirmed defiance of the North, she does not believe that the South will win. And we see, when we turn again to the mixed and unconventional company who are nesting now in Edisto and Beaufort, that they have always been sustained by self-confidence.

IN the pages of Mrs. Chesnut, we encounter the name of Grimké. The Grimkés of South Carolina were an old revolutionary family of French and German blood. John Faucheraud Grimké was a wealthy judge. His two sisters became active Abolitionists and champions of women's rights, one of whom wrote, in 1836, an anti-slavery "Appeal to the Christian Women of the South." They went to live in New England, where they were freer to work for their cause but where there reached them, in 1868, an upsetting revelation from the South they had left behind. One of the sisters had noticed in an anti-slavery paper that a literary meeting at Lincoln University, a new institution of learning for Negroes, was to be addressed by a man named Francis Grimké. She knew well that there was only one family of Grimkés and, after wondering and worrying a month, she finally wrote to this unknown person. She then learned that one of her brothers in Charleston had had three sons by one of his slave girls. This brother, on his death, had bequeathed his slaves to the eldest of his white sons but had provided that his own half-breed children should be freed. The white heir, however, in contempt of this, threatened, when one of these boys was ten, to sell him to another master, and the boy, whose name was Francis, had run away during the war and worked as valet to a Confederate officer. In ill health after two years of this, he had returned to his home, and had first been sent to jail as a runaway slave by his half brother, who was still his owner, and then sold to another officer. He was rescued, after the fall of the Confederacy, by the United States Sanitary Commission, and, together with one of his brothers, sent North, where eventually they both graduated from Lincoln. Both the boys were unusually able. Archibald went on to Harvard Law, served as consul in Santo Domingo, and wrote lives of Sumner and Garrison and books on the Negro problem. Francis studied for the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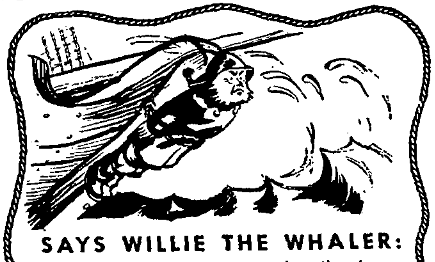

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ministry. He graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary and preached in Presbyterian churches, first in Washington, D.C., then in Jacksonville. Both were active in the cause of Negro rights. And Francis, the bar-sinister scion of an old Carolinian family, married Charlotte Forten.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

INVITATION FROM MINERVA, by March Cost (Lippincott). A splendid but highly nervous dinner party, given at a remote castle in the Tyrol and attended by a group of complicated and secretive people, is turned into a seven-day nightmare when an avalanche seals the castle, making prisoners of the hostess, her guests, and her servants, and forcing them, through strain, to disclose themselves honestly to one another. Miss Cost describes the dinner party and the events leading up to it with grace and humor, and manages to invest every one of her characters with a theatrical elegance that is good fun to contemplate. The year is 1921, and the hostess of the evening—or, as it turns out, of the week—is named Princess Victoria Babenberg.

A SEED UPON THE WIND, by William Michelfelder (Bobbs-Merrill). Andrew Carew, a house doctor at a Catholic hospital, and Marjorie Butler, a nurse at the same hospital, disgrace themselves separately in the eyes of their superiors and their colleagues, and, impulsively joining forces, leave the hospital together. Dr. Carew, a badly mixed-up Catholic whose troubles are exacerbated by heavy drinking, seems to need priestly guidance, or priestly reassurance, more than anything else, but Miss Butler, who is very much in love with him, simply wants to marry him and take care of him. She, too, is a Catholic, but one who carries her religion lightly, if firmly. Anyway, they go off and live together without marrying, and the scandal is tremendous and the damage to themselves is also tremendous. Mr. Michelfelder, a vigorously original writer who can be very witty when he wants to, has written an extremely interesting novel that almost rings true in the reading but sounds false in retrospect, because in spite of all the thought and sympathy that have gone into his story, Andrew Carew is still a poor, mewling, self-indulgent creature, not

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GENERAL

THE CHALLENGE OF MAN'S FUTURE, by Harrison Brown (Viking). Another urgent warning that "with the consumption of each additional barrel of oil and ton of coal, with the addition of each new mouth to be fed, with the loss of each additional inch of topsoil," the human race is jitterbugging closer and closer to a catastrophic Monday morning from which it is unlikely to recover. The author, a professor of geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology, tells us that at the moment about the only remaining uncertainty is the exact look of the world upon which we may soon open our horrified eyes. There are, he says, just two real possibilities. If we go on as we are—warring, plundering, and proliferating—it is almost inevitable that we will find ourselves a biological minority doomed forever to a meagre agrarian existence. The alternative is equally unpleasant. If we succeed in outlawing war and reordering our resources, there is every likelihood that our best reward will be a rebirth as robots in a "completely controlled, collectivized industrial society." It is only fair to add that Professor Brown makes an effort to suggest a third, and more tolerable, possibility, but since this is based upon man's immediate liberation from "unreasoned slogans and dogma, from the soothsayer, from the person whose selfish interests compel him to draw false conclusions, from the man who . . . prefers indoctrination to education," he is quite aware that it is optimistic almost to the point of lunacy. A shattering book.

THE MIDGET RAIDERS, by C. E. T. Warren and James Benson (Sloane). Late in 1941, the Italians employed "human torpedoes" in a spectacular and crippling raid on British capital ships in the harbor at Alexandria, whereupon the British Navy, spurred by Prime Minister Churchill, at once stepped up its program for manned torpedoes and midget submarines. In time, this resulted in the Mark I, a weird undersea contraption fitted with a warhead and ridden cockhorse by two men in diving suits, and the X-craft, which were three- or four-man submarines. This book tells how the weapons were developed, how their crews were trained, and how

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they made out in the war. They made out very well, seriously hampering U-boat repairs in Bergen, putting the battleship Tirpitz out of action for months, heckling and savaging the enemy in every part of the world, and accounting for nearly a hundred thousand tons of Axis shipping. Both authors served in this dangerous but apparently exhilarating arm of the Navy, and their history of it is a thorough, competent job. Photographs.

OBEDIENT MEN, by Denis Meadows (Appleton-Century-Crofts). An account of the author's ten years as a member of the Society of Jesus. Reared as an Anglican in Edwardian England, he began his novitiate as a youth and left the brotherhood in 1917 to join the British Expeditionary Force. He explains, step by step, what a man goes through to become a Jesuit, and in so doing he completes a portrait of the order that is both fascinating and quite at variance with many popular notions. The Society of Jesus is an austere fraternity but no more so than many other Roman Catholic brotherhoods, Mr. Meadows says; it teaches a reverence for life, and the beauty in it, and has no "secret instructions," as is often charged. Moreover, the author says earnestly, it does *not* teach its members that the end justifies the means; its one distinctive tenet is insistence on religious obedience. Mr. Meadows left the Jesuits because of doubts that he had a vocation to the life (he hadn't lost his faith), and his chapters on his inner struggles are revealing and often affecting. A graceful, unusual little book, with its own share of humor.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH ADDISON, by Peter Smithers (Oxford). Mr. Smithers, who is a Member of Parliament with literary interests, as Addison was, has written the first full-length biography of his subject. It is, he says, the product of fourteen years of research and of "deep admiration." Our century does not seem much interested in Addison's plays and poems, which strike us about the way his play "Cato" struck Macaulay—as cold, turgid, and quite unbearable—and Mr. Smithers has wisely not attempted to rehabilitate them. The Sir Roger de Coverley papers, along with some of the other *Spectator* papers, appear to be immortal, however, and the characteristically eighteenth-century life and mind they reflect has a perennial fascination—although perhaps not to

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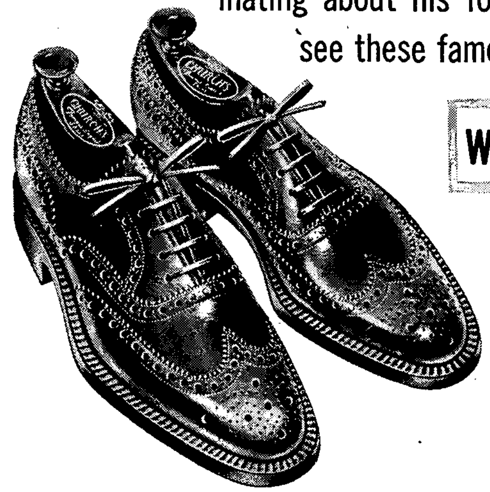

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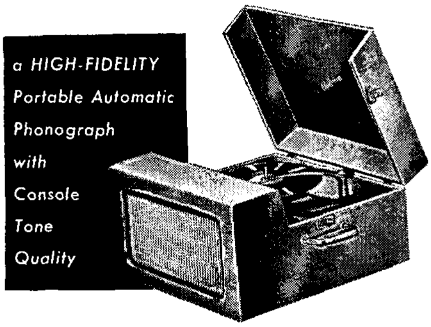

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the tune of four hundred and fifty-six pages. It is interesting to learn that Addison's last words actually were the legendary "See in what peace a Christian can die," but that the remark had been carefully worked up beforehand.

THE MOTION OF THE HEART, by Blake Cabot (Harper). "I found the task [of determining the nature of the heart's operation] so truly arduous," wrote William Harvey, in his epochal "Exercitatio de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis," on the circulation of the blood, "that I was almost tempted to think . . . that the motion of the heart was only to be comprehended by God." That was in 1628. In this illuminating handbook, Mr. Cabot, a journalist in the employ of the American Heart Association, reviews the equally arduous, and sometimes equally inspired, labors of the many subsequent investigators—physiologists, biochemists, physicists, immunologists, and pharmacologists—that have resulted in the present triumphant, if still incomplete, comprehension of the body's most active and most durable organ. A splendid interpretation, written with precision, clarity, and zest.

TEAPOTS AND QUAILS, by Edward Lear (Harvard). What there is of this book is excellent—new limericks, new Flora Nonsensica, a long poem called "The Scroobious Pip," "The Adventures of Mr. Lear, the Polly, and the Pusseybite," and a series of pictures and verses that follows a formula found only here:

> Teapots and quails,
> Snuffers and snails,
> Set him a sailing
> and see how he sails!

Unique, and one of Lear's best things, is an all but finished sonnet in a mock romantic vein: "Cold are the crabs that crawl on yonder hills." The drawings are better reproduced than in ordinary editions of Lear, in which the delicate line has often been coarsened and smudged. But the editing, by Angus Davidson and Philip Hofer, is curiously and annoyingly inadequate. You are almost never told what anything is: where it was found or in what context. What was the purpose of the charming friezes that are used for the end papers and covers? What is the meaning of the wonderful drawing, printed at the head of the Contents, that depicts a startled woman opening what seems to be a clothes chest, from which what is evidently an

Leonid de Lescinskis

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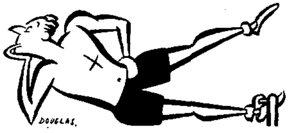

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enormous moth, with a smile at once naïve and wicked, pokes an impertinent snout? And why such a thin selection? So much other new material by Lear has been published in small editions and not gathered up by any collection—for example, "Lear in Sicily" (not a travel book, but nonsense), brought out in 1938; "A Nonsense Alphabet," published in 1952 by the Victoria and Albert Museum; and the long poems, which youngsters should know (especially "The Children of the Owl and the Pussy-Cat"), included by Mr. Davidson in his biography of Lear. What is needed is a new large-scale Lear, like the Nonesuch Lewis Carroll, as nearly complete as possible and presented in a scholarly way.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BAD SEED, by William March (Rinehart). The eight-year-old heroine of this admirable book is as amoral as people were at the dawn of the world, when the acquisitive instinct had not yet been diluted by any soft and foolish considerations. It is her habit to eliminate anything that gets in her way, and by page 90 we have been given to understand that she has disposed of a pet dog, an old lady, and a little schoolmate, all of whom were hampering her in one respect or another. It is clear that she is on her way to becoming one of the classic mass murderers of all time, and her unfortunate mother, the only person aware of the deadly heritage that makes her what she is, is obviously in a terrible fix. Mr. March writes with fine, cold restraint, and his baby Gorgon might easily be the envy and despair of her rather less accomplished prototype in "The Children's Hour." Undoubtedly one of the year's best.

THE GENEROUS HEART, by Kenneth Fearing (Harcourt, Brace). The author of "The Big Clock" is interested this time in the charity-fund-raising racket, a form of livelihood that seems to involve almost incredible skulduggeries. The plot has to do with a gang of cutthroats who employ what looks like a simple hit-and-run accident to bend the hero and heroine to their wicked will, and before things get straightened out it seems quite likely that everybody is going to wind up either in the death house or on a slab in the morgue. Mr. Fearing, who is also a well-known poet, writes with an enthusiasm that sometimes verges on abandon, but neither the people

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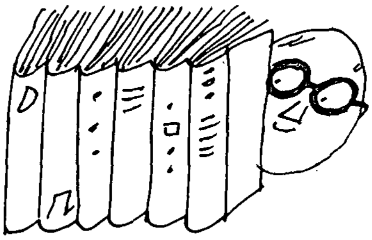
editor at large



Every now and then you get the idea that radio people *hate* good reviews. Let the reviewers praise a program, and, bingo, it's either dropped or switched to 11:30 p.m., Tuesday.

Take Leon Pearson, NBC's "Critic At Large," the only network book critic. His program has been praised so often it has been shoved all over the schedule. Currently, it's at the end of "Weekend," between 5:45 and 6 p.m. (EST) Sunday. Try it for perceptive comment and up-to-date news on books, plays, magazines and movies.

¶ On the other hand, the history of CBS's "Invitation to Learning" offers some hope. Although a longtime critics' favorite, it has stayed pretty well put. Its intelligent discussion of worthwhile books now comes at 11:35 a.m. (EST) Sunday, and is well worth getting up that early to hear.

¶ Sunday afternoon begins and ends with these programs. In between you can do the crossword, or lie down with the comics over your head and listen to the Philharmonic. Or you can read a book.

¶ If you do the last, you might try Anchor Books. This series of paper books for the serious reader offers, for less than a dollar, such excellent works as "The Lonely Crowd," Gide's "Lafcadio's Adventures" and Lionel Trilling's "The Liberal Imagination."

Six new Anchor Books have been issued. They include "The Mind of the South," Malinowski's "Magic, Science and Religion," W. J. Turner's "Mozart," and "Teacher in America" by Jacques Barzun.

There are now 30 Anchor Books. If you would like a complete list, a postcard to me will bring you one by return mail.

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nor the incidents in this item are apt to stir you very deeply.

HATRED, RIDICULE, OR CONTEMPT, by Joseph Dean (Macmillan). English authors usually seem to be able to handle court proceedings with great style, and Mr. Dean, an Englishman, adheres to this tradition, for this book of celebrated libel cases is remarkably witty and informative. Among the actions described is one brought by an actress against an editor who had stated that her performance in Wilde's "Salomé" was part of a German plot to win the First World War through the propagation of sexual vice among the British; one brought by Princess Youssoupoff against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for intimating that she had been ravaged by Rasputin, which cost the defendant twenty-five thousand pounds; and one in which Lord Alfred Douglas, who appears to have been born to notoriety, was sued by the Crown for stating that Winston Churchill made a fortune on Wall Street by distorting the facts about the Battle of Jutland. Altogether there are some forty cases, ranging in time from 1824, when Leigh Hunt's brother John was called to account for printing a poem by Byron that libelled the memory of George III, to 1946, when the late Harold Laski sued a newspaper for reporting that he advocated revolution by violence. The author's intelligent selection of detail and his air of urbane detachment make them all absorbing reading.

•

"Come and get 'em!"

The Baltimore Orioles will issue that invitation to big-league hungry Maryland baseball enthusiasts when ticket windows and booths are opened at the Stadium a week from today.

As officials were getting braced yesterday for the expected rush, they took time out for a major conference with city representatives on plans for the big April 15 parade which will welcome the big league Orioles to their new home.

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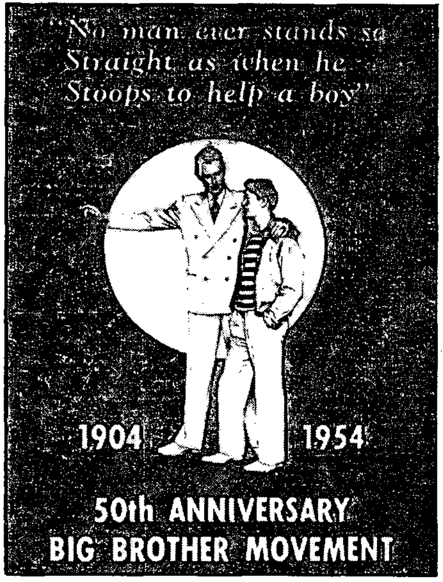

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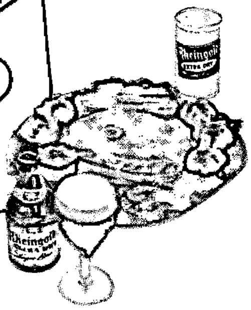

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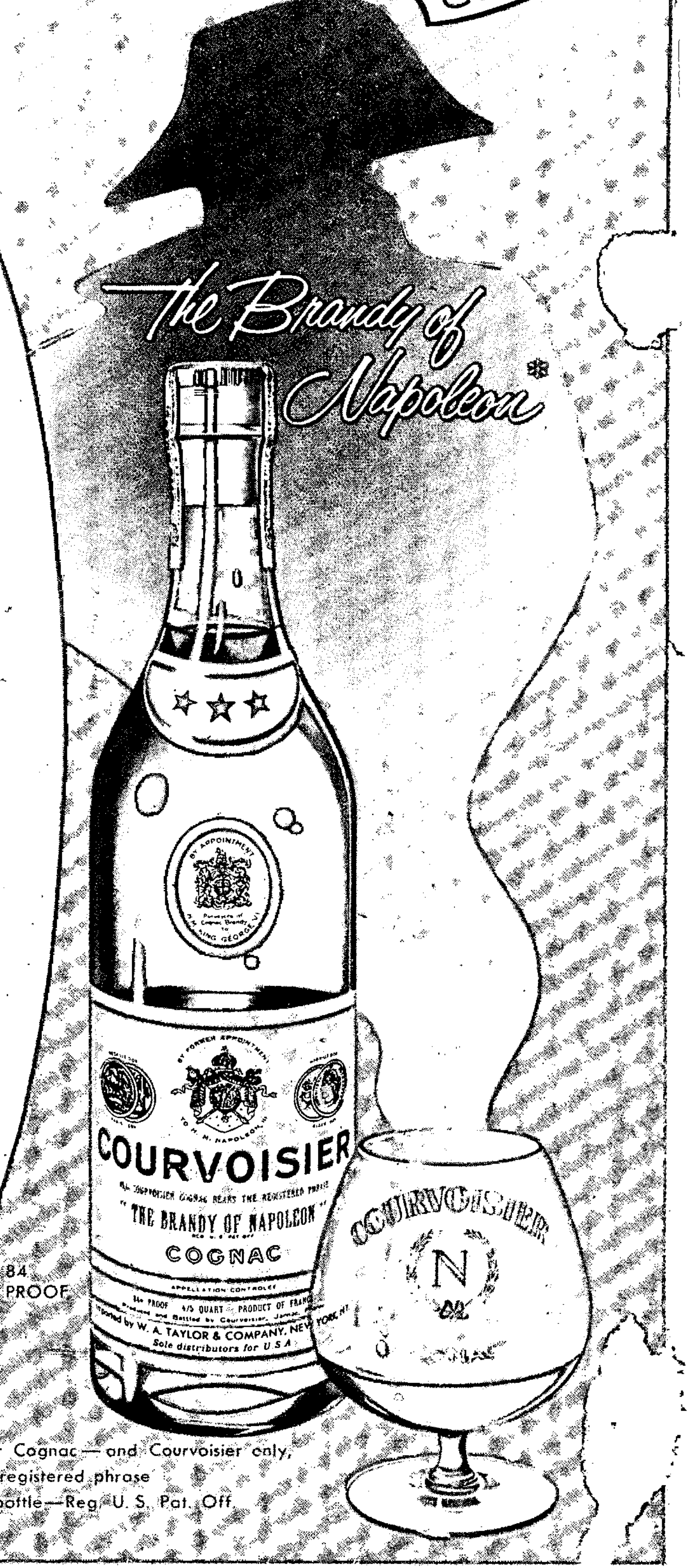
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